The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME IX

First Edition

CHAUCER AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III

BY FORD MADOX BROWN

(*English painter*, 1821–1893)

The following is the painter's description of the scene: —

"Chaucer is supposed to be reading these pathetic lines from the 'Legend of Custance': —

"'Hire [her] litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneling pitously to him she said,
Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm.
With that hire couverchief of hire hed she braid
And over his litel eyen she it laid,
And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,
And into the heven hire eyen up she cast.'

"Edward III is now old, Philippa being dead; the Black Prince is supposed to be in his last illness. John of Gaunt, who was Chaucer's patron, is represented in full armor, to indicate that active measures now devolve upon him. Pages holding his shield, etc., wait for him, his horse likewise, in the yard beneath. Edward, the Black Prince, now in his fortieth year, emaciated by sickness, leans on the lap of his wife Joanna, surnamed the Fair Maid of Kent. There had been much opposition to their union, but the Prince ultimately had his way. To the right of the old king is Alice Perrers, a cause of scandal to the court, such as, repeating itself at intervals in history with remarkable similarity from David downwards, seems to argue that the untimely death of a hero may not be altogether so deplorable an event. Seated beneath are various personages suited to the time and place. A troubadour from the South of France, half-jealous, half in heartstruck admiration; a cardinal priest on good terms with the ladies; a jester forgetting his part in rapt attention of the poet. This character, I regret to say, is less mediæval than Shakespearean. Two dilettante courtiers are learnedly criticizing, the one in the hood is meant for Gower. Lastly, a youthful squire of the kind described by Chaucer as never sleeping at night, 'more than doth the nightingale,' so much is he always in love. Sitting on the ground being common in these days, rushes used to be strewn to prevent the gentlemen from spoiling their fine clothes."

CHAUCER AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III

ENGLAND

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME IX

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ENGLAND

VOLUME I

I

STORIES OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In prehistoric days people lived in Britain who used weapons of stone, and occasionally drew figures of animals upon bone or ivory. From the east, there came upon these primitive folk Celtic tribes. The first of these invaders are known as Goidel, or Gaels. They were the tribe that peopled Ireland and the highlands of Scotland. The later comers are distinguished as Brythons. From their name "Britain" is derived. Their descendants are the Welsh. There are somewhat vague stories of voyages to Britain by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks; but our first definite knowledge of the country comes from the account which Julius Cæsar wrote of his landing on the British shores in 55 B.C.

The actual conquest of the land by the Romans was begun in 43 A.D., and by the year 84 they held all the territory south of the Firth of Forth. In A.D. 122, the Emperor Hadrian visited Britain and ordered the construction of a great wall seventy miles long, from the Tyne to the Solway, to ward off the attacks of the Picts, or painted folk, as the Romans called them, a primitive Celtic people inhabiting Scotland. As the Roman Empire slowly grew weaker, legion after legion of the soldiers was recalled from Britain. In the year 409, the last of the Roman troops withdrew from the island, leaving the prosperous and peace-loving natives an easy prey to the wild Celtic tribes of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

THE BUILDING OF STONEHENGE

BY G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT

[On Salisbury Plain in southern England stands one of the most impressive of all existing monuments of ancient man. Stonehenge, as it is called, was probably constructed during the Bronze Age in connection with the worship of the sun. It originally consisted of two concentric circles of immense stones, the outer one hundred feet in diameter, within which are two smaller rows in the form of a horseshoe. These inclose a block of blue marble fifteen feet long, known as the Altar Stone. The inner circle opens to the northeast, and from the arrangement of certain stones it is supposed that one use of the temple was to determine the time of the summer solstice.

No one knows just how or why this gigantic cromlech, or stone circle, *was* built, but the story from which the following selection is taken tells how it *might* have been built.

The Editor.]

Next morning the whole village was collected. Bermax informed them of the privilege which the Great King had conferred upon them — that of volunteering to help in building Stonehenge, and of offering sacrifices towards the great work.

The wretched people, looking even more glum and sallow than usual, broke out into enthusiastic thanksgiving. The king then indicated who would be allowed to volunteer, seeing that every one was anxious to go. Dunohox was one of them. He also selected from the flocks and herds of the villagers (not from his own animals) such offerings as he thought might satisfy the

Great King. The unfortunate villagers expressed their sincere thanks for the privilege, and withdrew.

The future looked very black so far as Dunohox was concerned. The work at Stonehenge had been going on for years. Neither slave nor "volunteer" sent to labor on that great national memorial ever returned to his native village.

When he arrived with King Bermax's presents of slaves, animals, and provisions, his interview with the Great King was short.

"I like to see a strong young man like yourself coming of his own free will to serve his country's religion, but I am sure you wish to begin work at once. Take him to help with the great leaning-stone" (now the Friar's Heel).

This huge unworked boulder, twenty-nine feet long, had been brought to the edge of the pit intended to receive it. This pit had one side sloped, or inclined whilst the others were vertical. The end of the great stone was being carefully brought square to the edge of the pit. The levers were huge tree-trunks, with many ropes attached, each pulled by one man. Cables of twisted hide strips had been tied round the boulder, which was lying on large rounded tree-trunks (the rollers on which it had been brought). Hide ropes held by parties of ten men, each under an overseer, were attached to the great cables at various points, and, by pulling on these and by levers, it was being brought square and level with the edge of the pit. At one of the ropes a slave had fallen exhausted and half dead; the overseer stopped flogging him, and he was dragged aside and Dunohox put in his place.

Then came the exciting moment. The great boulder was dragged forward over the pit; the end began to sway downwards, and then toppled forward; it slid down the inclined plane or sloping side amidst intense excitement. The whips of the overseers descended freely, but at last it stopped — it had taken the position embedded in stones and gently leaning towards the temple in which it has remained ever since; that is, for some 4000, or at any rate 3588, years!

Dunohox had no hope now, for no distinction was made between the so-called free man and the slave. He had no rest from sunrise to sunset, except for the scanty meals of millet and barley bread, in which they were systematically swindled by their brutal overseers.

He next had to help in placing one of the great table-stones in position on the top of its two upright pillars. A sloping embankment of earth and stones had been built, leading up to the top of these two upright boulders. Up this the table-stone was dragged and pushed on carefully smoothed rollers. Two hundred men attached to the ropes made this quite an easy matter. When it had reached its destined place, where the guides on the top of the uprights projected through the surface of the embankment, it was hauled into position, and then the earth was carefully picked away until it settled down like the lintel of a giant's door on its two stone posts.

Then he was sent to the quarry at Frome, where the great altar-stone was approaching completion. It was a busy scene: at the edge of the quarry men were cutting out with flint adzes small wedge-shaped openings on the sandstone. These openings were arranged in lines fol-

lowing the outline of the block which it was intended to break out of the cliff. Then dry wooden wedges were hammered into the openings.

When these were all in place, water was poured on the wedges, which of course soaked it up, and the wood began to swell and expand. The result was to split the stone along the line of the wedges, and, if the operation was successful, a block of the required size was broken out.

It was by this method that Cleopatra's Needle and other Egyptian obelisks were wedged out of the hard syenite at Assouan, where one used to be able to see the holes cut by Egyptian masons thousands of years ago, and often a broken block lying beside them.

Over the great altar-stone three tree-trunks had been placed, forming a tripod. A heavy quartzite hammer, seventy pounds in weight, was hauled by ropes to the top of the tripod, and then let fall; it was guided by wooden handles and struck the sides of the altar-stone at the exact point required. Skilled masons with polished stone-hammers were trimming the sides of the block more exactly.

As time went on, Stonehenge was nearing completion. The strings of women and children, laden with baskets of earth and stones, had made a smooth road all the way from Frome to Stonehenge.

Then the altar-stone, cased in timber, and rolling on giant rollers, started on its journey. Forty teams of fifty men each tugging at the boulder made it travel as easily as a wheelbarrow.

The Great King himself, with his priests and musicians, as well as the animals for sacrifice, adorned with

garlands and flowers, paced slowly along at the head of the solemn procession.

Days of feverish toil followed, for all embankments and all refuse had to be cleared away. The great avenue, with its ditches and embankments, had to be prepared, and the temple roofed in before the summer solstice. There was the great circular rampart and its ditch to be finished off, as well as the work necessary in clearing up (1) the outer stone circle; (2) the inner ring of diabase pillars; (3) the horseshoe of great tables or dolmens; (4) another ellipse of diabase pillars, as well as the great altar-stone itself.

At last all was ready. The central part of Stonehenge was entirely roofed over except for the narrow opening towards the east. All night long, prayers and invocations were being chanted in the interior, only lit by the sacred fire kept forever burning. The longest day of the year was about to begin.

The king was seated on his throne and looking east, whilst his most trusted nobles crouched on the ground, and all waited anxiously for the sunrise. The ancient priest, in his rich linen robes, whose skill in astronomy and architecture was responsible for the design and calculations, had perhaps more reason for fear than any one else. The great mass of people were lying prostrate in the outer ring with their faces on the earth.

But it was in the darkness and awful silence of the inner temple that the most horrible fear and dread filled every soul as hour after hour passed away and the sunrise approached. Then the small eastern doorway was outlined by a faint gray fairy-like light. Priests who were standing there raised a curtain. Immediately

the sacred fire was extinguished, and again a dread mysterious darkness, more intense than before, descended on the people. But suddenly the curtain dropped — the sun had arisen. A clear and brilliant ray of sunlight struck across through the darkness from the eastern door, and shone full upon the forehead of the Great King, seated in his magnificent linen robes with his most ancient and venerable priests on either side of him.

The calculations were correct. Chants, invocations, sacrifices, and a general feast followed, which lasted for days together. All discipline was relaxed. The precious results of the vineyards, sedulously cultivated, but never very successful in England, were recklessly used up, and presents of wine were liberally bestowed on all the officials concerned. So overseers and headmen, courtiers and guards, were for the most part drunk, though this was a difficult achievement, seeing that it was British wine preserved with turpentine. But at any rate they had over-eaten themselves, and all were asleep. But Dunohox had fled.

KING LEIR AND HIS DAUGHTERS

A TRADITION OF EARLY BRITAIN

BY JOHN MILTON

LEIR, who next reigned, had only three daughters and no male issue: governed laudably and built Caerlier, now Leicester, on the bank of Sora. But at last, failing through age, he determines to bestow his daughters, and so among them to divide his kingdom. Yet, first, to try which of them loved him best (a trial that might have made him, had he known as wisely how to try as he seemed to know how much the trying behooved him), he resolves a simple resolution, to ask them solemnly in order; and which of them should profess largest, her to believe. Gonorill, the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, makes answer, invoking Heaven, "That she loved him above her soul."

"Therefore," quoth the old man overjoyed, "since thou so honorest my declining age, to thee and the husband whom thou shalt choose, I give the third part of my realm."

So fair a speeding, for a few words soon uttered, was to Regan, the second, ample instruction what to say. She, on the same demand, spares no protesting; and the gods must witness, that otherwise to express her thoughts she knew not, but that "She loved him above all creatures"; and so receives an equal interest with her sister.

But Cordeilla, the youngest, though hitherto best

beloved, and now before her eyes the rich and present hire of a little easy soothing, the danger also, and the loss likely to betide plain dealing, yet moves not from the solid purpose of a sincere and virtuous answer. "Father," saith she, "my love towards you is as my duty bids: what should a father seek, what can a child promise more? They, who pretend beyond this, flatter."

When the old man, sorry to hear this, and wishing her to recall those words, persisted asking; with a loyal sadness at her father's infirmity, but something, on the sudden, harsh, and glancing rather at her sisters than speaking her own mind, "Two ways only," saith she, "I have to answer what you require me: the former, your command is, I should recant; accept then this other which is left me; look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much I love you."

"Then hear thou," quoth Leir, now all in passion, "what thy ingratitude hath gained thee: because thou hast not reverenced thy aged father equal to thy sisters, part in my kingdom, or what else is mine, reckon to have none." And without delay, he gives in marriage his other daughters, Gonorill to Maglaunus duke of Albania, Regan to Henninus duke of Cornwall; with them in present half his kingdom; the rest to follow at his death.

In the mean while, fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom and other graces of Cordeilla, insomuch that Aganippus, a great king in Gaul (however he came by his Greek name, not found in any register of French kings), seeks her to wife; and nothing altered at the loss of her dowry, receives her gladly in such a manner as she was sent him.

After this, King Leir, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands; who now, by daily encroachment, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands: and the old king is put to sojourn with his eldest daughter, attended only by threescore knights. But they in a short while grudged at, as too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, are reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the old king betakes him to his second daughter: but there also, discord soon arising between the servants of different masters in one family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back again he returns to the other; hoping that she his eldest could not but have pity on his gray hairs: but she now refuses to admit him, unless he be content with one only of his followers. At last the remembrance of his youngest, Cordeilla, comes to his thoughts; and now acknowledging how true her words had been, though with little hope from whom he had so injured, be it but to pay her the last recompense she can have from him, his confession of her wise forewarning, that so perhaps his misery, the proof and experiment of her wisdom, might something soften her, he takes his journey into France.

Now might be seen a difference between the silent, or downright spoken affection of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others; while the hope of inheritance overacts them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cordeilla, out of mere love, without the suspicion of expected reward, at the message only of her father in distress, pours forth true filial tears. And not enduring either that her own, or any other eye should see him in such forlorn condition

as his messenger declared, discreetly points one of her trusty servants first to convey him privately towards some good sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, furnish him with such attendance and state as beseemed his dignity; that when, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband Aganippus. Which done, with all mature and requisite contrivance, Cordeilla, with the king her husband and all the barony of his realm, who then first had news of his passing the sea, go out to meet him; and after all honorable and joyful entertainment, Aganippus, as to his wife's father, and his royal guest, surrenders him, during his abode there, the power and disposal of his whole dominion: permitting his wife Cordeilla to go with an army, and set her father upon his throne. Wherein her piety so prospered, as that she vanquished her impious sisters, with those dukes; and Leir again, as saith the story, three years obtained the crown. To whom, dying, Cordeilla, with all regal solemnities, gave burial in the town of Leicester: and then, as right heir succeeding, and her husband dead, ruled the land five years in peace. Until Marganus and Cunedagius, her two sisters' sons, not bearing that a kingdom should be governed by a woman, in the unseasonablest time to raise that quarrel against a woman so worthy, make war against her, depose her, and imprison her; of which impatient, and now long unexercised to suffer, she there, as is related, killed herself.

THE CITY IN THE LAKE

BY G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT

THE night was dark and stormy, and the wild south-westerly wind seemed to be increasing in violence with almost every hour that passed. The branches were wildly lashing to and fro, and the moaning and whistling of the wind as it raged through the dark and somber forest, with every now and then the sharp crack and thud of a branch torn off and whizzing to the ground, seemed to create new terrors and a spirit of unutterable despair amongst the wretched fugitives crouching over a feeble and faint-hearted fire in one of the wild recesses of the Polden Hill Forest. The very cattle seemed to be uneasy, and bellowed piteously; they were restless and perpetually jostling one another in the rude zeriba of branches hastily thrown up by very wearied hands.

The chieftain looked gloomily at the small remnant of his people. Were these all that remained to him of the numerous serfs and freemen who had made the great village on the Downs such a busy and cheerful home? It had been totally impossible to make any defense whatever. Those gigantic, yellow-haired people (Prytons, as they called themselves), had stormed the place with a fury and a vigor that carried all before them. If it had not been that they were now occupied in gorging themselves on his special acorn-fattened pork and drinking themselves into stupidity on his own

particular mead and beer (he groaned to think of it), not one of his party could have escaped.

Alas! he would never see again the splendid rolling grass covered by his flocks and herds, nor watch them, plodding on their leisurely way homewards, along those deeply worn cattle-tracks which had been formed thousands of years before his time. Never would he see the dew-pond so cunningly constructed of chaff and clay that it never failed to keep full of water, even during the greatest drought. But what was he to do? Where was he to go? They could not live in the forest, and, if they settled themselves anywhere in the open country, their cattle would assuredly be stolen by more Brythonic or Celtic robbers.

The chief was a tall, well-built man, with the brown hair, gray eyes, round head, and broad features of what we call a typically Irish face. He sighed gloomily as he realized to the very full (as only Irish people can do) the extremity of their distress. He looked on the remnant of his people; they were pure Picts for the most part, short, dark, graceful and refined-looking men and women, cunning with their fingers, really clever as carpenters, miners, and potters, and very biddable and patient. But in war they had neither weapons nor the strength or even courage to use them against such enemies as those great, fair-haired, roaring Brythonic or, as they called themselves, Prytonic strangers.

What on earth was he to do? Where was he to go? As the wind faded away for a little, an awful downpour of heavy rain swept down on the defenseless fugitives. What was that? He heard distinctly through the storm the howl of a wolf. The great dogs heard it too, and a

furious barking arose. He at once called loudly to the wet, benumbed, and shivering women to help the fire, and, seizing his spear, called loudly to the men to follow him.

Taking firebrands and spears, they ran to the zeriba, where the wolves were already snarling and worrying at the thorny branches. Those cowardly brutes were very soon driven off; but the chief and his trustiest men were awake all night, and the persistent wolves were driven off not once but over and over again. But what was he to do? Life in the forest was quite impossible, for this night showed the dangers from wild beasts, and there was neither pasture nor cornland.

But the Gaelic Celt is often at his best when everything seems black and gloomy, and he suddenly called, "Where is Morgesius?" A tall youth of his own race sprang up lightly with a grin and came to him.

"What was that wild tale of yours about a village in the water?"

"It is the truth. It is what I said it was, six hundred paces long and fifty paces broad. All the houses are on long poles worked deep into the bed of the lake, and it is so far out in the water that no one can get there unless he swims or paddles in a canoe."

"Could we make one in the lake at Glastonbury?"

The boy Morgesius sat down awestruck and hopeless by the chief's side, and then the sanguine audacity of the Celt awoke within him. "Why not? Of course we can! We shall be safe and secure, for no Brython ever swims, and they have no canoes!"

All that night the chief questioned Morgesius, but with very indifferent success. He could not say how long

it would take to build. The building of his Swiss village had been centuries in progress. He knew nothing of the dry details of carpentry and design, so that, in the end, the chief was guided mainly by his own common sense.

Next morning he threw himself into the congenial task of making an eloquent speech. He succeeded, as only an Irish Celt could have done, in inspiring the people with a fine fervent glow of enthusiasm, and all about nothing; for all that he had to offer was a suggestion to build houses in a lake. But they went on with renewed spirits through long miry paths right over the hills and down to the great lake near Glastonbury.

Every one was soon hard at work; some were cutting down trees with polished stone axes, cumbrously mounted on wooden handles by means of a deer-horn socket, with bronze swords, and even precious iron daggers. Others were tearing up ferns and bracken, or gathering brushwood. A small fishing canoe was hidden in the reeds by the lake, and the chief, Gleas by name, and Morgesius pushed off in this to search for a good position. They discovered a fine shallow place about a mile from the present town of Glastonbury, and a few hundred yards from the forest.

Gleas was working very much in the dark, for on any practical point Morgesius was hopeless; but it would never have done to show any doubt as to what had to be done. The great point was to keep the people's enthusiasm at concert pitch. So a huge raft of big branches and tree-trunks was prepared; some of the logs were fixed together by oaken pins driven in (the holes were bored by a revolving bone-point, and the oak pin placed in them; then heavy stone clubs or mauls were used to

drive the two beams together, so that the oak pin was firmly fixed). Underneath the raft was a huge mass of fern and brushwood. Morgesius and others poled this great arrangement to the chosen shallows, where a few upright, sharpened poles were driven vertically downwards through it into the bed of the lake. The shape of this raft was approximately circular or round, and it was about sixty yards in diameter.

The next undertaking was to make a causeway from the shore. This was a very rude sort of affair, consisting of only a line of stakes (most of them below the water) with broad branches fixed to them; it was not straight, but curved irregularly, and the footpath — that is, the horizontal branches — was below water, so that an enemy would find it very difficult to traverse. Then more branches and logs were towed by the canoe to the village, and arranged in a layer crossing the first set of timbers. Along the causeway women and children were always bringing baskets of stones and of clay, which were heaped upon the surface of the raft.

So for several days, from the first light of morning until it was too dark to see, they continued adding layers of tree-trunks, and of stones and clay, until the great raft was firmly imbedded in the mud of the lake, and eventually the surface rose above the water. Then a good platform of stones was placed over it and a bed of clay above that, and they were ready to build their houses.

Before doing this, however, Gleas insisted on having a palisade round the whole artificial island. This was a long and weary task, for a great number of poles from three to nine inches in diameter and eleven feet long had

to be stuck in the lake all round the island. Hurdles were arranged between these poles, and so, of course, the people were fairly safe from the javelins and arrows of any enemy.

Their food was very scanty during this period of incessant labor, but beech-nuts, hazel-nuts, crab-apples, raspberries, and brambles were busily collected, and one or two of the men who had to watch the forest paths did their best to bring in sometimes a roebuck, and on one occasion a fine fat red-deer. One small boy, who was very clever with the sling, brought in occasional birds, such as a heron or a seagull, and sometimes a duck or teal. He used small clay bullets baked in the fire. They had also a certain amount of milk, butter, and cheese.

Most of them were, however, able to sleep in safety on their island, though a few of the best hunters and the dogs had to remain on shore to guard the cattle and other animals. They built on shore, and within sight of the settlement, cattle-pounds and watchhouses for the sentinels and their dogs. These were chiefly intended to keep off wolves, bears, and foxes, and consisted of a deep ditch, a high mound, and a close palisade of thorny branches, and poles along the top of it.

Then they thought about making themselves comfortable. During all these weeks scarcely one of them had known what it was to have dry clothes. They had no shelter from rain, and, of course, were always falling into the water. The great house was built first, which was a big undertaking. A long, stout pole was driven through the island to form the central roof pole. Then in a circle around it, at intervals of about a foot, other shorter poles were driven in. Long branches were placed from the

high central one to those outer supports extending a foot or two beyond them, and were carefully tied on with creepers and lime-tree bark. A thatched roof was very soon placed on the long branches (the people spent the whole of one rainy day under it for sheer delight in being out of the wet). The side walls were very soon put in, for they consisted only of rude wickerwork of interlaced branches daubed with clay. This house was thirty-five feet in diameter. Then a big, flat stone was brought to act as a hearthstone (the chimney was an opening in the roof), and other stones for an outside fire were put before each door. The doors were made of rough planks, and were only three feet high. Some of the men had brought rude saws, gouges, chisels, and other tools, for the most part of iron.

A good deal of excitement was caused at this stage of the work by a small child tumbling into the water. But the chief made a law that every infant was to be tied to its mother by a string attached to its toe. He also covered in, by a platform, the space between the palisade and the island, and had a trapdoor made in this platform, with a ladder seven feet long, so as to admit of easy entrance to the island.

There were other smaller houses to build, but they were only some fifteen feet across. It was also necessary to make a slanting arrangement of beams and stones round the island, to prevent the waves on a stormy day from interfering with the foundations. Then they set to work on their ordinary daily life, and began to heap up riches, for it was really worth while now, seeing that there was a distinct chance for them to escape being murdered and plundered on account of them. Patches

of forest were cut and burnt, and sowed with wheat. Apples were collected, and split, and dried for winter use. Some specialized on fishing, and manufactured nets, with floats and sinkers, lines and fish-hooks (some of which scarcely differ in design from those we use to-day). Pike and carp were common in the lake, and salmon swarmed in the neighboring streams. Fish became, therefore, a very important article of diet; they even tried to feed their horses on fish in the winter, but the stupid animals would not eat them! They made traps for beaver and for otters. Those for the last were like a shallow wooden trough, with a square hole in the middle. A stout, springy sapling was fixed and kept bent like a bow by a short piece of wood, its end passed under two holes at each end. When the otter put its head through the hole to seize the bait, the stout sapling was set free and caught it under the neck, so that it was very soon drowned.

By this time they had fixed polishing or grinding stones before each hut, as well as a proper quern for grinding corn. So they were once more able to make bread. The forest yielded an abundance of acorns for their pigs, as well as honey and beeswax. They became much more expert in catching wildfowl; and wild geese, wild swans, and other birds were often taken. The small boy who had taken to bird-hunting, found a frog in a heron's crop, and, in a rash spirit of adventure, cooked and ate the frog. He was injudicious enough to boast about his discovery, for so many others overcame a natural prejudice, and ate both frogs and toads, that there was a serious scarcity in the supply of these animals near Glastonbury.

The women also set up a rough loom, and made clay weights, spindles, and other necessary apparatus for it, so that linen and woolen clothes were soon being actively prepared. Very pretty, long-handled combs of bone were soon the fashion. Indeed, the delicious feeling of security, of having an hour or two of leisure every day, was so new and strange to these Picts and Gauls, that they were at first utterly happy and contented. Gleas had even begun to make experiments in glass-making, for his people were expert miners and blacksmiths, and in the old days lead-mining had been one of his most profitable undertakings. But a strange and unexpected interruption occurred. He was sitting one evening beside the outside fire, ruminating over the problem of producing a scarlet bead of vitreous paste, when the alarm signal sounded from the land, followed by the yodel, which meant "peaceful strangers." He at once seized his spear and sword, and, just as he was, jumped into the small canoe and paddled ashore. He had nothing on but a tunic, breeches, and an old bear-skin, very much the worse for wear. He had only a small gold bracelet.

The first that he heard was Morgesius talking hard, and in a very bold, off-hand, and conceited fashion. That youth was inclined to swagger too much; but then the last twist of the miry forest path was turned, and a strange party came into view. First was Morgesius swaggering, then a most beautiful girl, "divinely tall, and most divinely fair," with deep mysterious blue eyes, and a great mass of yellow hair, loose and disordered, on her shoulders. He scarcely noticed the rest of the party, which consisted of an old Brython king, weeping bit-

terly, and several serfs, mostly wounded, and two or three miserable handmaidens. It was the Brython princess who occupied him altogether. She was proud, haughty, and contemptuous, even though weary and scarce able to walk, and most sorely travel-stained. Her kirtle was miry with the black mud of the forest. Her dainty feet were bleeding from many thorn scratches, which her absurdly frivolous sandals were unable to keep off.

Morgesius boastfully explained how he had found them lost and wandering in the forest, and induced them to come to Gleas' court; but the latter cut him short, and curtly ordered him to fetch the big canoe. The old chief (King Uther) could do nothing but weep, and knelt before him, taking his knee and asking for protection, greatly to the disgust of his daughter. He was idiotic from grief, and not very intelligent at any time. The daughter explained that their neighbor king had suddenly stormed their fort and utterly beaten their retainers.

Then Gleas, with his best air and in very courtly style, begged to offer them shelter and food until they could make their plans. But in the midst of a very eloquent speech he perceived the lady's cold blue eyes fixed intently on his ragged bearskin, and suddenly grew confused, and faltered.

The lady thanked him haughtily and coldly, but when the canoe came, he saw that she had never been in a dug-out before. This was a specially good one, twenty-two feet long and two feet ten inches broad, with a square stern closed by a board; but even good ones like this require care. So he got into the water and told her

to put her hand on his shoulder and get in very carefully. She tried to spring in without doing so, and the canoe rocked fearfully; then she lost presence of mind and clutched at him; but the canoe upset, and she fell full length into the water. In a moment he had righted the canoe, and placed her carefully in it. Then the old king entered, and he paddled them skillfully off to the settlement. (His paddle was about three feet long and five inches broad.) But she was very angry, and hated him worse than ever, for she could not but be aware that she had made a fool of herself.

When they arrived, there was great excitement, but he handed her over to his mother, and went off to prepare for dinner. His mother came to tell him that she was absolutely worn out, and would not be able to see him that night.

From the old king's conversation, he gathered that they were absolutely destitute. His palace had been raided, his cattle taken, and, unless he could find a place for his serfs, they would be forced to put themselves under his enemy, who, it seems, had been offended by the not too courteously expressed refusal of his daughter to marry him. This was good news to Gleas, for if the Brythons were quarreling among themselves, they might perhaps leave him alone.

Next morning Gleas' boy had a hard time of it. His master was shaved with a bronze razor; his hair and moustache were carefully combed and trimmed. He put on a splendid linen cloak, fastened on the right shoulder with a coral-studded brooch. He had his best sword on, with its splendid leather scabbard, adorned with gold, and also his best armlets, bracelets, and finger-rings. At

the last moment he tastefully decorated his cheeks with a chaste design in red ochre and charcoal, mixed with grease. The boy stared at him, for this was a new development in Gleas. But she was anything but courteous — would scarcely speak to him, and complained of the dampness of the hut. He tried in vain to explain that that was very easily remedied. His people would lay down a new hearthstone and a fresh layer of clay in a day or two. Then she said she could not think of putting him to so much trouble. Would it not be best for him to give her up to King Maglocune, who was at least wealthy and a warrior.

So their conversation during the next day or two was not specially agreeable to Gleas, whose thoughts were very much taken up with that very Maglocune and his probable doings on this emergency. Nor was he at all deceived. There was cause for grave anxiety, and he had already given orders to hide cattle, sheep, and horses, and destroy all paths. Every person who could be spared was kept on the settlement, and all canoes save one were kept in the palisades.

It was well that he had done so, for a wild note of alarm sounded two days afterwards, and Morgesius and the scouts came running in to report a strong set of Brythons advancing to the attack. His mother and the older men begged him to give up the girl, who was a useless burden to them, but he would not listen to them.

He was already busy superintending the execution of his long-planned schemes for defense, for he could not hope to be always left alone. He and Morgesius were already dismantling the causeway beams and carefully

planting stakes where the water was deep and the bed very muddy, and where the causeway did not go.

So when the fierce yellow-haired Brythons came and raged at him, he simply let them rave as long as they liked. They fired arrows and javelins, but the range was very long, and there was nothing but a palisade to fire at. They then tried the causeway, but fell into deep water and mud, and had much trouble in rescuing one another. After this there was a long consultation, and they began cutting down trees and hauling them to the waterside. A rough raft was made of this, and very slowly this crank craft began to make an erratic and devious course towards the settlement.

As soon as it had started, Gleas was surprised by his mother: "That girl has lifted the trapdoor, and is going to give herself up." Gleas hurried to the place, and saw her struggling in the water. He promptly hauled her up the ladder, and told her sternly to listen to what Maglocune was saying. The chieftain was explaining forcibly what he would do to the girl who had refused him, and his ideas of torture were ingenious and too horrible to quote. So Gleas tied her arms, and carried her to the hut before hastening back to the palisade. It is not very easy to steer a very self-willed and cranky raft, and at the same time to hold a shield over you, as Maglocune and his people discovered. One man was dead already, and several were wounded with arrows. But still they were approaching far too close. So Gleas suddenly attacked. He, Morgesius, and three of his stalwarts sallied out in their best canoe. When only ten yards off all discharged their arrows and threw spears. The men on the raft were discomfited with the sudden

attack and the storm of arrows, and the raft rocked wildly and upset.

Maglocune and some of his warriors swam towards the canoe, but Gleas had his wits about him. By his orders Maglocune was left alone. Those men who swam ashore were allowed to go, but two or three who clung to the raft, and those who followed the chief to attack the canoe, were soon disposed of. Then Gleas gave his orders. His men, even the bold Morgesius, remonstrated, but he knew what he was about. Gleas had the canoe brought behind Maglocune; then he suddenly rose upright, and neatly jumped into the water — a very difficult feat — without upsetting the craft. A few strong strokes brought him on to the back of Maglocune, whom he proceeded to half-drown in a cool and scientific manner. When the poor wretch was almost dead, he made him swear by the god of thunder and of fire that he would never attack the settlement, and would leave the girl alone. Then he took him to the remains of his raft, and towed it near the shore. Other well-armed canoes sallied out, and they kept arrow on string until the half-drowned Brython chief had been carried off by his men into the forest. Then they had a happy time in searching for the slain Brythons. Their heads were cut off, and stuck on poles outside the palisade as trophies of war. Only one of their boys had been killed, and he was buried in the village tomb. This was a vault, about six feet long and five feet deep, lined with huge stone slabs, on the shore, and about a mile away.

This victory enormously encouraged and heartened the settlement. To have got the better of Maglocune,

the famous warrior, was in itself a great glory; but to have spared his life, and sent him back like a drowned rat, was the sort of story that appealed to the Celtic imagination, whether Gaelic or Brython. The person who enjoyed it least was Gleas himself. He could not understand why the girl had wanted to throw herself into the water, and to be taken to Maglocune. So a day or two afterwards he had his chariot furbished up. It was a rough one of two wheels (twelve spokes) and drawn by two sturdy ponies. With a few other men on ponies, he drove off to visit a respectable Brython chief, with whom he had established correct, if not cordial relations, and who was beginning to understand that Gleas' people, with their skill in pottery and other useful arts, were really valuable as neighbors. He took a present of some glass beads, yellow, green, and blue, with zigzag patterns in wavy white lines. He was well received, for the king hated Maglocune, and wanted to hear the tale. This king had no objections to the great waste forest-land, bordering the lake on the north, being settled by old King Uther's serfs. They did a little trade also in pottery, wooden bowls, and otter skins. He laughed heartily when he heard what was the present that Gleas wished, thumped him jovially on the back, and told him if the girl did not want him after that, she had better be drowned in the lake.

Gleas, much encouraged, returned to the settlement, and immediately sent for his mother. She grinned horribly when she saw the presents, but brought Gleas to the girl, who was looking very much ashamed of herself. But, as soon as she saw what Gleas offered, namely, a bronze mirror, a small lump of rouge, another of

antimony, and an exquisite pair of bronze tweezers, she suddenly laughed heartily, and Gleas had no further trouble in wooing her.

Here, however, we must take leave of him, only remarking that the settlement flourished, that there were sixty or seventy huts, and that some of the wooden bowls and pottery designed by his people are amongst the most valued treasures of the British Museum.

THE SACRED GROVE

THE SACRED GROVE

BY ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

(*Swiss painter*, 1827–1901)

The Druids were a remarkable brotherhood of priests, teachers, and judges who ruled over the ancient Celts of Gaul and Britain. Their power was such that the chiefs bent humbly before them, and yielded to their decisions not only in matters of religion, but in all sorts of disagreements. Even in cases of crime, they were the judges, and from their decision there was no appeal. Whoever refused to obey them was shut out from the benefits of the sacrifices until he came to terms of humility and obedience. They themselves did not go to war, but their influence was so great in arousing the people to warfare that enemies hated them even more bitterly than they did those who met them in battle. Even the Romans dreaded them, and after the Roman rule was established in Britain, every possible vestige of Druid sway was destroyed. It is possible, though by no means certain, that Stonehenge and other similar ruins are the remains of ancient Druidical temples.

The Druids taught the immortality of the soul, but in the form of transmigration. They had a great reverence for the oak tree, and even more for the mistletoe growing upon it. It is said that when such a mistletoe had been discovered, one priest stood on a white cloth under the tree to receive the plant, while a second cut it with a golden knife. Both must wear spotless robes of white.

From a temple concealed by the dark grove of trees in the background of this picture, white-robed priests advance with slow and stately steps. In front a sacrificial fire burns upon an altar before which two worshipers prostrate themselves in prayer.

JULIUS CÆSAR'S TWO VISITS TO BRITAIN

[55 and 54 B.C.]

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THERE were left of the fighting season after Cæsar came back across the Rhine just a few weeks; and what could he do better with them than go over and conquer Britannia? This first record of an invasion upon us comes in at the fag-end of a chapter, and the invasion was made simply to fill up the summer! Nobody, Cæsar tells us, seemed to know anything about the island; and yet it was the fact that in all his wars with the Gauls, the Gauls were helped by men out of Britain. Before he will face the danger with his army he sends over a trusty messenger, to look about and find out something as to coasts and harbors. The trusty messenger does not dare to disembark, but comes back and tells Cæsar what he has seen from the ship. Cæsar, in the mean time, has got together a great fleet somewhere in the Boulogne and Calais country; and — so he says — messengers have come to him from Britain, whither rumors of his purpose have already flown, saying that they will submit themselves to the Roman Republic. We may believe just as much of that as we please. But he clearly thinks less of the Boulogne and Calais people than he does even of the Britons, which is a comfort to us. When these people — then called Morini — came to him, asking pardon for having dared to oppose him once before, and offering any number of hostages, and

saying that they had been led on by bad advice, Cæsar admitted them into some degree of grace; not wishing, as he tells us, to be kept out of Britain by the consideration of such very small affairs. "Neque has tantularum rerum occupationes sibi Britanniæ anteponendas judicabat." We hope that the Boulogne and Calais people understand and appreciate the phrase.

Having taken plenty of hostages, he determines to trust the Boulogne and Calais people, and prepares his ships for passing the Channel. He starts nearly at the third watch, — about midnight, we may presume. A portion of his army — the cavalry — encounters some little delay, such as has often occurred on the same spot since, even to travelers without horses. He himself got over to the British coast at about the fourth hour. This, at midsummer, would have been about a quarter past eight. As it was now late in the summer, it may have been nine o'clock in the morning when Cæsar found himself under the cliffs of Kent, and saw our armed ancestors standing along all the hills ready to meet him. He stayed at anchor, waiting for his ships, till about two P.M. His cavalry did not get across till four days afterwards. Having given his orders, and found a fitting moment and a fitting spot, Cæsar runs his ships up upon the beach.

Cæsar confesses to a good deal of difficulty in getting ashore. When we know how very hard it is to accomplish the same feat on the same coast, in these days, with all the appliances of modern science to aid us, and, as we must presume, with no real intention on the part of the Cantii, or men of Kent, to oppose our landing, we can quite sympathize with Cæsar. The ships were

so big that they could not be brought into very shallow water. The Roman soldiers were compelled to jump into the sea, heavily armed, and there to fight with the waves and with the enemy. But the Britons, having the use of all their limbs, knowing the ground, standing either on the shore or just running into the shallows, made the landing uneasy enough. "Nostri," — our men, — says Cæsar, with all these things against them, were not all of them so alert at fighting as was usual with them on dry ground; — at which no one can be surprised.

Cæsar had two kinds of ships — "naves longæ," long ships for carrying soldiers; and "naves onerariæ," ships for carrying burdens. The long ships do not seem to have been such ships of war as the Romans generally used in their sea-fights, but were handier, and more easily worked, than the transports. These he laid broadside to the shore, and harassed the poor natives with stones and arrows. Then the eagle-bearer of the Tenth Legion jumped into the sea, proclaiming that he, at any rate, would do his duty. Unless they wished to see their eagle fall into the hands of the enemy, they must follow him. "Jump down," he said, "my fellow-soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy. I at least will do my duty to the Republic and to our General." When he had said this with a loud voice, he threw himself out of the ship and advanced the eagle against the enemy. Seeing and hearing this, the men leaped forth freely, from that ship and from others. As usual, there was some sharp fighting. "Pugnatum est utrisque acriter." It is nearly always the same thing. Cæsar throws away none of his glory by underrating his enemy.

But at length the Britons fly. "This thing only was wanting to Cæsar's good fortune," — that he was deficient in cavalry wherewith to ride on in pursuit, and "take the island!" Considering how very short a time he remains in the island, we feel that his complaint against fortune is hardly well founded. But there is a general surrender, and a claiming of hostages, and after a few days a sparkle of new hope in the breasts of the Britons. A storm arises, and Cæsar's ships are so knocked about that he does not know how he will get back to Gaul. He is troubled by a very high tide, not understanding the nature of these tides. As he had only intended this for a little tentative trip, — a mere taste of a future war with Britain, — he had brought no large supply of corn with him. He must get back, by hook or by crook.

The Britons, seeing how it is with him, think that they can destroy him, and make an attempt to do so. The Seventh Legion is in great peril, having been sent out to find corn, but is rescued. Certain of his ships — those which had been most grievously handled by the storm — he breaks up, in order that he may mend the others with their materials. When we think how long it takes us to mend ships, having dockyards, and patent slips, and all things ready, this is most marvelous to us. But he does mend his ships, and while doing so he has a second fight with the Britons, and again repulses them. There is a burning and destroying of everything far and wide, a gathering of ambassadors to Cæsar asking for terms, a demand for hostages, — a double number of hostages now, — whom Cæsar desired to have sent over to him to Gaul, because at this time of the year he did

not choose to trust them to ships that were unseaworthy; and he himself, with all his army, gets back into the Boulogne and Calais country. Two transports only are missing, which are carried somewhat lower down the coast. There are but three hundred men in these transports, and these the Morini of those parts threaten to kill unless they will give up their arms. But Cæsar sends help, and even these three hundred are saved from disgrace. There is, of course, more burning of houses and laying waste of fields because of this little attempt, and then Cæsar puts his army into winter quarters.

What would have been the difference to the world if the Britons, as they surely might have done, had destroyed Cæsar and every Roman, and not left even a ship to get back to Gaul? In lieu of this, Cæsar could send news to Rome of these various victories, and have a public thanksgiving decreed, — on this occasion for twenty days.

On his return out of Britain, Cæsar, as usual, went over the Alps to look after his other provinces, and to attend to his business in Italy; but he was determined to make another raid upon the island. He could not yet assume that he had "taken it," and therefore he left minute instructions with his generals as to the building of more ships, and the repair of those which had been so nearly destroyed. He sends to Spain, he tells us, for the things necessary to equip his ships. We never hear of any difficulty about money. We know that he did obtain large grants from Rome for the support of his legions; but no scruple was made in making war maintain war, as far as such maintenance could be obtained. Cæsar personally was in an extremity of

debt when he commenced his campaigns. He had borrowed an enormous sum, eight hundred and thirty talents, or something over £200,000, from Crassus, — who was the specially rich Roman of those days, — before he could take charge of his Spanish province. When his wars were over, he returned to Rome with a great treasure; and indeed during these wars in Gaul he expended large sums in bribing Romans. We may suppose that he found hoards among the barbarians, as Lord Clive did in the East Indies. Clive contented himself with taking some: Cæsar probably took all.

Having given the order about his ships, he settled a little matter in Illyricum, taking care to raise some tribute there also. He allows but a dozen lines for recording this winter work, and then tells us that he hurried back to his army and his ships. His command had been so well obeyed in regard to vessels, that he finds ready, of that special sort which he had ordered with one bank of oars only on each side, as many as six hundred, and also twenty-eight of the larger sort. He gives his soldiers very great credit for their exertions, and sends his fleet to the Portus Itius. The exact spot which Cæsar called by this name the geographers have not identified, but it is supposed to be between Boulogne and Calais. It may probably have been at Wissant. Having seen that things were thus ready for a second trip into Britain, he turns round and hurries off with four legions and eight hundred cavalry — an army of 25,000 men — into the Treves country. There is a quarrel going on there between two chieftains which it is well that he should settle, — somewhat as the monkey settled the contest about the oyster. This, however,

is a mere nothing of an affair, and he is back again among his ships at the Portus Itius in a page and a half.

He resolves upon taking five legions of his own soldiers into Britain, and two thousand mounted Gauls. He had brought together four thousand of these horsemen, collected from all Gaul, their chiefs and nobles, not only as fighting allies, but as hostages that the tribes should not rise in rebellion while his back was turned. These he divides, taking half with him, and leaving half with three legions of his own men, under Labienus, in the Boulogne country, as a base to his army, to look after the provisions, and to see that he be not harassed on his return. There is a little affair, however, with one of the Gaulish chieftains, Dumnorix the Æduan, who ought to have been his fastest friend. Dumnorix runs away with all the Æduan horsemen. Cæsar, however, sends after him and has him killed, and then all things are ready. He starts with altogether more than 800 ships at sunset, and comes over with a gentle southwest wind. He arrives off the coast of Britain at about noon, but can see none of the inhabitants on the cliff. He imagines that they have all fled, frightened by the number of his ships. Cæsar establishes his camp, and proceeds that same night about twelve miles into the country, — eleven miles, we may say, as our mile is longer than the Roman, — and there he finds the Britons. There is some fighting, after which Cæsar returns and fortifies his camp. Then there comes a storm and knocks his ships about terribly, — although he had found, as he thought, a nice soft place for them. But the tempest is very violent, and they are torn away from their anchors,

and thrust upon the shore, and dashed against each other till there is infinite trouble. He is obliged to send over to Labienus, telling him to build more ships; and those which are left he drags up over the shore to his camp, in spite of the enormous labor required in doing it. He is ten days at this work, night and day, and we may imagine that his soldiers had not an easy time of it. When this has been done, he advances again into the country after the enemy, and finds that Cassivellaunus is in command of the united forces of the different tribes. Cassivellaunus comes from the other side of the Thames, over in Middlesex or Hertfordshire. The Britons had not hitherto lived very peaceably together, but now they agree that against the Romans they will act in union under Cassivellaunus.

Cæsar's description of the island is very interesting. The interior is inhabited by natives, — or rather by "aborigines." Cæsar states this at least as the tradition of the country. But the maritime parts are held by Belgian immigrants, who, for the most part, have brought with them from the Continent the names of their tribes. The population is great, and the houses, built very like the houses in Gaul, are numerous and very thick together. The Britons have a great deal of cattle. They use money, having either copper coin or iron rings of a great weight. Tin is found in the middle of the island, and, about the coast, iron. But the quantity of iron found is small. Brass they import. They have the same timber as in Gaul, — only they have neither beech nor fir. Hares and chickens and geese they think it wrong to eat; but they keep these animals as pets. The climate, on the whole, is milder

than in Gaul. The island is triangular. One corner, that of Kent, has an eastern and a southern aspect. This southern side of the island he makes 500 miles, exceeding the truth by about 150 miles. Then Cæsar becomes a little hazy in his geography, — telling us that the other side, meaning the western line of the triangle, where Ireland lies, verges towards Spain. Ireland, he says, is half the size of Britain, and about the same distance from it that Britain is from Gaul. In the middle of the channel dividing Ireland from Britain there is an island called Mona, — the Isle of Man. There are also some other islands which at midwinter have thirty continuous days of night. Here Cæsar becomes not only hazy but mythic. But he explains that he has seen nothing of this himself, although he has ascertained, by scientific measurement, that the nights in Britain are shorter than on the Continent. Of course the nights are shorter with us in summer than they are in Italy, and longer in winter. The western coast he makes out to be 700 miles long; in saying which he is nearly 100 miles over the mark. The third side he describes as looking towards the north. He means the eastern coast. This he calls 800 miles long, and exaggerates our territories by more than 200 miles. The marvel, however, is that he should be so near the truth. The men of Kent are the most civilized, indeed they are almost as good as Gauls in this respect! What changes does not time make in the comparative merits of countries! The men in the interior live on flesh and milk, and do not care for corn. They wear skin clothing. They make themselves horrible with woad, and go about with very long hair. They shave close, except the head and upper lip. Then

comes the worst habit of all, — ten or a dozen men have their wives in common among them.

We have a very vivid and by no means unflattering account of the singular agility of our ancestors in their mode of fighting from their chariots. "This," says Cæsar, "is the nature of their chariot-fighting. They first drive rapidly about the battle-field, — per omnes partes, — and throw their darts, and frequently disorder the ranks by the very terror occasioned by the horses and by the noise of the wheels; and when they have made their way through the bodies of the cavalry, they jump down and fight on foot. Then the charioteers go a little out of the battle, and so place their chariots that they may have a ready mode of returning should their friends be pressed by the number of their enemies. Thus they unite the rapidity of cavalry and the stability of infantry; and so effective do they become by daily use and practice, that they are accustomed to keep their horses, excited as they are, on their legs on steep and precipitous ground, and to manage and turn them very quickly, and to run along the pole and stand upon the yoke," — by which the horses were held together at the collars, — "and again with the greatest rapidity to return to the chariot." All which is very wonderful.

Of course there is a great deal of fighting, and the Britons soon learn by experience to avoid general engagements and maintain guerrilla actions. Cæsar by degrees makes his way to the Thames, and with great difficulty gets his army over it. He can do this at only one place, and that badly. The site of this ford he does not describe to us. It is supposed to have been near the place which we now know as Sunbury. He

does tell us that his men were so deep in the water that their heads only were above the stream. But even thus they were so impetuous in their onslaught, that the Britons would not wait for them on the opposite bank, but ran away. Soon there comes unconditional surrender, and hostages, and promises of tribute. Cassivellaunus, who is himself but a usurper, and therefore has many enemies at home, endeavors to make himself secure in a strong place or town, which is supposed to have been on or near the site of our St. Albans. Cæsar, however, explains that the poor Britons give the name of a town — "oppidum" — to a spot in which they have merely surrounded some thick woods with a ditch and rampart. Cæsar, of course, drives them out of their woodland fortress, and then there quickly follows another surrender, more hostages, and the demand for tribute. Cæsar leaves his orders behind him, as though to speak were to be obeyed. One Mandubratius, and not Cassivellaunus, is to be the future king in Middlesex and Hertfordshire, — that is, over the Trinobantes who live there. He fixes the amount of tribute to be sent annually by the Britons to Rome; and he especially leaves orders that Cassivellaunus shall do no mischief to the young Mandubratius. Then he crosses back into Gaul at two trips, — his ships taking half the army first and coming back for the other half; and he piously observes that though he had lost many ships when they were comparatively empty, hardly one had been destroyed while his soldiers were in them.

So were ended Cæsar's second and last invasion of Britain. That he had reduced Britain as he had reduced Gaul he certainly could not boast; — though Quintus

Curtius had written to his brother to say that Britannia was — "confecta" — finished. Though he had twice landed his army under the white cliffs, and twice taken it away with comparative security, he had on both occasions been made to feel how terribly strong an ally to the Britons was that channel which divided them from the Continent. The reader is made to feel that on both occasions the existence of his army and of himself is in the greatest peril. Cæsar's idea in attacking Britain was probably that of making the Gauls believe that his power could reach even beyond them, — could extend itself all round them, even into distant islands, — than of absolutely establishing the Roman dominion beyond that distant sea. The Britons had helped the Gauls in their wars with him, and it was necessary that he should punish any who presumed to give such help. Whether the orders which he left behind him were obeyed, we do not know; but we may imagine that the tribute exacted was not sent to Rome with great punctuality. In fact, Cæsar invaded the island twice, but did not reduce it.

A MESSENGER FROM ROME

[43 A.D.]

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[CYMBELINE, or Cunobelinus, was a grandson of Cassivellaunus. So much of a foundation has Shakespeare for his "Cymbeline"; the rest of the play is purely imaginative.

Whenever Cæsar overcame a tribe, it was his custom to demand that tribute be paid to him. In the following scene, Caius Lucius, a messenger from the Roman Emperor, has come to the court of Cymbeline in 43 A.D. to demand that the tribute, which the king had of late "left untender'd," shall be paid.

The Editor.]

SCENE I. BRITAIN. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

(*Enter, at one side*, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* LORDS; *at the other*, CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*)

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, — whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, — was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, —
Famous in Cæsar's praises no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it, — for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbéd and paléd in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of *came* and *saw* and *overcame:* with shame, —
The first that ever touch'd him, — he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping —
Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point, —
O, giglot fortune! — to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsar: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet among us can gripe as hard as

Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition, —
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, — against all color here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, — whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: — Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar, —
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers, — thine enemy:
Receive it from me then: War and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.

BOADICEA

[62 A.D.]

BY WILLIAM COWPER

[BOADICEA was the wife of the chief of one of the tribes of early Britain. In the hope of saving his family from trouble, this chief willed his wealth to his daughters, and to the Roman Emperor. The officials seized the wealth, flogged Boadicea, and enslaved others of the family. She led a revolt against the Roman power in 62 A.D., but was overcome.

The Editor.]

WHEN the British warrior-queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'T is because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish — write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

BOADICEA

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew —
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

HOW THE ROMANS LIVED IN BRITAIN

[About the third century A.D.]

BY G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT

THE villa of Quintus Natalius, a Romanized Briton, whose father had amassed great wealth by means of his iron mines, was very prettily situated. It stood on a small terrace halfway up the low hill which, rising behind the buildings, perfectly sheltered it from the driving westerly gales. Before it lay a long, winding, and lovely valley, with remains of wild forest still clinging to the more precipitous slopes. The river was clear and transparent, and the hills beyond shut off the cold easterly and northerly gales.

But all this peaceful beauty made no impression on the wretched Mavia as she followed the slave-merchant into the great courtyard. There, wondering, she looked about her; on one side were the buildings in which corn, apples, wood, wine, oil, and the like were stored. On the other was a long line of rooms inhabited by servants and slaves. The great courtyard itself was nearly sixty feet long, and almost as broad. It had two paths running across it at right angles; a few fruit-trees were arranged symmetrically along them; in the midst was a shallow concrete pond, full of living fish awaiting a passage to the kitchen. But the skillful architect had arranged all the lines so that the eye necessarily tended towards the master's own house which closed the courtyard at the upper or northern side.

The bright sunlight was reflected by myriads of tiny points of light all over the roof, for this was made of thin pieces, arranged diagonally, of a sandstone full of glittering mica. The roof was carried forward so as to form a lovely verandah, supported by elegantly carved, slender columns, and full of vases, statues of Diana and Meleager, and other ornaments.

A very fat man with sword and spear and a British slave had been seated on the verandah steps. Whilst the latter was sent to inform the owner that one Atticus desired to speak with him, Balbus (the soldier) chatted with the slave-merchant. The latter was going to Rome, and said he liked not the news either from the north or from Wales.

Balbus laughed heartily. "Why, man," he said, "there has been talk of a Caledonian invasion ever since I can remember. Hast thou not seen the great wall that crosses from Luguvallium to the Tyne? It is fifteen feet high, nine feet thick, and in front there is a ditch thirty-four feet wide and fifteen feet deep. That goeth right across the whole island. There are 12,400 men upon it, and sentry stands and a castle at every mile, where is a gate. I know it well, for I, Balbus, carried stone to build it on two sticks held over my shoulder, where there is still a scar. What Caledonians could storm that?"

The slave-merchant shook his head and hinted that the only legion had been sent to York, and that with so many stout soldiers sent to the Rhine and to Rome, either the Welsh or the Caledonians might invade Britain.

"I heard that the Welsh were gathering in the mountains, and that many had fled to Uriconium for safety!"

At this point a woman came out to call in Atticus; she jeered at the raw barbarian, and shivered at the cold air outside. But a keen, wizened-up, Jewish-looking steward thrust her aside. "Make way, Julia," he said, "thou mayest go to the spinning-room now, for here is a prettier than thou with a nose not red nor always moist with water." Then, in an undertone to Atticus, "How much wilt thou give me?" "Five per cent." "Oh, no; I want fifteen per cent," said the steward. "Ten, then," growled the slave-merchant.

During this murmured conversation they had stepped up upon the verandah.

Mavia started and stared at the floor, for it was like a vivid and brilliantly colored painting. She had never seen Roman mosaic before, and wondered at the pictures, Bacchus on his tiger, and Actæon pursued by his hounds, with the corners filled in by graceful scrolls, garlands, and flowers. The colors were many and vividly contrasted, for there were pieces of ruby, two shades of red, black, slate-color, chocolate, yellow, gray, cream-color, and pure white.

Even more sumptuous and luxurious was the room into which she entered. A great apartment it was, of which the whole floor was occupied by an elaborate mosaic, representing Orpheus playing on his lute, and surrounded by many and diverse sorts of animals. Along the foot of the wall was a moulding or skirting of red cement. The rest of the wall was prettily painted, or rather distempered in many lovely colors, with subjects, such as boys carrying flowers, garlands of flowers, and strange birds. An arched recess held the family altar, where an exquisitely worked bronze lamp was burn-

ing. The room was pleasantly warm though the day was cold.

A stout young man, peevish and flushed in the face, was lolling on a couch covered with soft cushions (though it was near midday). He was examining a little bronze statuette, of which there were many in the room, as well as beautiful bowls of Samian ware, richly ornamented, beautiful colored and iridescent glass vessels full of fruit and flowers. To us the apartment might seem perhaps bare, cold, and clean, but there was no question as to the luxury and artistic taste of the owner.

Mavia stared about her while they bargained for her. A high price was asked, and Quintus refused to give it; he had more slaves than he wanted, but, after the steward had left the room, a stately Roman woman swept into it. She wanted a yellow-haired slave to carry her messages. Every woman in Rome had one, and Quintus *must* buy this one. A lively wrangle ensued, and the lady wept and stormed until at last Quintus sulkily called the steward and opened a huge brass-bound chest with a great iron key.

Mavia was bought and sent to wait on Faustina, wife of Quintus, who amused herself for a time by trimming her hair and dressing her like a Roman handmaiden. Then Faustina called for her litter, and, borne by four sturdy British slaves and attended only by Mavia, started for a country promenade. They soon reached the straight Roman road, marked by milestones, which led across the hills, and passed a village of dirty, miserable hovels, where wretched serfs, working in Quintus' iron mines, crouched before their master's wife, but turned off along a small footpath that led down to the riverside.

The whole way Faustina reviled and stormed at the slaves, but at last she stopped the litter, and, grumbling at the exertion and the cold, tottered, leaning on Mavia, along the footpath.

A small ragged boy, who was herding goats, called out a loud and musical cry and ran uphill. The path was beside the steep banks, or almost little cliffs, thirty feet high, which had been at one time cut out by the river. Turning one of these projecting cliffs, they found a deep cave hollowed out of the side of the cliff, at which Mavia stared in awe.

A tall man in a black cloak, marked with strange symbols (the swastika or fylfot), and with curious Eastern silver and gold ornaments, was holding forth his hands and uttering a long musical hymn of weird Greek and Arabian invocations. Before him was a long stretch of the river, lying south by west, and, at this hour, blazing like molten gold with the sunlight, which fell full on his dark Egyptian features, and also shone brightly on the face of a statue, the god Mithras, which was placed in a recess in the back of the cave. Two smaller statues, the god's assessors, were on either side of him.

The priest took no notice of them, and Mavia wondered at the cave. It was cut twenty feet deep into the cliff, and about forty feet across, and the keystone of the semicircular arched roof was at least fifteen feet above the ground: all of it was neatly built of chalk blocks carefully fitted together.

Faustina and Mavia waited, full of superstitious fear, till the resounding Greek phrases ceased.

Then the priest motioned to them. "Will Mithras

favor my voyage, O Arsaces?" "Yes, verily, lady, if thou dost place a suitable offering on his altar." Faustina produced a rich string of amber beads. "Nay, lady! Gold like the sunlight; that is the offering fit for Mithras."

Faustina unhooked a rich gold bracelet from her arm, and would have removed the amber beads, but the priest majestically and very gravely waved her off and took them himself.

"Hast thou the rare drug thou promised me?" "Yes, lady; here is the rich wolfsbane of whose power thou art not ignorant."

To Mavia's horror, the priest gave her a root of the accursed aconite, of whose deadly powers all Britons were well aware. Faustina snatched at it, and they returned to the litter, and passed back to the villa.

During this time Quintus had been occupied in the main business of his life. He had gone to take a bath, leaving his steward to haggle with the serfs who brought the iron for which they were paid. (But they had to give a fee to the steward.) Others brought in corn and apples, and always after openly leaving them in the granary passed round to the steward's office, where they bought some of it for themselves, and this money did not appear in his accounts.

Quintus, however, had now reached the series of rooms, and begun his bath. These rooms were all carefully heated by a simple and yet efficient system, which must be described. The floors of all rooms used in winter were raised about two to four feet above the ground on a quantity of little brick or chalk pillars. The floor itself consisted of thin tiles or flags laid on these pillars, and covered by cement.

An opening in the outside wall of the house acted as the furnace. Here a fire of wood was kept up, and the heat and smoke from it passed under the floor between these pillars, and sometimes even up the wall through hollow earthenware flues. A hot bath was often warmed by means of similar flues, which were in connection with this system of hot-air spaces.

Quintus entered the first room, which was gently or moderately heated, and undressed; then a whole number of slaves began to attend to him. There was one who acted as a barber, another with tweezers who pulled out any superfluous hairs, others with toothpicks and ear instruments, and each one of them was a master in his particular craft. The second room was a hot vapor bath, in which the object was to produce profuse perspiration; in the third room he lay on a couch, and a specially strong and muscular slave scraped him all over with scrapers, which were curious iron knives with the edge turned sideways. Next came the bath, thirty feet long, and with a long step or seat, rounded at the edge, and covered with plaster, on which he could sit whilst another slave sponged him. He might now enter another room where was the cold bath. Then towels warmed on the hot flues would be brought by other slaves, and he would be carefully dried, and perhaps played ball to warm himself. Still another room was devoted to the storage of oils, unguents, and cosmetics, preserved in colored glass bottles, or sometimes in cakes stamped with the maker's name. So Quintus, having been oiled and curled in this chamber, now donned his toga, and returned to the great hall, where the clients and slaves were already gathered for dinner.

In another room, Faustina was having her hair dressed. She half reclined on a couch, supported by cushions, whilst a frightened slave held up a mirror before her. She had already stenciled her eyebrows (above and below), and had adorned her haggard cheeks with plentiful cosmetics, but it was the arrangement of her hair that caused all this trouble. The wrinkled and ugly hag that acted as mistress of the slaves gave her opinion; each slave girl had to say what she thought. One anxious woman was endeavoring to get one particular curl to her mistress's satisfaction. "That is too high. Now it is too low. Be careful." Upon this Faustina seized a cowhide lash that lay beside her, and cruelly whipped the wretched handmaid across her naked shoulders.

Mavia, frightened and disgusted at this scene of vanity and cruelty, was engaged in extracting the aconite according to the shrill and peevish directions of her mistress. The extract was placed in a prettily shaped vase of iridescent glass, and locked up in a cupboard.

But Faustina's toilet seemed an endless task; now hot water was loudly called for and hurriedly brought from a bronze tap (modeled like a dog's head), for there was a leaden pipe in the room from the hot baths. Then Faustina's little girl, Julia, a spoilt, unhealthy little creature, who was running about with a rag doll and a rattle (made like a bronze pig), came to see the "pretty mother," and was kissed and fondled until another lock of hair was disarranged, when Julia was soundly smacked, and Faustina raved and stormed, and lashed her miserable handmaidens.

Then at the door of the room a silky, humble voice murmured, "Gracious Lady, Queen Muse of this rude

barbarous island, the dinner is awaiting thy presence."

"Fetch me the calendar," cried Faustina. So a calendar with the lucky hours for every day was produced, and carefully studied by the superstitious Roman matron.

"Fairest of Priestesses, Phœbus Apollo has long descended from the azure empyrean. The rays of the Sun-god are failing, and rude Boreas begins to blow."

"Here, Mavia, take him this missive." So saying, Faustina seized her writing tablets (two pieces of thin wood folding like a book and covered inside with a thin layer of wax), and wrote upon the wax with a fine-pointed stylus, then closing the leaves, she tied it with string, and handed it to Mavia, who, followed by the Greek slave who had spoken, hurried to the dining-room. When Quintus read the missive, his face fell. "It is not propitious to dine for half an hour yet!"

Deep gloom descended on the faces of the clients. "Shall we play at dice? Bring the knuckle-bones."

A deeper depression fell on the company. "No. Shall we try those cocks of Balbus? Fetch thy fighting birds!"

Every one tried to look pleased, but the fight was a failure, for the birds had just been fed. "Thou, Aristides, canst thou not amuse me?" The cunning Greek began an eloquent harangue comparing the neck of Quintus to "the brawny shoulders of Hercules holding Antæus far from his Mother Earth," etc., but he was suddenly checked.

"Come hither, Aristides! I gave a high price for thee as a scholar and a poet, but I hear strange talk from Faustina about Rome and thee. See thou to it that thou

goest not thither in the next party of slaves! Fetch her to dinner forthwith!" The Greek grew pale and hurried off. Quintus went on. "When I married the penniless daughter of an official convicted of oppression, I did not bargain for this! I hear each day of an ancestor who died when fighting Hannibal. She quotes verses I never knew, and corrects my Latin as old-fashioned and provincial, and her tongue never stops."

But then a great tumult was heard. The faces of the company brightened. Then the painted elderly dame swept into the room, and they went into the dining-room, where soon the dinner was served.

Mavia had never seen such gluttony before. A great boar was brought in. There were dishes of eggs and of hares (kept in a warren for the purpose); salmon and other fish; oysters from Richborough, and a plate of snails carefully imported from France, and kept as a great luxury. There was fruit also, not only apples from Britain, but figs, mulberries, and grapes imported from Gaul. These were tastefully arranged in bowls of Samian ware, covered with beautiful designs, in pottery manufactured at Canterbury, and beautiful glass vessels. But a fat and perspiring slave handed to Mavia a graceful glass vessel, and she was soon busy pouring out wine. But even this required a little experience. She soon found that if any one wanted his cup filled he held up his hand. An elderly client with a threadbare toga did so, and she poured out wine for him from her glass vessel.

Every one laughed at her and congratulated the client. (An old black slave poured British wine for the clients from a jar of rude yellowish earthenware with looped handles.)

That dinner lasted for three hours, and the time was chiefly occupied in listening to Faustina's comparison of Virgil and Homer, with a chorus of applause and flattery thrown in by Aristides and the clients. At last Quintus became foolish and muddled with wine, and called to Faustina, "Is there anything a woman does not understand?"

"Ah," she said, "that deserves a special draught of my cherished Falernian. Go thou and fetch it, Aristides, and bring also a meet vessel for holding it."

Aristides returned with an ancient jar carefully corked up, and to Mavia's horror and disgust he brought also the identical iridescent glass in which lay the aconite.

Faustina, with her glittering eyes, uncorked the jar, poured out the wine in her own cup, drank it ostentatiously, and then poured the rest of the jar into the poisoned glass decanter.

"Come hither, Mavia. Give it to thy master. Why lookest thou so glum?"

Then the whole foul plot was clear to the wretched British girl. *She* was to pour the poisoned draught into her master's cup. *She* would be tortured to death, probably wrapped in linen saturated with pitch and burnt to death! Then Faustina and Aristides would seize the dead man's riches and hasten to Rome! Who would believe her word? So she took the glass vessel and turned to carry it, but, as she went, she pretended to stumble, and fell and dashed the jar to pieces on the mosaic.

Faustina was almost mad with fury and fright. "Send for the torturer," she cried. "Scourge me this girl to

death, but torture her first." A repulsive Arabian came in, carrying a small brazier and curious metal tools; but whilst the wretched Mavia, bound and helpless, awaited the heating of those instruments, a strange and unexpected interruption took place.

"What is that clamor?" cried Balbus, and went to the court. A panting British serf, bleeding with wounds, covered with dust, and half dead with fright and fatigue, stumbled into the hall and cried, "Fly, O Quintus, the Welsh savages are after me. They have burnt the villages and slain thy people. They are coming fast after me."

A few of the clients, chiefly poor, elderly men, rallied round Quintus with swords drawn. Fat Balbus in vain endeavored to get into his chain armor, which was far too tight for him. Some tried to plunder, and ran off laden with booty. The rest shrieked and ran to and fro, helplessly wringing their hands.

The steward and Faustina disappeared. But as Quintus called loudly for his daughter Julia, wild, discordant yells and the Celtic trumpet sounded at the gate, and a fierce horde of savages burst into the court.

Mavia was recognized by the leader, but those splendid, luxurious apartments were soon streaming with blood. That dissolute crew of Romans, Greeks, and debased Britons were dead or flying panic-stricken over the hills.

Soon a great fire began to kindle on the beautiful villa, and rapidly grew into a roaring conflagration. The roof fell and then only a few blackened heaps of broken stone and potsherds marked the site of Quintus' splendid villa. But even to-day, underneath the shapeless grassy

mounds which cover the broken tiles and ruined floors, far inside the soot-blackened hypocaust, there lie three skeletons! The steward had crawled there, carrying his ill-gotten money, which now lies scattered amongst his bones. Faustina and her daughter had also crept in there to escape: all three were suffocated below the ruins of the burning villa.

THE CONVERTED BRITONS

THE CONVERTED BRITONS

BY WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT

(*English painter*, 1827–1910)

In the latter part of the second century, Britain, then a Roman province, was converted to Christianity. The new religion was not introduced, however, without a bitter struggle on the part of the Druid priesthood.

An episode of this struggle is shown in the illustration. A party of Britons, incited by the Druid priests, has attacked the Christian missionaries. One, at least, is already captured, but another has escaped to the protection of the frail hut of a family of Christian natives. He is exhausted by his flight, and they are caring for him and trying to revive him. Two men are anxiously guarding the doorway, and a young boy with his ear to the ground is listening to the sounds without. One woman supports the fainting form of the missionary, looking fearfully toward the door. Another is bathing his forehead. A little boy at the left is holding a cup, into which an older brother is squeezing the juice of a bunch of grapes from the vines overhead. A girl is tenderly removing a brier from the victim's robe. The father of the family is evidently a fisherman, for a net hangs on the post at the right, and the cabin stands beside a stream. Against the wall of the hut stands a Druidic stone; but upon it a cross is rudely drawn to indicate a change of faith.

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II

THE ANGLO-SAXON INVASION

HISTORICAL NOTE

After the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons the Britons were harassed by the Scots (Irish) on the west, and the Picts (Gaels) on the north. Against these marauders they struggled bravely, but in vain. There was also trouble from the east, for bands of Teuton pirates from the western shores of the Baltic were coming down upon them. At length, as tradition says, the Britons invited these pirates to come to aid them in repelling the other invaders, and promised them the island of Thanet as their reward.

The newcomers were known as Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. They were pagans, fierce in battle, but they also cultivated the ground. In their home land those who were relatives often clustered together in a tiny village. Each family had its house lot and garden; but around the little village extended land known as the "mark," or boundary. This was divided into pasture, woodland, and tillage, and was used in common. The people were of four ranks: *athels*, or nobles; *ceorls*, or free landowners; *laets*, or tenants, who paid rent by service; and *slaves*, who were generally captives taken in war. Each village had its governor and its council, the latter comprising all the freemen. Each hundred, or collection of villages, had also a governor and council; and the whole tribe had a king, and a council (*witan*), who elected the king annually.

These invaders soon pushed on from Thanet and conquered lands for themselves in the new country. Early in the sixth century they appear to have suffered a series of defeats at the hand of some British chief, perhaps the King Arthur of the later legends, which checked their advance for nearly fifty years, but by the close of the century all Britain was in their hands, and the former inhabitants were killed, enslaved, or driven into the mountains of Wales. In 827, the various small kingdoms formed by the invaders were united by Egbert, King of Wessex, and from this monarch every English king except the four Normans has traced his descent.

STORIES OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS COURT

[Sixth century]

[The legends of King Arthur and his court probably have this basis in fact: that in the fifth or sixth century there arose a brave British chieftain or general who defeated the Teutonic invaders in a number of pitched battles, was betrayed by his wife, and met his death in conflict with a near kinsman. The memory of this chieftain was kept alive by the Britons in their mountain fastnesses of Wales, and in the course of centuries spread to the Continent, where the courtly poets of France and Germany remoulded the legends, making of the rude warrior chief an ideal knight of the Middle Ages, chivalrous, generous, and without fear. They reflect, therefore, the life and ideals of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries rather than of the time in which King Arthur is supposed to have lived.

The Editor.]

KING ARTHUR RECEIVES THE ROUND TABLE

BY THOMAS MALORY

In the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace, most of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, until Merlin made it openly known. Then many kings and lords made great war against him for that cause; but Arthur overcame them all, for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin.

So it befell that King Arthur said unto Merlin, "My barons will let me have no rest until I take a wife,

and I will take none but by thy counsel and by thy advice."

"It is well," said Merlin, "that you take a wife; for a man of your attainments and nobility should not be without a wife. Now is there any that you love more than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenever, daughter of King Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard. This damsel is the most valiant and the fairest lady that I know living, or that ever I could find."

"Sir," said Merlin, "as for her beauty and fairness, she is one of the fairest on earth; but if you did not love her so well as you do, I should find you a damsel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you; but when a man's heart is set, he is loath to change."

"That is truth," said King Arthur.

Then Merlin sent forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard and told him of the desire of King Arthur to have Guenever for his wife.

"That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that I ever heard, — that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as far as my lands, I would give him all if I thought it would please him, but he hath lands enough and needeth none. But I shall send him a gift which shall please him much more; for I shall give him the Round Table, which his father, Uther Pendragon, gave me. When it is full complete, there are one hundred and fifty knights. An hundred good knights I have myself; but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days."

And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever

unto Merlin, and the Round Table with the hundred knights. And they rode freshly with great royalty till they came nigh unto London.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Round Table, he made great joy and said openly, "This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so much to my liking. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than great riches."

And in all haste the king prepared for the marriage and the coronation in the most honorable fashion that could be devised.

"Now, Merlin," said King Arthur, "go thou and find me in all this land fifty knights which are of most prowess and worship."

Within a short time Merlin had found knights to fill twenty and eight sieges, but no more he could find. Then the Bishop of Canterbury was fetched, and he blessed the sieges with great royalty and devotion, and there set the eight and twenty knights. And when this was done Merlin said, "Fair sirs, you must all arise, and come to King Arthur to do him homage; for he will then have the better will to maintain you."

And so they arose and did their homage. And when they were gone, Merlin found in every siege letters of gold that told the knight's name that had sat therein. But two sieges were void.

"What is the cause," said King Arthur, "that there be two places void in the sieges?"

"Sir," said Merlin, "there shall no man sit in those places but him that shall be of most worship. But in

the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit but one, and if there be any other so hardy as to sit there, he shall be destroyed."

And therewith Merlin took King Pellinore by the hand, and put him in the place next the two sieges and the Siege Perilous, and he said before them all, "This is your place, for you are most worthy to sit therein of all who are here."

Thereat Sir Gawaine was passing envious, and said to Gaheris, his brother, "Yonder knight is put to great worship, and this grieveth me sore: for he slew our father King Lot; therefore I will slay him."

"You shall not do it," said Gaheris, "at this time, for I now am but a squire; but when I am made knight I will be avenged on him. Therefore, brother, it is best that you suffer till another time, that we may have him out of the court, lest we should trouble this high feast."

"I will do as you say," said Gawaine.

There the king established all his knights, and those that had no lands he made rich in lands. And he charged them never to do outrage or murder, and always to flee treason. Also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked it, upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore; and always to give succour unto ladies, damsels, and gentlewomen, upon pain of death. Also that no man make battle in a wrongful quarrel, either for any law or this world's goods. Unto this oath were all the knights of the Round Table sworn, both old and young. And every year were they sworn anew at the feast of Pentecost. And then when all this was done, the high feast was made ready, and King Arthur was wedded at

Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of Saint Stephen's with much solemnity.

GALAHAD AND THE QUEST OF THE SANGREAL[1]

BY THOMAS MALORY

I

At the vigil of Pentecost when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come again unto Camelot, and the tables were set ready to the meat, there entered into the hall a fair gentlewoman on horseback. She had ridden fast, for her horse was all besweated. There she alighted, and came before the king and saluted him. Then she straightway went unto Launcelot and said, "Sir Launcelot, I salute you, and require you to come with me into a forest near by."

And though Sir Launcelot wist not why he should go with that lady, he bade his squire saddle his horse and bring his arms, and then departed he with the lady. And they rode until they came into a forest where they saw an abbey of nuns. And they entered, and a fair company of nuns came and led Sir Launcelot into the Abbess's chamber and unarmed him.

And presently therein came twelve nuns that brought with them Galahad, a youth so fair and so well-made, that in all the world men might scarcely find his match; and all those ladies wept. "Sir," said they all, "we bring you here this child whom we have nourished, and

[1] *Sangreal*, or Holy Grail, that is, "holy cup," the cup from which Jesus Christ is supposed to have drunk at the last supper and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught the blood that fell from Jesus' side when He was on the cross.

we pray you to make him a knight; for of a more worthy man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood."

And Sir Launcelot beheld the young squire, and saw him seemly and pure as a dove, and he thought he had never seen so fair a man.

Then said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?"

He and all they said, "Yea."

"Then shall he," said Sir Launcelot, "receive the high order of knighthood to-morrow at the celebration of the high feast." And on the morrow at dawn he made him knight, and said, "God make you a good man, for beauty faileth you not."

II

"Now, fair sir," said Sir Launcelot, "will ye come with me unto the court of King Arthur?"

"Nay," answered Galahad, "I will not go with you at this time."

Then Launcelot departed from the abbey, and so he came unto Camelot in the forenoon on Whitsunday. And when the king and all the knights were come unto the Round Table, the barons espied in the sieges all about, written with golden letters, the names of those knights to whom the sieges appertained. And thus they went until they came to the Siege Perilous, where they found letters which said: —

"Four hundred and fifty-four winters after our Lord Jesus Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled."

Then all they said, "This is a marvelous thing."

And Sir Launcelot said, "It seemeth to me this siege

ought to be fulfilled this same day; for this is the feast of Pentecost after the four hundred and fifty-fourth year; and if it would please all parties, I would rather that none of these letters were seen this day, till he is come that ought to achieve this adventure."

Then ordained they that a cloth of silk be brought to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous.

Then the king bade them hasten unto dinner, but at that time in came a squire, and said unto the king, "Sir, I bring you marvelous tidings. There is beneath here at the river, a great stone floating above the water and therein I saw sticking a sword."

The king said, "I will see that marvel."

So all the knights went with him to the river, and there they found a stone floating, and therein stuck a fair sword; and in the pommel thereof were precious stones skillfully set in letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters, which said: —

"Never shall man take me hence except him by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world."

When the king had seen the letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot: "Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure you are the best knight in the world."

Then Sir Launcelot answered very soberly: "Truly, sir, it is not my sword; also, sir, wit ye well I have not the hardihood to set my hand to it, for it belongs not at my side. Also, he who essayeth to take the sword and faileth, shall receive such a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole long afterward. And I tell you that this same day shall the adventures of the Sangreal begin."

Then King Arthur bade Sir Gawaine essay to take the sword; and though Sir Gawaine was loath to do so, yet because King Arthur commanded him, he took the sword by the handles; but he could not move it. Then there were no more that durst be so hardy as to set their hands thereto. So then Sir Kay, the steward, bade King Arthur and all the knights go in to dinner; and every knight knew his own place, and set him therein.

And when all the sieges were fulfilled, save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvelous adventure: all the doors and windows of the palace shut by themselves, yet the hall was not greatly darkened; and thereupon they were all astonished. Then an old man came in, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words the old man said unto Arthur: "Peace be with you, sir. I bring here a young knight, who is of kings' lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea, whereby the marvels of this court and of strange realms shall be fully accomplished."

Then the old man made the young man unarm himself. And anon he led him to the Siege Perilous, beside which sat Sir Launcelot. And the good man lifted up the cloth, and found there letters which said thus: —

"This is the siege of Galahad, the high prince."

"Sir," said the old knight, "wot you well, that place is yours."

Then Galahad sat down in that place, and he said to

the old man, "Sir, you may go your way, for you have done all that which you were commanded to do."

So the good man departed.

Then all the knights of the Round Table marveled greatly that Sir Galahad dare sit there in that Siege Perilous, when he was so tender of age, and they said, "This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved; for never before sat one in that siege but that harm came to him."

Then came King Arthur unto Galahad, and said, "Sir, you are welcome; for you shall move many good knights unto the quest of the Sangreal." Then the king took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to show him the adventures of the stone.

"Sir," said the king unto Galahad, "here is a great marvel as ever I saw; for right good knights have essayed and failed."

"Sir," said Galahad, "that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs but mine. For the surety that I should achieve this sword, I brought none with me; for here by my side hangeth the scabbard." And anon he laid his hand upon the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath.

"Sir," said the king, "a shield God shall send you."

"Now," said Galahad, "have I that sword that sometime was Balin's, and he was a passing good man of his hands; and with this sword he slew his brother Balan, and that was great pity, for he was a good knight, and either slew other. And with this sword Balin smote my grandfather, King Pelles, a dolorous stroke of which he is not yet whole, nor shall be till I heal him."

Then the king espied a lady riding on a white palfrey

toward them. And she saluted the king and queen and said, "Sir King, Nacien, the hermit, sendeth thee word that to thee shall befall the greatest worship that ever befell king in Britain; and I say you wherefore, for this day the Sangreal shall appear in thy house and feed thee and all thy fellowship of the Round Table."

So she departed and went the same way that she came.

"Now," said the king, "I am sure shall all ye of the Round Table depart on this quest of the Sangreal and never shall I see you again whole together; therefore I will see you all together in the meadow of Camelot to joust, that after your death men may tell how such good knights were wholly together such a day."

So at the king's request they accorded all, and took on their harness and went to the jousting. And the queen was in a tower with all her ladies to behold that tournament.

Now all this moving of the king was for this intent, that he might see Galahad proved; for the king deemed he should not lightly come again unto the court after his departing. So Galahad put upon him his helm, but shield would he take none for no prayer of the king. Then Galahad dressed him in the midst of the meadow, and began to break spears marvelously, so that all men wondered; for he there surmounted all other knights, and within a while he had defouled many good knights of the Round Table save twain, that were Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

III

And then the king and all his estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong in the great minster,

and so after that to supper. Then anon they heard such cracking and crying of thunder that they thought the place would fall apart. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam, clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and the grace of the Holy Ghost shone upon them all. And all those knights appeared fairer than ever they had before. And for a great while no knight could speak a word, and they looked at each other as though they were dumb. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but none could see it nor who bore it. And then was all the hall filled with good odors, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world. And when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, it departed so suddenly that they wist not what became of it. Then had they all breath to speak, and the king yielded thanks to God for His good grace that He had sent them.

"Now," said Sir Gawaine, "we have been served this day with what meats and drinks we liked best, but one thing disappointed us, we could not see the Holy Grail, it was so carefully covered. Wherefore I will make here my vow that to-morrow I shall begin the quest of the Sangreal; that I shall seek a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not succeed, I shall return again knowing that it is not the will of our Lord that I see it."

When those of the Round Table heard Sir Gawaine say this, they arose for the most part, and made such vows as he had made.

Anon as King Arthur heard this, he became very sad,

for he wist well that they might not gainsay their vows.

"Alas," said King Arthur to Sir Gawaine, "ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that were ever seen together in any realm of the world; for when they depart hence, I am sure they shall never all meet more in this world, for many shall die in the quest. I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it grieves me right sore, the departing of this fellowship." And therewith the tears fell in his eyes.

IV

When the queen, ladies, and gentlewomen wist these tidings, they had such sorrow and heaviness of heart that no tongue might tell it; for those knights had held those ladies in honor and love. And many of these ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers, had not an old knight come among them in religious clothing and he spake to all, and said, "Fair lords, who have sworn in the quest of the Sangreal, thus sendeth Nacien, the hermit, word to you, that none lead lady nor gentlewoman with him in this quest; for I warn you plain, he that is not clean of his sins, shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesus Christ." And for this cause they left those ladies and gentlewomen.

And as soon as it was day, the king arose, for he had no rest all that night for sorrow. And he and the queen and all the fellowship of the Round Table went unto the minster to hear their service. Then after the service was done, the king would wit how many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Grail. Then they found by tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round

Table. And then they put on their helms and departed, and there was weeping and great sorrow.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[At length King Arthur was sorely wounded in battle, and he knew that the time had come for him to die. "Cast my sword Excalibur into the water of the lake," he bade Sir Bedivere, his companion, "and come again and tell me what you have seen." And when Sir Bedivere had thrown the sword, there rose from the water an arm clad with white samite. The hand took the sword, and both sword and arm vanished beneath the waters. Then came close to the shore a barge, and in it was King Arthur's sister with two other queens and many fair ladies in waiting.

The Editor.]

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,

Mixt with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag,
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried:
"He passes to be king among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but — if he come no more —
O me, be yon dark queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Even to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light,
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

THE STOLEN BOYS

[About 590]

BY SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

[The interest which Pope Gregory the Great felt in Britain is said to have been due to his seeing some English captives in the Forum at Rome to be sold as slaves. According to the chronicler Ethelwerd, he had these boys baptized, and in later years, when St. Augustine was sent to England as a missionary, the boys were sent with him. Such is the foundation of the romance from which the following extract is taken.

The Editor.]

I

The three boys threw themselves on the grass, and in a minute they were fast asleep. They had not seen a long black boat, like some foul snake, creeping steadily down the Wharfe to its confluence. It was flat-bottomed and of unusual beam, but low in the water. The crew consisted of half a dozen villainous-looking ruffians, sent by a vessel anchored at the mouth of the Humber to Calcaria on pretense of selling some cloths, and the return cargo was to be stolen. They were sea-thieves and cutthroats. As they descended the Wharfe, they saw Forthere and Sivel fishing on the bank and suspecting no evil. Four of them sprang on shore, and in a minute the lads were bound hand and foot, gagged, and thrown into the bottom of the boat. A few minutes afterwards they came in sight of the confluence, just in time to see Coel-

red, Porlor, and Hereric throw themselves on the grass by the opposite shore. Very stealthily the boat was brought under the bank. Coelred and Hereric were overpowered and bound before they were half awake. Porlor, however, was aroused by the footsteps. He had time to draw his knife and make a desperate resistance, gashing the arm of one ruffian and stabbing another in the hand. But he was quickly overpowered. His two companions were thrown into the bottom of the boat, where, to their horror and astonishment, they found Forthere and little Sivel in like plight. Porlor was put across a thwart and given an unmerciful beating with a thong of leather, which, in the dialect of the cut-throats, was called a *lorum*. His young friends were nearly mad with impotent rage as they heard the ferocious blows being showered on the child's body. At last he was thrown, bruised and bleeding, among the rest; but, bound as they were, they could do nothing to console or help him. It all seemed like a horrible dream; they scarcely knew where they were, and could do nothing but sob as they were roused at intervals from a half-dozing state.

Meanwhile the boat went swiftly down the Ouse with an ebb-tide. The villains kept a sharp look-out on either bank, and, when half a mile above Hemingborough, they saw a boy bathing, and swimming out boldly as the tide had slackened. Thinking no harm, he caught hold of one of the boat's oars to rest. In an instant his wrists were seized, he was bound hand and foot, and thrown into the bottom of the boat with the others. It was Oswith. He was quite naked, and one of the crew threw a coarse cloth over him. The grief of the rest of

the kidnapped children was redoubled at the sight of their beloved friend, the fearless son of Guthlaf. He was as little able to understand what had really happened as they were, yet he tried to console them. He whispered that he would look out for chances of escape, and reminded them that at least they had the consolation of being together.

All through the night the boat kept her course down the Humber, with the tide against them during the first watch, but with a fair wind. Off the mouth of the Trent the sea-thieves stopped and made fast, until they were joined by another smaller boat coming down that river, which went alongside and passed another boy on board. In spite of their misery and discomfort, the kidnapped children were fast asleep while the boat was waiting in the mud, and they were aroused by another little boy being thrown amongst them. He said that he was Godric, the son of Ulchel, a thegn of the Gainas. He seemed to be as small as Sivel. After a time the seven forlorn children went fast asleep as the boat was rowed down the Humber, and finally came alongside the vessel whose leader had sent the thieves on their kidnapping errand.

This vessel was small, but suited for sea-voyages, and with much more beam than was allowed for an ordinary fighting ship. Her lines were indeed very unlike those of a dragon ship of the Vikings. For she was built primarily for trading, and in the second place for piracy, whenever the opportunity offered, and she had a capacious hold, now half full of merchandise. She was lying off Ravenspur, the site of the Roman station of Prætorium, under the shelter of Y-kill, the Ocellum Promontorium, now Spurn Head. The seven boys were bundled out of the

boat and into the ship's hold like so many bales of goods, and the boats were turned adrift. They had been stolen. The vessel then got under weigh and hoisted her single sail, shaping a southerly course, with a strong breeze which soon freshened into a gale. The stolen children nestled together and slept long, for they were quite worn out with anxiety and grief, to which three of them had added a day of intense excitement and fatigue. They awoke quite famished and were given some food, but throughout the voyage the poor children were treated with vile inhumanity, half-starved, and exposed to the seas which washed into the vessel during the gale. They could not have survived many more days of such treatment. Fortunately the wind was fair, and the voyage had been a short though a stormy one, when the piratical thieves anchored in the port of Amfleet. It is not known whence they came nor what land was disgraced by having bred them, nor does it matter. They were paid and employed by a trader with more humanity but as little conscience as themselves.

II

In his northern trade Mystacon employed agents to bring him valuable furs and amber, and even unicorns' horns, from the countries bordering on the Baltic, tin from Cornwall, and occasionally he paid sea-thieves to kidnap young children from the north, who fetched high prices in the markets of Rome and Constantinople. He had a shed at Ambleteuse where he received his northern merchandise, preferring that little port to the neighboring harbor of Gessoriacum (Boulogne), because a Frankish officer, from whom his gifts had secured him

favor and protection, was stationed there with a strong body of disciplined followers.

Mystacon had been several days at Ambleteuse, his merchandise was stored in the shed, and his servants had pack-horses ready to convey it southward along the old Roman road, when the vessel from the Humber anchored off the port and landed its cargo. The crew was composed of such dangerous villains that the merchant induced the Queen-Regent's officer to post armed men behind his shed before he ventured to confer with them. Besides a pile of beaver skins and other commodities, the seven boys were put on shore. They stood on the sandy beach close together, the little ones clinging to the three bigger lads. All were wet through, and looked half-starved and miserable. Porlor and little Godric were clinging to Coelred. Sivel had his arms round Forthere, and Hereric nestled under the sheltering arm of the son of Guthlaf. Oswith the fearless, who was nearly naked, with only a bit of sackcloth round his loins, alone maintained a defiant look. There was no longer any sign or token of Berserker rage among the rest.

The wily Greek came forward to look at them. He saw their great beauty and their value, but he also saw from their appearance that they had been cruelly treated. The sea-thieves demanded the payment he had promised, so much for each. "But they are not in good condition," he remonstrated; "the price must be reduced." A livid mark on Porlor's neck caught his quick, searching eye. He pulled down the boy's shirt, and saw that his back was covered with weals, the effect of the cruel flogging he had received. "Damaged

goods," he said. Then, turning to his servants, he told them to take the boys into the shed, and to clothe and feed them. "I will only pay half-price for damaged goods," he repeated, turning to the spokesman of the sea-thieves. "That little wild-cat used his knife on one of us," the man answered, "and the flogging served him right." "What is that to me, my friend?" rejoined Mystacon, in a low but irritating voice. "You can please yourselves about damaging your goods, that is your business, but you cannot expect to get the same price as if they were not damaged. If a heavy bale was to fall and hurt one of you, of course it is open to you to cut and slash it if you please, and it may serve the bale right. That I do not dispute. But you must not expect the same price in the market as if the bale had not been cut and slashed. I can only pay you half-price for the boys."

The kidnappers could not follow the subtle argument of the Greek, but they began to look dangerous. The merchant retreated back a few paces. "Pay us what you promised, thou cursed cheat, or we will kill thee and the boys too." He retreated rapidly back and cried out for help, as the villains drew their long knives and rushed towards him. In another minute they were all overpowered and thrown on the ground by the Frankish guard. The officer came forward and suggested capital punishment, offering to hang them in a row. "It is the just and proper treatment," said Mystacon, "of those who try to extort full price for damaged goods from unwary traders. As soon as your laudable proposal has been carried into effect, I shall have pleasure in requesting your lordship to accept the large sum

which the criminals refused." Another hour had not passed before twenty bodies were hanging from the branches of the stunted pines round Ambleteuse, and before the Frankish officer had an additional reason for extending his protection to the wily merchant.

Mystacon set out with his train of laden horses and attendants early next morning, following the old Roman road by Amiens, Soissons, and Autun to Lyons. The boys had been warmly clothed and fed, and had slept well, nor were they prevented from having a morning bath in the sea. Two pack-horses were allowed them, so that they could ride by turns, while the rest trotted along on the road-side. They found that they could understand much that was said to them by the servants, and when Mystacon spoke the Frank dialect slowly and clearly, they could comprehend the meaning of nearly every word. For in those days there was little difference between the Frankish and other Teutonic dialects.

The journey across Picardy restored the health and strength, and revived the spirits, of the English lads. This limestone tract, with its keen fresh air, arable surface, and well-watered meadows, reminded them of the country round Calcaria. At Samarobriva, or Amiens, they rested, and Mystacon was allowed to store his goods against the wall of the town, and to encamp there by the Roman gate of the Twins, whereon was carved Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf. This was the first opportunity the boys had found of collecting their thoughts, and holding a serious consultation. Even now they scarcely understood what had happened or where they were. Their first words, as they sat among the bales, were words of grief at the sorrow and anxiety of

their relations, who would search high and low through the woods, until at last they gave them up as dead. "Alca will give them hope and courage," said Coelred. "She will know that we are together, and she knows that we shall return. For we are to die in battle, fighting for a righteous cause, and that cannot be anywhere but in England. She is praying now that the gods will watch over us, and her prayers are ever answered." These words, spoken with an air of conviction, comforted the rest. "We must suffer," said Oswith, "but that does not signify when we have such good reason for hope. Porlor has already suffered more than the rest of us." "At that I rejoice," said Porlor, whose little head had been teeming with ideas suggested by Mithras and the bull, ever since he gazed on the sculpture at York. "Through suffering we shall all win the rewards prepared for the true and brave; and the thong those niddering thieves called *lorum* is no word of bane to me, but of good luck." "Nay, then," said Hereric, smiling, "we must fasten it to thy name and call thee Porlorlorum." "Let it be so," answered the imaginative child; "it will remind me, and all of us, in the happy years that will surely come when this darkness has been turned to light, that we had to pass through suffering to happiness and home."

III

The Forum of Trajan was as yet uninjured. The noble row of buildings with colonnades, including the once well-stored library, still surrounded the large paved court, and in the center stood the beautiful column with its elaborate representation in bronze of

the events of the Dacian war. Here important markets were held, and on one autumn morning of the year 588 several merchants, who had lately arrived, exposed many things for sale. Abundance of people resorted thither to buy. Mystacon had his wares arranged under a colonnade. He invited attention in a cringing attitude, seeking for purchasers. The English boys stood in a group quite naked, their eyes full of tears of shame and rage. Among the first people who stopped in front of them was a thin and emaciated ecclesiastic, accompanied by another, who was younger and of stouter build. The older man had an aquiline nose and hollow cheeks, bright piercing eyes, which had assumed a gentle expression and a somewhat commanding air. It was Gregory himself, then aged forty-four, and his secretary Peter. Mystacon bowed low before them. Gregory looked at the boys with admiration, and turning to the merchant, he remarked that their bodies were white, their countenances beautiful, and their hair very fine. Mystacon bowed still lower. "From what country or nation were they brought?" he asked. The reply was that they came from the island of Britain, whose inhabitants are of that personal appearance. "Are these islanders Christians, or are they still involved in the errors of paganism?" was the next inquiry. He was told that they were pagans. Fetching a deep sigh, he exclaimed — "Alas! what pity that the Author of Darkness is possessed of men of such fair countenances, and that, being remarkable for such graceful aspects, their minds should be void of inward grace. What," he demanded, "is the name of that nation?" The kidnapper replied that they were called "Angles." "Right," said

Gregory, "for they have angelic faces, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. What is the name," he proceeded, "of the province from which they are brought?" The reply was that the name of the province was Deira. "Truly are they *De ira*," said he, "withdrawn from wrath and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province called?" Mystacon said that his name was Ella; and Gregory, alluding to it as he walked on, observed to Peter that Hallelujah, the praise of God the Creator, must be sung in those parts. Gregory was on his way to have an interview with the Pope, and on coming into his presence, he proposed that ministers should be sent to the English, by whom they might be converted to Christ; and, in his impulsive way, he declared that he was ready to undertake that work himself, by the assistance of God. Pelagius replied that he was willing to grant his request, but that the people would never consent to his departure. Gregory then entrusted to Peter the business of purchasing some of these "Angles," and sent him back to the market.

The boys did not understand a word of the remarks made by Gregory and by other passers-by who stopped to question Mystacon. Presently two patricians, advanced in years, followed by clients and attendants, walked into the Forum and stopped at the colonnade where the lads were still exposed. After gazing upon them, Symmachus Boethius observed to his companion Pamphronius that he had never seen such perfect symmetry and beauty except in ancient sculpture. "The works of Praxiteles are looked upon with disapproval by our good friends the priests, so I would fain ornament

my villa with living forms that would be worthy of the chisel of the most gifted sculptor of antiquity." Pamphronius expressed his concurrence, and his desire to possess at least two of the young slaves. Calling Mystacon aside, they made various inquiries, and concluded bargains by which Symmachus Boethius became the owner of Coelred and Porlor, while Oswith and Sivel fell to Pamphronius. Their clients were instructed to complete the arrangement and pay the purchase-money, and the great men passed on. No sooner were they out of sight, than Peter arrived breathless to carry out the instructions of his master. Mystacon was delighted, for his troubles and anxieties were fully repaid. Peter agreed to his terms, and the Atheling Hereric, Forthere, and Godric became the property of the Deacon Gregory.

The boys were thus relieved from their shameful and degrading position, which they had looked forward to with such horror and dismay. Their clothes were restored to them, and they were told by signs to accompany the servants of the patricians and Peter, the road of all being the same, namely, that leading to the Cælian Hill. Casting looks of vindictive hatred at Mystacon, they gladly accompanied their new acquaintances.

HOW KING EDWIN OF NORTHUMBRIA BECAME A CHRISTIAN

[627]

BY MRS. ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

[The maiden Frideswide and her little brother Leofric, whose home was near the mouth of the Elbe, have been captured by the Britons and sold to the Saxons of Britain as slaves. It is Frideswide who is supposed to be telling the following story.

The Editor.]

I was given to the Lady Ethelberga, the young queen of King Edwin of Northumbria, — his second wife, but lately married, and come into the North from her royal home in Kent, — to be her thrall. Leofric was still employed outside in tending the royal herds.

I might have been considered fortunate. The young queen was not unkind to me; and some of the ladies admired my cleverness, and my blue eyes, and abundant flaxen hair. But it seemed to me they petted me as they would a bird or a favorite hound; and my pride revolted from their caresses more than from the blows and rough words to which I had been used before.

Therefore, before long, I was allowed to pursue my duties unnoticed and unreproved. I learnt to embroider and to play on the lyre. But no threats or persuasions could induce me to sing. Should I profane the ballads of my people, learned from my mother's lips, by singing

them to divert these strangers? My worst care, however, began to be for Leofric. His disposition, always gentler than mine, seemed to me to be losing all its fire, and I feared his very soul was growing to be a slave's soul.

Over this I shed many bitter tears.

Again, at King Edwin's court I came in contact with the Christian religion.

There was a tall monk from Italy residing in the palace, Bishop Paulinus. He had come from Kent with the queen.

He preached often concerning the faith; and also spoke in private to any one who would listen. But at first he did not make many converts. And I (God forgive me) hated the very name of Christianity. Was it not the religion of my captors? Had not the treasures of which we, the widow and fatherless, had been robbed been accepted on Christian altars? Moreover, the life of those monks seemed to me base and unmanly. I hated the sight of their smooth, long, foreign faces, and their shaven crowns. It seemed to me a miserable, slavish existence, for a man to glide in and out of houses clothed in a long robe like a woman's, and droning out prayers and psalms. I thought the stern virtues of my people nobler than these.

There was great pomp at King Edwin's court. The great hall and the queen's chamber were hung with tapestries; the floors were strewn every day with fresh rushes. The state dresses of the queen and her ladies were of silk from Asia, embroidered with gold; and both men and women wore jeweled necklaces and bracelets. The king, wherever he went, was preceded by standard-

bearers flaunting the royal banners, or the Tufa — the globe fixed on the spear.

We were seldom long in one residence, but traveled from one royal house to another, for the king to administer justice and receive tribute.

We, the attendants, commonly went before, and hung the walls with silken hangings, and strewed the floors with fresh rushes, and set the tables with the golden and silver cups and dishes, in readiness for the arrival of the court.

Wherever we went, the Archbishop Paulinus had a Christian chapel, where he and the good deacon, Jacob, the beautiful singer from Rome, chanted the church services; and Edwin, the king, made his offerings to the old Saxon gods of our fathers in the temples; — to Thor, the Thunderer; to Frea, the Beautiful; and to Woden, the All-father, our royal forefather, and chief of all the gods.

At length a change came over the court. We were living at the royal city on the Derwent, near the remains of an older city, Derventiona, built by the Romans. I liked to be there. It was a kind of bitter comfort to me to see the ruins of the old palaces and temples. I thought, "Why should we make such an ado? Not only men, but nations pass away. The palaces of yesterday will be folds for flocks to-morrow."

It was the holy Easter-tide, and Paulinus and the Christians had made such festival as they could in a heathen palace.

On that day the king also sat in all his pomp, to receive an embassy from the king of the West Saxons.

Suddenly we in the queen's apartment heard wild war-

cries and a confused shouting from the hall where the king sat; and soon after the king himself appeared at the door, white and silent, and then a body was borne out covered. And we were told that the supposed ambassador was an assassin, who had been sent, armed with a poisoned dagger, from the West Saxon king; and that, to save his lord's life, Lilla, the brave nobleman, had made a buckler of his own body, receiving the fatal thrust in his breast. Then all the men had fallen on the assassin, till he sunk pierced with many wounds.

The king was saved, but Lilla, the noblest, was slain.

That night the young queen bore her first child, the Princess Eanfled.

The king gave thanks to the gods of his fathers — to Frea and to Woden; but Paulinus rendered praise to Christ, and told the king how he had prayed to Him for the queen's safety.

The king was moved, and vowed that in case God would grant him victory over the perfidious West Saxon king, he would forsake his old gods, and thenceforth serve and worship none but Christ.

The victory was given. King Edwin forsook Woden and Thor, but would not hastily adopt a faith of which he knew so little.

But the babe Eanfled was baptized with twelve others of the royal family. And among those was the royal maiden, Hilda, daughter of the king's nephew, who afterwards became the great Abbess Hilda.

At that time Pope Boniface sent letters to the king, exhorting him to become a Christian; and to "His illustrious daughter," the Queen Ethelberga, admonishing

her to labor for her husband's conversion. With the letters came presents: to the king, a shirt, a golden ornament, and a garment of Ancyra; to the queen, a silver hand-mirror and a gilt ivory comb. To me these seemed presents little suitable to the dignity of the Northumbrian royalty. But from many expressions dropped by the Italian monks, I gathered that at Rome they look on us Saxons as a kind of rude and simple savages. As if not being able to read, like the monks, out of books, made men to be children, or prevented their knowing the world and the wisdom of the aged. For I deem that men were before books, and that those who can speak wise words of their own are wiser than those who can read or copy the wise words of other men.

It was not the Pope's letters which fixed King Edwin's purpose. It happened thus: —

Paulinus had been permitted to preach in public, and the deacon Jacob to chant his psalms. For many days the king had withdrawn much from his usual amusements and occupations, and had wandered moodily about the chambers, or sat alone, evidently pondering many things in his heart. At length his resolution was taken, and he summoned the Witenagemot — the great council of the wise men of his nation — to consider the great question of religion, to the end that if they were also of his opinion, they might all together be cleansed in Christ, the Fountain of Life.

Leofric was there among those that kept the door. What he saw and heard moved him much.

The king sat there in his oaken chair of state, with the elders of his people gathered around him, and Paulinus beside him. Not one among them but had heard of the

new doctrine. King Edwin asked them one by one what they thought of it. He sought not the clamorous consent of a crowd, but the counsel of each one.

Coifi, chief of the priests of the old Saxon gods, answered at once: —

"O king, consider what this is that is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of the gods than I; and yet there are many that receive more favors from you, and are more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now, if the gods were good for anything, they would rather forward me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if, upon examination, you find these new doctrines which are now preached to us better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them, without any further delay."

But another of the king's chief men spoke more nobly and said: "The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room where you sit at supper in winter with your chief men and counselors, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad. The sparrow flying in at one door and out at the other, whilst he is within is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he straightway vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter whence he came. So, this life of man appears for a short space; but of what went before, or what is to follow, we know nothing; if,

therefore, this new doctrine contains something more sure, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."

Then the Italian priest arose at the king's command, and spoke. A strange contrast with his audience. They, stalwart and large in form, with bearded faces and fair hair, with broad open brows and honest wondering blue eyes; he, tall and spare, with a slight stoop in his otherwise majestic figure, robed in a long black robe girded with a cord, his dark brilliant eyes flashing from the thin pallid face, like a visible triumph of the spirit over the flesh. And the contrast in his speech yet greater. The easy flow of his persuasive eloquence bore the hearts of the wise men with him; and when he ceased, Coifi the priest exclaimed that he had long known there was nothing in what they worshiped, but now he plainly saw that in this teaching were life and salvation, and eternal happiness. Therefore he counseled that those unprofitable altars where he had so long served in vain should be destroyed with fire, and proposed that he himself should be the first to light the pile.

This took place in the council-hall, and not long afterwards, before we heard what had passed, to their amazement the people beheld Coifi the priest violating all the customs of our race, armed with unpriestly arms, and mounted on one of the king's war-horses, ride forth from the palace to the ancient temple of Woden the All-father and Thor the Thunderer at Godmundham. There he launched the spear into the sacred precincts, desecrating them by the act. No vengeance followed; wherefore all the people said the gods were nothing; and Coifi and his men destroyed the temple and all its buildings with fire.

THE BAPTISM OF EDWIN

THE BAPTISM OF EDWIN

BY FORD MADOX BROWN

(*English painter*, 1821–1893)

It is easy to imagine how the subjects of King Edwin regarded his conversion to the new religion; and the picture well illustrates their feelings. The scene is laid in a little wooden church, whose site is now marked by York Minster. The walls, evidently thrown up in haste to serve for the baptism, are made of unsmoothed boards, through which small windows have been roughly hewn. The Romans have long since left the country, but through these openings the remains of some of their beautiful architecture may be seen; the pavement, too, is a piece of Roman mosaic, contrasting oddly enough with the crudeness of the wooden church.

Such is the setting. The central figure is that of King Edwin, kneeling in a baptismal font of stone. The priest stands by him and pours from a bottle the water of baptism. The Bishop Paulinus is raising his hand in benediction. The feelings of the surrounding group are reflected upon their faces. The queen, to whose influence, it is said, the king's conversion is partly due, kneels in prayer, her waiting-woman beside her. Her little daughter, clasping her mother's hand, gazes upon this strange scene with wondering eyes. It is easy to see that from those of his subjects who make up the little congregation the king will receive small sympathy. His warriors will have nothing to do with the unknown God; a mother, who is evidently amused by the proceeding, is holding up her baby that it may not miss the sight; the little incense-bearers are seizing the opportunity for a bit of merriment over the difficulty of making the incense burn. Save for the queen and her attendant they all look upon this baptism either as a bit of folly or as a mere whim on the part of their lord — and yet with a shade of superstitious fear lest after all there might be something in this strange new teaching.

The flames burnt on into the night. Leofric and I gazed on the dread unnatural glare from a field near the palace, while he told me what he had heard in the council-hall.

"See, Frideswide," he said, "no avenging fire from heaven meets those fires of defiance from earth. Little cause have we to mourn the downfall of the gods who tempted my father on by false auguries, and then abandoned him to death and us to bondage."

"Yet," I said, "it seems to me ignoble to serve or to forsake the gods for such reasons. What king would care for loyalty such as this Coifi's, measured only by a calculation of his gifts! If the prince is good, and *our* prince, I deem we should follow him, not only to victory, but to exile. If Woden and Thor are true gods, and *our* gods, the fathers and lords of our race, though all the world abandoned them, I would not. The life of the gods is long, and their eyes see far into the past and the future, and how should I dispute their wisdom or their will?"

"But," answered Leofric, "if, as the other counselor said, any light is in this new faith which would show us what is beyond this life, it would be worth watching. For truly to us here this short space of life is no warmed and lighted hall of feasting, but cold and wintry as the world outside."

"That may be," I said; "to me it matters little. What to me is any world beyond, unless our father and our mother are there? But as to the reasonings of this Coifi, I despise them in my heart. These are not the motives which move any brave men, any man with free blood in his veins. They are the wretched calculations of a hireling or a slave."

Great changes followed. All the nobility, after being instructed, were baptized with the king, and many of the common sort, on Easter Day, in the spring over which has been built since then the church at York. The national temples were destroyed, the national religion was changed.

III

THE COMING OF THE SEA-ROVERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the ninth century England was harassed by wild bands of Viking sea-rovers who came in their dragon-prowed ships, as the Saxons themselves had come three centuries before, looted the seacoast towns, and made off with their plunder. Finding the booty plentiful and the danger slight, they returned again and again in ever-increasing numbers. These raiders came from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the islands of the Baltic; but the English called them all Danes. In 866–68, they overpowered East Anglia and the southern part of Northumbria. Convents, churches, and schools were swept away, the inhabitants were almost exterminated, and it began to seem probable, as many of the English thought, that the land would some day be given over to wild beasts.

In 871, Alfred the Great came to the throne. After a desperate struggle with the invaders he succeeded in checking their advance, and, giving them the land they had already conquered, he set to work to upbuild and strengthen the remainder of his kingdom. In a few generations the Danes had become loyal Englishmen, and by the middle of the tenth century all England, Scotland, and Wales paid homage to Edgar, the Anglo-Saxon king.

But evil times were ahead. The weak rule of Edgar's successor, Æthelred the Unready, tempted the Vikings to pay England another visit, and in 980, Olaf Trygvason of Norway and Sweyn (Svend of the Forked Beard) of Denmark invaded the country. After thirty-four years of alternate warfare and bribery (ten to forty-eight thousand pounds of silver a year were paid to the invaders), Sweyn was acknowledged King of England. He was succeeded by his son Knut, or Canute, a wise ruler who conciliated the English by his moderation. The mighty Scandinavian empire which he had held together with a firm hand fell to pieces after his death, and in 1042 the English crown reverted to the Anglo-Saxon line in the person of Edward the Confessor, who was succeeded in 1060 by Harold, Earl of Wessex.

THE FALL OF THE MONASTERY AT CROYLAND

[870]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The year 870 was a hard one for the Saxons. Then, first, they began to realize that the Danes had other plans in mind than the gathering of booty, however rich, and sudden onslaughts, however fierce. Early in the autumn the enemy fell upon eastern Mercia. Its king made no effort to protect it; it is possible that the Welsh on the eastern boundaries were keeping his hands more than full. But Algar, a brave young ealderman, assembled the men of the district, some three hundred in all. Two hundred more joined him, a great acquisition, for they were led by a monk named Tolius, who, before entering the monastery of Croyland, had been a famous soldier. More men came from the neighboring country, and they went out bravely to meet the foe. At first they were more successful than they had dared to hope; for three Danish kings were slain; the pagans fled, and the Saxons pursued them to their very camp.

There was great rejoicing, for only the coming of night had prevented them from overpowering the invaders. Weary and happy, they returned to their own camp, but they were met by the report of the spies that many hundreds of the heathen, perhaps many thousands, were pouring into the camp of the enemy. It was

hopeless. The battle in the morning would not be a victory, but a slaughter. Should they die for naught? When early morning came, three fourths of Algar's enthusiastic army had fled in the darkness of the night.

The others waited. What should they do? Who could blame them if they too had fled, for death only could lie before them? But no; in the earliest gray of the morning, Algar and Tolius went about from group to group of the weary men, many of them suffering from the wounds of the previous day, and tried, as best they might, to strengthen and encourage them.

"The cowards who were among us have stolen away in the darkness like foxes," said Algar. "Shall we be like them? Shall your children tell to their children's children that their fathers were among those that dared not meet the foe? What will the heathen say? They will say, 'These runaways who slink out of sight at the very thought of a Dane, there is nothing in them to fear,' and fiercer than ever before, they will fall upon our homes. We perish if we flee. We can but perish if we stay. Shall we stay?"

Shouts of renewed courage arose. Then there was quiet, for the soldier monk Tolius had raised his hand for silence. He stood erect with uncovered head, looking straight into the faces of his soldiers.

"Do you see the tonsure?" said he. "That is in memory of the crown of thorns of Him who died for us. Will you refuse to die for Him? You fight the destroyers of your homes, the murderers of your wives; but more than this, you fight the bands of the heathen for the Christian faith. The Lord of Hosts is with us. Our God is a God that can work miracles. He will not desert his

people. Trust in God — and fight like demons," said the monk of many battle-fields.

The light grew less dim. A weird chanting was heard in the Danish camp. It was the song of glory of the dead kings, recounting their many victories, their joy in the fight, and the seats of honor that they would hold in the halls of Odin. All the long, bright day they would find happiness in battle, sang the harpers; and when the night came, the Valkyrs would heal their wounds, and they would feast with the gods. Then came a wild lamentation, for the bodies of the kings had been placed on the ground with their weapons and bracelets, and the first earth was being sprinkled upon them. Quickly a great mound was built up, and the Danes rode around it seven times, slowly and with downcast faces. Then came again the weird chanting: Men should see this mound, and as long as there were any heroes or children of heroes on the earth, they would point out the burial-place of the great kings and do them honor.

Meanwhile the priests in the camp of the Saxons were praying at the altars that they had built, and the men who were that day to fight for their land and for their God were receiving the sacrament, most of them for the last time. "The peace of God be with you," said the priest, as the men went forth to the battle that was to help to bring that peace.

Algar showed himself a skillful commander. He arranged his little company of heroes in the shape of a wedge, Tolius at the right, the sheriff of Lincoln at the left, while he and his men were in the center. The men on the outside held their shields so close together that they made a wall impenetrable to the spears of their

foes. The men behind them held their spears pointed out far beyond the men on the outside, who could use only their swords and pikes to protect themselves. This was a new scheme. The Danes rushed upon the little phalanx with fearful war-cries, but the Saxons stood firm. The horses were afraid of the bristling spear-points. The swords of the Danes and their heavy battle-axes were as harmless as feathers, for they could not come near enough to use them. They beat the air in their rage, but the little invincible phalanx, obedient to the word of the leader, turned now right, now left, and wherever it went, there were wounds and there was death.

The Danes were angry. The shadows were fast lengthening, and still the handful of Saxons drove them hither and thither as they would. The Danes made one more attack, then turned to flee as if routed. This was the supreme test of the Saxons, and they failed. They could fight like heroes, but when they saw their foes running from them, they ran after them like children. The commands and entreaties of their leaders were alike powerless. There was no more order or discipline. Every man was for himself. Madly they pursued. The enemies fled; but when the Saxons were crossing a little hollow, then, in the flash of a sword, the Danes came together — faced about — divided to the right — to the left. The brave little company was surrounded, and but three of the heroes of the morning survived.

These three had hurriedly consulted almost between the blows of their adversaries.

"Croyland," said they. "We can do nothing here. Let us warn the convent"; and as the shadows grew

darker, they fled. They took three different directions that there might be three chances instead of one to warn the monks.

Croyland was no common monastery. Its rich, fertile lands were separated from the country about them by four rivers. Given by a king, Ethelbald of Mercia, it had been a favorite of other kings, and many and rich were the gifts that had been showered upon it. One king had sent to it his purple coronation robe to be made into priestly vestments, and the curtain that had hung at the door of his chamber, a marvelous piece of gold embroidery picturing the fall of Troy.

Ethelbald of Mercia in his persecuted youth had been guarded and instructed by Saint Guthlac, and it was over his grave that the grateful pupil had reared this convent. A visit to his tomb would heal the sick, and it was so favorite a resort for the suffering that, according to the legend, more than one hundred were often healed in one day. Pilgrims returning from Croyland were free from tolls and tribute throughout the Mercian kingdom. It was also a kind of city of refuge; and any accused man who had made his way to the monks of Croyland was safe from his pursuers as long as he remained within the space bounded by the farther shores of the four rivers. Jewels and golden vessels and other gifts costly and rare were brought to this convent by its visitors until it had become one of the richest spots in the land.

It was the hour of matins, and the monks were assembled in the convent chapel, when the door was thrown open, and there stood three young men, exhausted with hunger, wounds, and their toilsome journey through the forest, over the stony hills, and across soft, wet meadow

land. Accustomed as the monks were to the coming of fugitives, they saw that this was something different.

"The blessing of God be with us — and may God save us," murmured the abbot as he left the altar.

What they had feared had come upon them. The abbot Theodore took command. The treasures of the convent must be saved; they were God's property, not theirs. With a burning eagerness to do what might be their last service, the monks set to work. Gold and silver and brazen vessels were dropped into the well. The table of the great altar was covered with plates of gold, and that, too, was sunk into the water; but it was too long to be hidden, and so it was returned to the chapel. Chalices of gold, hanging lamps set with precious stones and hung with heavy chains of gold, jewels, muniments, charters, were piled into the boats, and then most reverently they bore to the landing-place the embalmed body of Saint Guthlac and his little well-worn psalter.

"Row to the south and hide yourselves and our treasures in the wood of Ancarig," said the abbot as quietly as if this were but an everyday proceeding.

"We will return swiftly," said the rowers, seizing the oars.

"You will *not* return," said the abbot in a tone of command.

"Then we stay to die with you," they said firmly. The abbot stood unmoved.

"I command you to go. The convent will be razed. You who are young and strong must rebuild it. The Church needs you, the land needs you. Go." Not a man stirred.

"I and the old and helpless and the little children of

the choir will remain. Perchance the heathen will spare those who offer no defense," said the abbot with a faint smile. The young men only turned their steps toward the convent gate.

"Back!" thundered the abbot. "I am your superior. Where are your vows of obedience? I command you to leave me. Do you dare to disobey?" Slowly, one by one, the young men entered the boats and grasped the oars. The abbot raised his hand in blessing. He gazed after them with one long, tender look, as they rowed away silently and with downcast faces. Then he hid his face in his robe and sobbed, "My children, O my children!"

It was only a moment that he could give to his grief, for much remained to be done. He and the old men and the little boys of the choir put on their vestments. The service of the day was completed; they had partaken of the consecrated bread. Then they sang, old men with faint, quavering voices, and little boys with their fearless treble. High rose the chant as the courage of God filled their hearts.

"I will not be afraid for ten thousand of the people that have set themselves against me round about"; and again: —

"I will lay me down in peace and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety."

The safety was not the safety of this world, for long before the psalter was ended, the Danes had burst in at the open doors. For a moment even they were awed by the calmness of the old men and the unearthly sweetness of the voices of the children; but it was only a moment.

"Where are the jewels of the altar?" cried one. "They

have hidden them from us. Kill them! Torture them! Where are your treasures?" he shouted, striking down with one blow the abbot as he knelt at the altar. It seemed hardly the twinkling of an eye before every monk had fallen, and the marble floors were slippery with their blood. The little children were cut down as ruthlessly as the old men.

Hubba, one of the sons of Lodbrog, had struck down the prior. Beside the dead man knelt one of the children of the convent, weeping bitterly. Jarl Sidroc raised his sword to kill the child, the only one in the convent that still lived.

"Kill me if you will," said the boy, looking fearlessly up into his face. "You killed my prior." The Dane swept his sword within a hand's breadth of the boy's face, but the child did not flinch.

"The Saxon cub is brave enough to be a Dane," muttered the jarl. "Get out of that thing, and I'll make a viking of you," and he tore off the boy's convent dress and threw over him his own tunic. "Stay by me, whatever happens," he whispered. "And keep out of that man's way," and he pointed to Hubba, who was fiercely swinging his axe around his head in a mad fury of slaughter.

"There are no more living. Take the dead!" shouted Hubba, and with bars and ploughshares and mattocks they broke open the tombs of the saints, piled up their embalmed bodies and set fire to them.

Many days later, while the ruins of Croyland were still smoking, a half-famished child wearing a Danish tunic painfully climbed the hill from the river. The monks who had departed at the abbot's command had

made their way back. They were toiling to extinguish the flames and searching for the maimed bodies of their friends, that they might bury them reverently as martyrs for their faith. They were too sadly busy to notice his approach, until the child fell with a sob into the arms of the one that was nearest, and fainted. The monks gathered around in wonder.

"It is little Brother Turgar," said one in amazement.

"It is his spirit come back to help us and guide us," said another.

"Could it be a wile of Satan?" whispered one fearfully. "The heathen have many dealings with evil spirits." The little boy opened his eyes.

"I am Brother Turgar," he said, and then he closed them in exhaustion.

After he had eaten and rested, he told his story. The slaughter of Croyland had been repeated at the convents of Peterborough and Ely. Timidly the child had followed his captors, fearing them, but fearing the woods with their wild beasts. As the Danes were crossing the river that lay between them and the convent of Huntingdon, driving the great herds of cattle from the convents that they had already devastated, two of the heavy wagons of spoils were overturned in a deep place in the stream. Jarl Sidroc was in command, and in the confusion his little captive softly crept away and hid in the reeds that bordered the river. Hardly daring to breathe, he lay there till even his straining ears could not hear a sound of the Danes on their march.

Then he sprang up and ran to the woods. A day and a night the child of ten years was alone in the forest with only the wild beasts about him. No wonder that

the monks looked upon him reverently as upon one to whom a miracle had been shown. Through the wilderness, over rough, stony ground, in the midst of briars and nettles, over long stretches of meadow land so soft that the water oozed out around his naked feet as he went on, the child ran; on, on, would it never end? Had he always been running? He hardly knew. It was like some terrible dream. At last he began to come to places that he recognized. It was his own river. It was not wide, he swam across. That was all.

A sad confirmation of his story came a day later, when the hermits of Ancarig, with whom the monks of Croyland had taken refuge with their convent treasures, came to implore their aid in burying the dead of Peterborough. The wolves were upon them, they said; would their brothers help to give them Christian burial?

Never satiated with blood and pillage, the Danes pressed on into the land of East Anglia. Neither forests nor morasses delayed them in their terrible work. Soon they were in the very heart of the kingdom.

KING EDMUND AND THE WOLF

[870]

BY THE ABBOT ÆLFRIC

(Translated by Eva March Tappan)

Edmund, the blessed king of the East Angles, was a man of wisdom and worth, and one who by his constant practice of the most sterling virtues was ever showing honor to God Almighty. He was of a humble disposition, but nevertheless so firm in the right that nothing would induce him to swerve from the path of duty. He was ever mindful of the precept, "If thou hast been made a ruler, do not exalt thyself, but abide among men as one of them." He was as a father to the poor and widowed; and with earnest desire he led his people in the ways of righteousness, he curbed the power of the wicked, and ever abode in the true faith.

Now it came to pass that the Danes came with a fleet, and ravaged the land and murdered the people, as their custom is. The leaders of this fleet were Hinguar and Hubba, brought together by the power of Satan himself. Hinguar went to the East with his ships, and Hubba remained in the North, overcoming the people with the utmost cruelty. It was in the year when Alfred, who afterwards became the famous king of the West Saxons, was twenty-one years of age, that Hinguar landed on the coast of the East Angles.

And the aforesaid Hinguar stole upon the land like

a wolf and slew its people, men, women, and harmless little children, and brought disaster upon the innocent Christians. Then he sent an envoy to King Edmund with this message: "Hinguar, our leader, a brave man and a winner of victories on land and sea, is already ruler of many tribes. He proposes to winter here with his army, and he bids you to divide with him straightway whatever treasure you may have hidden and whatever your forefathers were possessed of, if you care for your life, for you have no power to resist him."

King Edmund called the bishop who was nearest him, and they consulted together what reply they should make to the cruel Hinguar. The bishop was alarmed, and so feared for the life of the king that he advised yielding to Hinguar's demand. The king was silent, and looked down at the ground, then he turned to the bishop and gave to him a right royal answer. "O, my bishop," he said, "my poor people are maltreated, and if they may only enjoy their own country, I should rather fight together with them and fall in the fight."

And the bishop said, "O my beloved king, your people have been slain, you have no troops to lead into battle. The pirates are at hand, and unless you either yield to them or else save yourself by flight, you will soon be a dead man."

Then said King Edmund, hero as he was, "My beloved people, together with their wives and children, are slain in their beds by these pirates. Never have I tried to save myself by flight, and now I would rather die for my country than flee. God knows that, whether I live or die, I will never cease to love and worship Him."

Then he turned to the messenger and fearlessly said,

"You deserve to be put to death, but I will not defile my hands with your foul blood. I am a follower of Christ, and if God decrees that I be slain by you, I am ready to obey his will in all gladness. Therefore do you go at once and say to your cruel leader: 'Edmund yields to Christ his Saviour alone, and he will never yield to Hinguar, the leader of the heathen pirates.'"

The messenger hastened on his way, and on the road he met the savage Hinguar with all his host. He gave him the answer of Edmund, and Hinguar turned straightway to his followers and said, "Do you let all else go and watch for this king who despises the command of your leader. Him do you seize and bind."

And when Hinguar drew near to Edmund's hall there stood the king. He had cast aside his weapons, for in his heart was the thought of Christ, who forbade Peter to take up arms. Then Edmund was bound fast, and insulted, and beaten with rods; and after this he was tied to a tree by many cruel bonds. He was beaten again, but between the blows of the whips, he called ever upon Christ to come to his aid. This made the anger of the heathen even more furious, and they began to hurl their spears at him until his body, like that of St. Sebastian, was as bristling with spears as is the body of a hedgehog with quills.

When the wicked Hinguar saw that the noble king would not deny his Saviour, he ordered that he should be beheaded; and even while he was calling upon Christ, they dragged him to his death. They cut off his head at a blow, but his soul went happily away to Christ. A man who was watching close by heard all this and afterwards told it just as I have reported it here.

The pirates took the head of the king with them and threw it into the brambles, and then they went back to their vessels. And the people of the country came upon the body of their king, and they mourned for him, and they grieved because they could not find his head to place with his body.

The man who in his hiding-place had seen the cruel deeds of the pirates, declared that they had cast the head away somewhere in the forest, and the people sought through briars and brambles in the hope that they might come upon the lost head of their lord.

Now through the goodness of God a great marvel had come to pass, for God had sent a wolf to guard the head day and night and protect it from the other wild beasts of the forest. The followers of King Edmund knew nothing of this, but they sought through and through the wilderness, calling to one another every now and then, "Hilloa, comrade, where are you?" Behold the head of the king called in reply, "Here I am, here, here!" Whenever anyone called the head answered, until by means of this, the men who were searching came upon it. And then they saw a miracle indeed, for there lay a gray wolf, and between his forepaws lay the head. The wolf was fiercely hungry, but by the command of God he touched not the head, but defended it from all other beasts.

The men gazed in wonder and thanked Almighty God for his marvels. Then they took up the holy head of the king and bore it home with them, and the wolf followed after just as if he were tame until they had come to the town, then he turned back and returned to the woods again.

WHAT THE BOY ALFRED SAW IN LONDON

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[In the year 853 Alfred the young prince, then a lad of five, was sent to Rome by his father and, on his way, passed through London, which he had never before visited.

The Editor.]

London was coming into view. They could see a great wall running along the river front, and going back from it up the gentle slope. Here and there was a building tall enough to peer over the top of the wall. There were many boats anchored in front of the city. At the angles of the wall were turrets for the archers, and places of shelter for the sentinels, where they were always watching, and fearing lest the Danes should return, for it was only two years since they had sacked and burned a part of the city.

They came nearer and nearer, and soon the little company of boats left the Thames and went north up the Fleet, which was then a rapid stream, flowing down not far west of the city wall. It was not so easy now, for the strong current was against them; but the rowers were strong, too, and it was not long before they were ready to land the prince and his followers near Lud Gate, a massive door in the great wall that surrounded the city.

There were many people waiting to receive them, the priests from St. Paul's Church, that was not far away, the commanders of the soldiers who were in the various

strongholds, and all the other great men of the city. Some came on foot, and some came on horseback, and a few came in heavy wagons with wide, clumsy wheels; and all of them, no matter how they had come, were eager to do honor to the son of the king. There were women whose eyes were full of tears as they looked at the tiny, blue-eyed, fair-haired child who was so far from his mother, and who was so soon to make the great journey by sea and by land; and there were crowds of boys swarming up the posts and on top of the low-roofed cottages, every one of whom wished that he was the son of the king, and was going to make a wonderful journey.

Some of the ponderous wagons had been brought to convey the prince and his nobles to the palace, for Ethelwulf had a palace in London not far from St. Paul's Church. These were decorated with bright-colored cloth, and with flowers and green branches. The one in which Alfred was to go had a seat covered with cushions and drapings of bright blue, and built up so high that all the people could see him as he rode past. It made the boys more wildly envious than ever when they saw that he actually wore a coat of mail, and had a real sword hanging down by his side.

They were a little stolid and slow in their thinking, these Englishmen of the ninth century, but there was something in the sight of this little child that appealed to them, and aroused all their loyalty and enthusiasm; and they shouted for Alfred, and for Ethelwulf, and for Bishop Swithin, until they were hoarse, and they followed the wagons until the prince and his retinue had gone into the palace. The bishop stood on the steps a minute, and raised his hand and blessed them. Then he,

too, went in, and the tired and excited little child could have the rest that he so much needed.

The palace was a little west of St. Paul's Church and not far from the river. Around it were fields and woods; and to the westward, beyond the last straggling houses, were pastures and forests and fens and moors and commons and low-lying hills, a beautiful, restful country for tired people to look upon.

The city was made up of small houses, hardly larger than huts, that seemed to have been dropped down anywhere; of convents and churches and fortresses; of rough, tumble-down sheds, and queer little dark shops in which were benches, a table, and some simple arrangements for cooking. Whatever there was to sell was put on a shelf that projected in front of the shop. Far to the east, just within the wall, one could see a fort that was higher and larger than the rest, for there the closest watch must be kept for the enemy, and there, too, if the enemy came, must the hardest fighting be done.

The streets, so far as there were any streets, ran any way, and every building seemed to have been set down without the least regard to any other building. Then, too, there were great vacant spaces, and these were gloomy enough, for here were blackened ruins of the city that used to be before the Danes had burned it. Under all this rubbish were fragments of beautiful mosaic pavement that the Romans had made centuries before.

Even then there was enough in London to interest one for a long time, but the first duty of the prince after he was thoroughly rested was to go to St. Paul's Church with the gifts that his father had sent. The church was

at the top of a hill that rose gently from the Thames River. It could hardly have been more than a very simple chapel, built perhaps of stones that may have been part of a heathen temple in the old Roman times, but now the bell rang seven times a day for Christian prayer.

This little church was very rich, for it possessed the bones of St. Erkenwald, and wonderful were the miracles that they were said to have wrought, and generous were the gifts that pilgrims, nobles, warriors, and kings had laid on his shrine.

St. Paul's had had a hard struggle to get these relics, for St. Erkenwald had died when away from London, and both the clergy of St. Paul's and the monks of Chertsey, whose abbot he had been, contended for the bones. Both parties were very much in earnest. The Londoners seized the bier and held on. The monks protested. A tempest suddenly came upon them, and there they all stood, drenched and dripping, but neither would yield. The river rose, and then they were obliged to stand still, for there was neither bridge nor boat. They might have been standing there yet, had not one of the monks begun to intone the litany; and as he sang, the river sank, and the Londoners crossed with the precious relics, the monks giving up, either because they were satisfied that Providence had settled the question, or because the Londoners were the stronger party, the story does not tell. At any rate, the bones were in St. Paul's, and there it was that Alfred must go to carry his father's gifts, and to kneel before the shrine of the saint to say the prayers that the bishop had taught him.

And so Alfred and the bishop and the long train of

followers set out for the church. The unwieldy wagons moved slowly, but Alfred would have liked to go even more slowly, for there was so much to see that was new to him. There were rough soldiers in leather tunics or in a kind of coat, or jacket, covered with scales that would protect them in battle almost as well as a coat of mail. They had heavy axes and spears and shields. Their beards were long and shaggy. Then there were half-savage men from the country, bringing great, rough carts of timber from the forests, or driving herds of oxen or swine, or carrying rude baskets of vegetables or fruit. They were stout, red-faced men who looked strong and well and ready for a good-natured wrestling match or a downright fight, as the case might be. They wore tunics of the coarsest woolen, and would stop with mouths wide open, and stare with wonder at the sight of the prince and his men with their finely wrought clothes and their jewels and banners.

The royal train went up the hill to the church, and Alfred, taught by the bishop, presented the gifts that his father had sent, seven golden vases filled to the brim with roughly cut, but bright and shining silver coins. On the side of each one of these vases was a red stone, and below it was the inscription, "Ethelwulf the king sent me."

The service was ended. Alfred had said his prayer before St. Erkenwald's shrine, and had gazed half fearfully on the bones of the saint. The prince and his followers left the church. There were fragments of the old Roman pavement under their feet.

"See the soldier," said Alfred suddenly, "but he is n't like my father's soldiers." The bishop looked, and

there in the pavement was the figure of a soldier done in mosaic.

"That is a Roman soldier," said the bishop, "and we shall start for Rome to-morrow. Look down to the river and you will see the ships that are to take us."

KING ALFRED ON ATHELNEY

[878]

BY THOMAS HUGHES

[From the beginning of Alfred's reign, in 871, he was greatly distressed by the ravages of the Danes. Seven years later, because of military weakness, exhaustion of the resources of the country, and perhaps by discouragement on the part of his subjects, the king ceased to make active resistance, and withdrew to the island of Athelney. Here he remained for several months, lost to both friends and foes.

The Editor.]

The king, then, disappears in January, 878, from the eyes of Saxons and Northmen, and we must follow him, by such light as tradition throws upon these months, into the thickets and marshes of Selwood. It is at this point, as is natural enough, that romance has been most busy, and it has become impossible to disentangle the actual facts from monkish legend and Saxon ballad. In happier times Alfred was in the habit himself of talking over the events of his wandering life pleasantly with his courtiers, and there is no reason to doubt that the foundation of most of the stories still current rests on those conversations of the truth-loving king, noted down by Bishop Asser and others.

The best known of these is, of course, the story of the cakes. In the depths of the Saxon forests there were always a few neat-herds and swine-herds, scattered up and down, living in rough huts enough, we may be sure,

and occupied with the care of the cattle and herds of their masters. Amongst these in Selwood was a neat-herd of the king, a faithful man, to whom the secret of Alfred's disguise was entrusted, and who kept it even from his wife. To this man's hut the king came one day alone, and setting himself down by the burning logs on the hearth, began mending his bows and arrows. The neat-herd's wife had just finished her baking, and, having other household matters to attend to, confided her loaves to the king, a poor tired-looking body, who might be glad of the warmth, and could make himself useful by turning the batch, and so earn his share while she got on with other business. But Alfred worked away at his weapons, thinking of anything but the good housewife's batch of loaves, which in due time were not only done, but rapidly burning to a cinder. At this moment the neat-herd's wife comes back, and, flying to the hearth to rescue the bread, cried out, "D'rat the man! Never to turn the loaves when you see them burning. I'ze warrant you ready enough to eat them when they're done." But besides the king's faithful neat-herd, whose name is not preserved, there are other churls in the forest, who must be Alfred's comrades just now if he will have any. And even here he has an eye for a good man, and will lose no opportunity to help one to the best of his power. Such a one he finds in a certain swine-herd called Denewulf, whom he gets to know, a thoughtful Saxon man, minding his charge there in the oak woods. The rough churl, or thrall, we know not which, has great capacity, as Alfred soon finds out, and desire to learn. So the king goes to work upon Denewulf under the oak trees, when the swine will let him, and

is well satisfied with the results of his teaching, and the progress of his pupil, as will appear in the sequel.

But in those days the commonest necessaries of life were hard enough to come by for the king and his few companions, and for his wife and family, who soon joined him in the forest, even if they were not with him from the first. The poor foresters cannot maintain them, nor are this band of exiles the men to live on the poor. So Alfred and his comrades are soon out foraging on the borders of the forest, and getting what subsistence they can from the pagans, or from the Christians who had submitted to their yoke. So we may imagine them dragging on life till near Easter, when a gleam of good news comes up from the west, to gladden the hearts and strengthen the arms of these poor men in the depths of Selwood.

Soon after Guthrum and the main body of the pagans moved from Gloster, southwards, the Viking Hubba, as had been agreed, sailed with thirty ships of war from his winter quarters on the South Welsh coast, and landed in Devon. The news of the catastrophe at Chippenham, and of the disappearance of the king, was no doubt already known in the west; and in the face of it Odda the alderman cannot gather strength to meet the pagan in the open field. But he is a brave and true man, and will make no terms with the spoilers; so, with other faithful thegns of King Alfred and their followers, he throws himself into a castle or fort called Cynwith, or Cynnit, there to abide whatever issue of this business God shall send them. Hubba, with the war-flag Raven, and a host laden with the spoil of rich Devon vales appear in due course before the place. It is not strong

naturally, and has only "walls in our own fashion," meaning probably rough earthworks. But there are resolute men behind them, and on the whole Hubba declines the assault, and sits down before the place. There is no spring of water, he hears, within the Saxon lines, and they are otherwise wholly unprepared for a siege. A few days will no doubt settle the matter, and the sword of slavery will be the portion of Odda and the rest of Alfred's men; meantime there is spoil enough in the camp from Devonshire homesteads, which brave men can revel in round the war-flag Raven, while they watch the Saxon ramparts. Odda, however, has quite other views than death from thirst, or surrender. Before any stress comes, early one morning, he and his whole force sally out over their earthworks, and from the first "cut down the pagans in great numbers"; 840 warriors (some say 1200), with Hubba himself, are slain before Cynnit fort; the rest, few in number, escape to their ships. The war-flag Raven is left in the hands of Odda and the men of Devon.

This is the news which comes to Alfred, Ethelnoth the alderman of Somerset, Denewulf the swine-herd, and the rest of the Selwood Forest group, some time before Easter. These men of Devonshire, it seems, are still stanch, and ready to peril their lives against the pagan. No doubt up and down Wessex, thrashed and trodden out as the nation is by this time, there are other good men and true, who will neither cross the sea or the Welsh marches, nor make terms with the pagan; some sprinkling of men who will yet set life at stake, for faith in Christ and love of England. If these can only be rallied, who can say what may follow? So, in the lengthening

days of spring, council is held in Selwood, and there will have been Easter services in some chapel, or hermitage, in the forest, or, at any rate, in some quiet glade. The "day of days" will surely have had its voice of hope for this poor remnant. Christ is risen and reigns; and it is not in these heathen Danes, or in all the Northmen who ever sailed across the sea, to put back his kingdom, or enslave those whom he has freed.

The result is that, far away from the eastern boundary of the forest, on a rising ground — hill it can scarcely be called — surrounded by dangerous marshes formed by the little rivers Thone and Parret, fordable only in summer, and even then dangerous to all who have not the secret, a small fortified camp is thrown up under Alfred's eye, by Ethelnoth and the Somersetshire men, where he can once again raise his standard. The spot has been chosen by the king with the utmost care, for it is his last throw. He names it the Etheling's eig or island, "Athelney." Probably his young son, the Etheling of England, is there amongst the first, with his mother and his grandmother Eadburga, the widow of Ethelred Mucil, the venerable lady whom Asser saw in later years, and who has now no country but her daughter's. There are, as has been reckoned, some two acres of hard ground on the island, and around vast brakes of alder-bush, full of deer and other game.

Here the Somersetshire men can keep up constant communication with him, and a small army grows together. They are soon strong enough to make forays into the open country, and in many skirmishes they cut off parties of the pagans and supplies. "For, even when overthrown and cast down," says Malmesbury, "Alfred

had always to be fought with; so that, when one would esteem him altogether worn down and broken, like a snake slipping from the hand of him who would grasp it, he would suddenly flash out again from his hiding-place, rising up to smite his foes in the height of their insolent confidence, and never more hard to beat than after a flight."

But it was still a trying life at Athelney. Followers came in slowly, and provender and supplies are hard to wring from the pagan, and harder still to take from Christian men. One day, while it was yet so cold that the water was still frozen, the king's people had gone out "to get them fish or fowl, or some such purveyance as they sustained themselves withal." No one was left in the royal hut for the moment but himself and his mother-in-law Eadburga. The king (after his constant wont whensoever he had opportunity) was reading from the Psalms of David, out of the Manual which he carried always in his bosom. At this moment a poor man appeared at the door and begged for a morsel of bread "for Christ his sake." Whereupon the king, receiving the stranger as a brother, called to his mother-in-law to give him to eat. Eadburga replied that there was but one loaf in their store, and a little wine in a pitcher, a provision wholly insufficient for his own family and people. But the king bade her nevertheless to give the stranger part of the last loaf, which she accordingly did. But when he had been served the stranger was no more seen, and the loaf remained whole, and the pitcher full to the brim. Alfred, meantime, had turned to his reading, over which he fell asleep, and dreamt that St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne stood by him, and told him it

was he who had been his guest, and that God had seen his afflictions and those of his people, which were now about to end, in token whereof his people would return that day from their expedition with a great take of fish. The king awaking, and being much impressed with his dream, called to his mother-in-law and recounted it to her, who thereupon assured him that she too had been overcome with sleep, and had had the same dream. And while they yet talked together on what had happened so strangely to them, their servants came in, bringing fish enough, as it seemed to them, to have fed an army.

The monkish legend goes on to tell that on the next morning the king crossed to the mainland in a boat, and wound his horn thrice, which drew to him before noon 500 men. What we may think of the story and the dream, as Sir John Spelman says, "is not here very much material," seeing that whether we deem it natural or supernatural, "the one as well as the other serves at God's appointment, by raising or dejecting of the mind with hopes or fears, to lead man to the resolution of those things whereof He has before ordained the event."

Alfred, we may be sure, was ready to accept and be thankful for any help, let it come from whence it might, and soon after Easter it was becoming clear that the time is at hand for more skirmishing expeditions. Through all the neighboring counties word is spreading that their hero king is alive, and on foot again, and that there will be another chance for brave men erelong of meeting once more these scourges of the land, under his leading.

A popular legend is found in the later chroniclers which relates that at this crisis of his fortunes, Alfred,

not daring to rely on any evidence but that of his own senses as to the numbers, disposition, and discipline of the pagan army, assumed the garb of a minstrel, and with one attendant visited the camp of Guthrum. Here he stayed, "showing tricks and making sport," until he had penetrated to the king's tents, and learned all that he wished to know. After satisfying himself as to the chances of a sudden attack, he returns to Athelney, and the time having come for a great effort, if his people will but make it, sends round messengers to the aldermen and king's thegns of neighboring shires, giving them a tryst for the seventh week after Easter, the second week in May.

On or about the 12th of May, 878, King Alfred left his island in the great wood and his wife and children and such household gods as he had gathered round him there, and came publicly forth amongst his people once more, riding to Egbert's Stone (probably Brixton), on the east of Selwood, a distance of twenty-six miles. Here met him the men of the neighboring shires; "and when they saw their king alive after such great tribulation, they received him, as he merited, with joy and acclamation." The gathering had been so carefully planned by Alfred and the nobles who had been in conference or correspondence with him at Athelney, that the Saxon host was organized, and ready for immediate action, on the very day of muster. Whether Alfred had been his own spy we cannot tell, but it is plain that he knew well what was passing in the pagan camp, and how necessary swiftness and secrecy were to the success of his attack.

According to a Somersetshire tradition, the signal for the actual gathering of the West Saxons at Egbert's

Stone was given by a beacon lighted on the top of Stourton Hill, where Alfred's Tower now stands. Such a beacon would be hidden from the Danes, who must have been encamped about Westbury, by the range of the Wiltshire hills, while it would be visible to the west over the low country towards the Bristol Channel, and to the south far into Dorsetshire.

Not an hour was lost by Alfred at the place of muster. The bands which came together there were composed of men well used to arms, each band under its own alderman or reeve. The small army he had himself been disciplining at Athelney, and training in skirmishes during the last few months, would form a reliable center on which the rest would have to form as best they could. So after one day's halt he breaks up his camp at Egbert's Stone, and marches to Æglea, now called Clay Hill, an important height, commanding the vale to the north of Westbury, which the Danish army were now occupying. The day's march of the army would be a short five miles. Here the annals record that St. Neot, his kinsman, appeared to him, and promised that on the morrow his misfortunes would end. After resting one night on Clay Hill, Alfred led out his men in close order of battle against the pagan host, which lay at Ethandune.

Guthrum fought to protect Chippenham, his base of operations, some sixteen miles in his rear, and all the accumulated plunder of the busy months which had passed since Twelfth Night; and it is clear that his men behaved with the most desperate gallantry. The fight began at noon and lasted through the greater part of the day. Warned by many previous disasters, the Saxons never broke their close order, and so, though greatly

outnumbered, hurled back again and again the onslaughts of the Northmen. At last Alfred and his Saxons prevailed, and smote his pagan foes with a very great slaughter, and pursued them up to their fortified camp on Bratton Hill, or Edge, into which the great body of the fugitives threw themselves. All who were left outside were slain, and the great spoil was all recovered. The camp may still be seen, called Bratton Castle, with its double ditches and deep trenches, and barrow in the midst sixty yards long, and its two entrances guarded by mounds. It contains more than twenty acres, and commands the whole country side. There can be little doubt that this camp, and not Chippenham, which is sixteen miles away, was the last refuge of Guthrum and the great Northern army on Saxon soil.

So, in three days from the breaking up of his little camp at Athelney, Alfred was once more king of all England south of the Thames; for this army of pagans shut up within their earthworks on Bratton Edge are little better than a broken and disorderly rabble, with no supplies and no chance of succor from any quarter. Nevertheless, he will make sure of them; and so Bratton Camp is strictly besieged by Alfred with his whole power. It is a matter of a few days only, for food runs short at once in the besieged camp. At the end of fourteen days he sends to Alfred suing humbly for terms of any kind; offering on the part of the army as many hostages as may be required, without asking for any in return; once again giving solemn pledges to quit Wessex for good; and, above all, declaring his own readiness to receive baptism.

Alfred accepts Guthrum's proffered terms at once,

rejoicing over the chance of adding these fierce heathen warriors to the Church of his Master by an act of mercy which even they must feel. The ceremony of baptism was performed at Wedmore, a royal residence which had probably escaped the fate of Chippenham, and still contained a church. Here Guthrum and his thirty nobles were sworn in, the soldiers of a greater than Woden, and the white linen cloth, the sign of their new faith, was bound round their heads. Alfred himself was godfather to the viking, giving him the Christian name of Athelstan; and the chrism-loosing, or unbinding of the sacramental cloths, was performed on the eighth day by Ethelnoth, the faithful Alderman of Somersetshire. After the religious ceremony there still remained the task of settling the terms upon which the victors and vanquished were hereafter to live together side by side in the same island; for Alfred had the wisdom, even in his enemy's humiliation, to accept the accomplished fact, and to acknowledge East Anglia as a Danish kingdom. The Witenagemot had been summoned to Wedmore, and was sitting there, and with their advice the treaty was then made, from which, according to some historians, English history begins.

"ONE RULE FOR ANGLE AND FOR DANE"

[About 1016]

BY OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ

ENCIRCLED by a martial throng, so massed and indistinct that they made a background like embroidered tapestry, three figures were the center of attraction, — the figure of the young king in his raised chair, and the forms of the Dane and the Angle who fronted each other before his footstool. Shielded from the heat by his palm, Canute's face was in the shadow, and the giant shape of the son of Lodbrok was a blot against the flames, but the glare lay strong on Sebert of Ivarsdale, revealing a picture that caused one spectator to catch her breath in a sob. Equally aloof from English thane and Danish noble, the Etheling in the palace of his native king stood a stranger and alone, while his swordless sheath showed him to be also a prisoner. He bore himself proudly, one of his blood could scarcely have done otherwise, but his fine face was white with misery, and despair darkened his eyes as they stared unseeingly before him.

As well as though he had put his thoughts into words, the girl who loved him knew that his mind was back in the peaceful manor between the hills, foreseeing its desecration by barbarian hands, foretasting the ruin of those who looked to him for protection. From the twilight of the balcony, she stretched out her arms to him in a passion of yearning pity, and all of selfishness that

had been in her grief faded from it utterly, as her heart sent forth a second prayer.

"Oh, Thou God, forget what I asked for myself! Think only of helping him, of comforting him, and I will love Thee as though Thou hadst done it to me. Help him! Help him!"

Answering a question from the king, Rothgar began to speak, his heavy voice seeming to fill all the space from floor to ceiling: "By all the laws of war, King Canute, the Odal of Ivarsdale would come to me. The first son of Lodbrok took the land before ever this Angle's kin had seen it. He built the tower that stands on it, and the name it bears to this day is the name of his giving. Under Guthrum, a weak-kneed son of his lost it to the English Alfred, and we fell out of our fortunes with the tipping of the scales, and Angles have sat since then in the seat of Lodbrok's sons. But now the scales have risen again. Under Canute, Ivarsdale, with all other English property, comes back to Danish hands. By all the laws of war, my kinsman's inheritance should be my share of the spoil."

Ending roundly, he drew himself up in an attitude of bold assurance. Wherever a group of scarlet cloaks made a bright patch upon the human arras, there was a flutter of approval. Even the braver of the English nobles, who for race-pride alone might have supported Sebert in a valid claim, saw nothing to do now but to draw away, with a silent interchange of shrugs and headshakes, and leave him to his doom.

In the shadow of his hand, Canute nodded slowly. "By all the laws of war," he affirmed, "your kinsman's inheritance should be your share of the spoil."

Again an approving murmur rose from Danish throats; and Rothgar was opening his lips to voice a grateful answer, when a gesture of the royal hand checked him.

"Recollect, however, that just now I am not only a war-chief, but also a law-man. I think it right, therefore, to hear what the Englishman has to say for his side. Sebert Oswaldsson, speak in your defense."

Not even a draft appeared to stir the human tapestry about them. Sebert started like a man awakened from sleep, when he realized that every eye was hanging upon him. Swiftly, his glance passed around the circle, from the averted faces of his countrymen to the foreign master on the throne, then bitterly he bent his head to his fate.

"I have nothing to say. Your justice may most rightly be meted out."

"Nothing to say?" The king's measured voice sounded sharply through the hush. For the first time, he lowered his hand and bent forward where the fire-glow could touch him.

As she caught sight of his face Elfgiva shrank and clutched at her women. "Ah, Saints, I am thankful now that it is dark!" she murmured.

Sebert sustained the look with proud steadiness. "Nothing that would be of use to me," he said; "and I do not choose to pleasure you by setting up a weak plea for you to knock down again. The right which gave Britain to the Saxons has given England to the Danes, and it is not by words that such a right can be disputed. If your messengers had not taken me by surprise —" He paused, with an odd curl to his lips that could hardly

be called a smile; but Canute gave him grim command to finish, and he obeyed with rising color. "If your messengers had not come upon me as I was riding on the Watling Street and brought me here, a prisoner, I would have argued the matter with arrows, and you would needs have battered down the defense of stone walls to convince me."

Mutters of mingled admiration and censure buzzed around; and one English noble, more daring and also more friendly than the others, drew near and spoke a word of friendly warning in Sebert's ear. Through it all, Canute sat motionless, studying the Etheling with his bright, colorless eyes.

At last he said unexpectedly, "If you would not obey my summons until my men had dealt with you by force, it cannot be said that you have much respect for my authority. Do you not then acknowledge me as King of the English?"

Rothgar betrayed impatience at this branching aside. Sebert showed surprise.

He said hesitatingly, "I — I cannot deny that. You have the same right that Cerdic had over the Britons. Nay, you have more, for you are the formal choice of the Witan. I cannot rightly deny that you are King of the Angles."

"If you acknowledge me to be that," Canute said, "I do not see why you have not an argument for your defense."

While all stared at him, he rose slowly and stood before them, a dazzling figure as the light caught the steel of his ring-mail and turned his polished helm to a fiery dome.

"Sebert Oswaldsson," he said slowly, "I did not feel much love toward you the first time I saw you, and it is hard for me not to hate you now, when I see what you are going to be the cause of. If your case had come before Canute the man, you would have received the answer you expect. But it is your luck that Canute the man is dead, and you stand before Canute the King. Hear then my answer: By all the laws of war, the land belongs to Ivar's son; and had he regained it while war ruled, I had not taken it from him, though the Witan itself commanded me. But instead of regaining it, he lost it." He stretched a forbidding hand toward Rothgar, feeling without seeing his angry impulse. "By what means matters not; battles have turned on a smaller thing, and the loyalty of those we have protected is a lawful weapon to defend ourselves with. The kinsman of Ivar a second time lost his inheritance, and the opportunity passed — forever. For now it is time to remember that this is not war, but peace; and in times of peace it is not allowed to take a man's land from him unless he has broken the law or offended honor, which no one can say this Englishman has done. What concerns war-time is a thing by itself; as ruler over laws and land-rights, I cannot give one man's lands to another, though the one be a man I little care for, and the other is my foster-brother. Go back therefore, unhindered, Lord of Ivarsdale, and live in peace henceforth. I do not think it probable that I shall ever call you to my friendship, but when the time comes that there is need of a brave and honest man to serve the English people in serving me, I shall send for you. Beware you that you do not neglect the summons of one whom you have acknowledged to be

your rightful king! Orvar, I want you to restore to him his weapon and see him on his way in safety. Your life shall answer for any harm that comes to him."

With one hand, he struck down the murmur that was rising; with the other he made an urgent gesture of haste, which Orvar seemed to understand. Even while he was returning to the Lord of Ivarsdale his sword, he seized him by the arm and hurried him down the room, the Etheling walking like a man in a dream.

From the dusk of the rafters, the girl who loved him stretched out her hands to him in tender farewell, but there was no more of anguish in the gesture. Gazing after him, the tears rose slowly to her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks, but on her mouth was a little smile whose wondering joy mounted to exaltation.

No need was there for her to hide either tear or smile, for no one of the women about her was so much as conscious of her existence. The murmur below was growing, despite the king's restraining hand; and now, crashing through it in hideous discord, came a burst of jeering laughter from the Jotun. What words he also spoke they could not catch, but they heard the Danish cries sink and die, aghast, and they saw a score of English thanes spring upon him and drag him backwards. Above the noise of their scuffling, the king's voice sounded stern and cold.

"While I act as law-man in my judgment hall, I will hear no disputing of my judgments. Whoso comes to me in my private chamber, as friend to friend, may tell his mind; but now I speak as king, and what I have spoken shall stand."

Struggling with those who would have forced him

from the room, Rothgar had no breath to retort with, but the words did not go unsaid because of that. Wherever scarlet cloaks made a bright patch, the human arras swayed and shook violently, and then fell apart into groups of angry men whose voices rose in resentful chorus: —

"Such judgment by a Danish king is unexampled!" "King, are we all to expect this treatment?" "This is the third time you have ruled against your own men —" "Sven you punished for the murder of an Englishman — " "Because you forced Gorm to pay his debt to an Englishman, he has lost all the property he owns." "Now, as before, we want to know what this means." "You are *our* chief, whose kingship we have held up with our lives —" "What are these English to you?" "They are the thralls your sword has laid under, while we are of your own blood —" "It is the strong will of us warriors to know what you mean —" "Yes, tell it plainly!" "We speak as we have a right." Snarling more and more openly, they surged forward, closing around the dais in a fiery mass.

In the cushions of the balcony, Leonorine hid her face with a cry: "They will murder him!" And Elfgiva rose slowly from her chair, her eyes dark with horror, yet unable to tear themselves from the scene below. The mail-clad king no longer looked to her like a man of flesh and blood, but like a figure of iron and steel, that the firelight was wrapping in unendurable brightness. His sword was no more brilliantly hard than his face, and his eyes were glittering points. The ring of steel was in his voice as he answered: —

"You speak as you have a right, — but you speak as

men who have swines' memories. Was it your support or your courage that won me the English crown? It may be that if I had waited until pyre and fire you would have done so, but it happened that before that time the English Witan gave it to me as a gift, in return for my pledge to rule them justly. My meaning in this judgment, and the others you dislike, is that I am going to keep that pledge. You are my men, and as my men you have supported me, and as my men I have rewarded you, — no chief was ever more openhanded with property toward his following, — but if you think that on that account I will endure from you trouble and lawlessness, you would better part from me and get into your boats and go back to my other kingdom. For I tell you now, openly and without deceit, that here henceforth there is to be but one rule for Angle and Dane alike; and I shall be as much their king as yours; and they shall share equally in my justice. You may like it or not, but that is what will take place."

How they liked it was suggested by a bursting roar, and the scuffling of many feet as the English leaped forward to protect their new king and the Danes whirled to meet them, but the women in the gallery did not wait to see the outcome. In a frenzy of terror, Elfgiva dragged up the kneeling maids and herded them through the door.

"Go, — before they get into the anteroom!" she gasped. "Do you not see that he is no longer human? We should be pleading with iron. Go! Before they tear down the walls!"

So Sebert of Ivarsdale went back to his tower unhindered; and the rest of the winter nights, while the winds

of the Wolf Month howled about the palisades, he listened undisturbed to his harper; and the rest of the winter days he trod in peace the homely routine of his lordship, — in peace and in absent-eyed silence.

"The old ways are clean fallen out of England, and it becomes a man to consider diligently how he will order his future," he told Hildelitha and the old cniht when they inquired the reason for his abstraction.

THE LAST DANISH INVASION

[1066]

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

[AFTER the death of Edward the Confessor, Harold, Earl of Wessex, was elected king. William of Normandy averred that Edward had promised him the crown — which in any case he had no right to do — and that he should defend his claim. His preparations, however, took many months, and in the mean time, Harold's brother Tostig encouraged Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, to make an attack upon England.

The Editor.]

AT the news of this foe on the north side of the land, King Harold was compelled to withdraw all the forces at watch in the south against the tardy invasion of William. It was the middle of September; eight months had elapsed since the Norman had launched forth his vaunting threat. Would he now dare to come? Come or not, *that* foe was afar, and *this* was in the heart of the country!

Now, York having thus capitulated, all the land round was humbled and awed; and Hardrada and Tostig were blithe and gay; and many days, thought they, must pass ere Harold the King can come from the south to the north.

The camp of the Norsemen was at Stanford Bridge, and that day it was settled that they should formally enter York. Their ships lay in the river beyond; a large

portion of the armament was with the ships. The day was warm, and the men with Hardrada had laid aside their heavy mail and were "making merry," talking of the plunder of York, jeering at Saxon valor, and gloating over thoughts of the Saxon maids, whom Saxon men had failed to protect, — when suddenly between them and the town rose and rolled a great cloud of dust. High it rose, and fast it rolled, and from the heart of the cloud shone the spear and the shield.

"What army comes yonder?" said Harold Hardrada.

"Surely," answered Tostig, "it comes from the town that we are to enter as conquerors, and can be but the friendly Northumbrians who have deserted Morcar for me."

Nearer and nearer came the force, and the shine of the arms was like the glancing of ice.

"Advance the World-Ravager!" cried Harold Hardrada, "draw up and to arms!"

Then, picking out three of his briskest youths, he dispatched them to the force on the river with orders to come up quick to the aid. For already, through the cloud and amidst the spears, was seen the flag of the English King. On the previous night King Harold had entered York, unknown to the invaders — appeased the mutiny — cheered the townsfolks; and now came, like the thunderbolt borne by the winds, to clear the air of England from the clouds of the North.

Both armaments drew up in haste, and Hardrada formed his array in the form of a circle, — the line long but not deep, the wings curving round till they met shield to shield. Those who stood in the first rank set their spear-shafts on the ground, the points level with

the breast of a horseman; those in the second, with spears yet lower, level with the breast of a horse; thus forming a double palisade against the charge of cavalry. In the center of this circle was placed the Ravager of the World, and round it a rampart of shields. Behind that rampart was the accustomed post at the onset of battle for the king and his body-guard. But Tostig was in front, with his own Northumbrian Lion banner, and his chosen men.

While this army was thus being formed, the English king was marshaling his force in the far more formidable tactics, which his military science had perfected from the warfare of the Danes. That form of battalion, invincible hitherto under his leadership, was in the manner of a wedge or triangle, thus △. So that, in attack, the men marched on the foe presenting the smallest possible surface to the missiles, and, in defense, all three lines faced the assailants. King Harold cast his eye over the closing lines, and then, turning to Gurth, who rode by his side, said: —

"Take one man from yon hostile army, and with what joy should we charge on the Northmen!"

"I conceive thee," answered Gurth mournfully, "and the same thought of that one man makes my arm feel palsied."

The king mused, and drew down the nasal bar of his helmet.

"Thegns," said he suddenly, to the score of riders who grouped round him, "follow." And shaking the rein of his horse, King Harold rode straight to that part of the hostile front from which rose, above the spears, the Northumbrian banner of Tostig. Wondering, but mute,

the twenty thegns followed him. Before the grim array, and hard by Tostig's banner, the king checked his steed and cried: —

"Is Tostig, the son of Godwin and Githa, by the flag of the Northumbrian earldom?"

With his helmet raised, and his Norwegian mantle flowing over his mail, Earl Tostig rode forth at that voice, and came up to the speaker.

"What wouldst thou with me, daring foe?"

The Saxon horseman paused, and his deep voice trembled tenderly, as he answered slowly: —

"Thy brother, King Harold, sends to salute thee. Let not the sons from the same womb wage unnatural war in the soil of their fathers."

"What will Harold the king give to his brother?" answered Tostig. "Northumbria already he hath bestowed on the son of his house's foe."

The Saxon hesitated, and a rider by his side took up the word: —

"If the Northumbrians will receive thee again, Northumbria shalt thou have, and the king will bestow his late earldom of Wessex on Morcar; if the Northumbrians reject thee thou shalt have all the lordships which King Harold hath promised to Gurth."

"This is well," answered Tostig; and he seemed to pause as in doubt; when, made aware of this parley, King Harold Hardrada, on his coal-black steed, with his helm all shining with gold, rode from the lines, and came into hearing.

"Ha!" said Tostig then, turning round, as the giant form of the Norse king threw its vast shadow over the ground.

"And if I take the offer, what will Harold son of Godwin give to my friend and ally Hardrada of Norway?"

The Saxon rider reared his head at these words, and gazed on the large front of Hardrada, as he answered loud and distinct: —

"Seven feet of land for a grave, or, seeing that he is taller than other men, as much more as his corse may demand!"

"Then go back, and tell Harold my brother to get ready for battle; for never shall the scalds and the warriors of Norway say that Tostig lured their king in his cause, to betray him to his foe. Here did he come, and here came I, to win as the brave win, or die as the brave die!"

A rider of younger and slighter form than the rest here whispered the Saxon king: —

"Delay no more, or thy men's hearts will fear treason."

"The tie is rent from my heart, O Haco," answered the king, "and the heart flies back to our England."

He waved his hand, turned his steed, and rode off. The eye of Hardrada followed the horseman.

"And who," he asked calmly, "is that man who spoke so well?"

"King Harold!" answered Tostig briefly.

"How!" cried the Norseman, reddening, "how was not that made known to me before? Never should he have gone back — never told hereafter the doom of this day!"

With all his ferocity, his envy, his grudge to Harold, and his treason to England, some rude notions of honor

still lay confused in the breast of the Saxon; and he answered stoutly: —

"Imprudent was Harold's coming, and great his danger; but he came to offer me peace and dominion. Had I betrayed him, I had not been his foe, but his murderer!"

The Norse king smiled approvingly, and turning to his chiefs, said dryly: —

"That man was shorter than some of us, but he rode firm in his stirrups."

And then this extraordinary person, who united in himself all the types of an age that vanished forever in his grave, and who is the more interesting, as in him we see the race from which the Norman sprang, began, in the rich, full voice that pealed deep as an organ, to chaunt his impromptu war-song. He halted in the midst, and with great composure said: —

"That verse is but ill-tuned; I must try a better."

He passed his hand over his brow, mused an instant, and then, with his fair face all illumined, he burst forth as inspired.

This time, air, rhythm, words, all so chimed in with his own enthusiasm and that of his men, that the effect was inexpressible. It was, indeed, like the charm of those runes which are said to have maddened the Berserker with the frenzy of war.

Meanwhile the Saxon phalanx came on, slow and firm, and in a few minutes the battle began. It commenced first with the charge of the English cavalry (never numerous), led by Leofwine and Haco, but the double palisade of the Norman spears formed an impassable barrier; and the horsemen, recoiling from the frieze,

rode round the iron circle without other damage than the spear and javelin could effect. Meanwhile, King Harold, who had dismounted, marched, as was his wont, with the body of footmen. He kept his post in the hollow of the triangular wedge, whence he could best issue his orders. Avoiding the side over which Tostig presided, he halted his array in full center of the enemy where the Ravager of the World, streaming high above the inner rampart of shields, showed the presence of the giant Hardrada.

The air was now literally darkened with the flights of arrows and spears; and in a war of missives the Saxons were less skilled than the Norsemen. Still King Harold restrained the ardor of his men, who, sore harassed by the darts, yearned to close on the foe. He himself, standing on a little eminence, more exposed than his meanest soldier, deliberately eyed the sallies of the horse, and watched the moment he foresaw, when, encouraged by his own suspense, and the feeble attacks of the cavalry, the Norsemen would lift their spears from the ground and advance themselves to the assault. That moment came; unable to withhold their own fiery zeal, stimulated by the tromp, and the clash, and the war-hymns of their king, and his choral scalds, the Norsemen broke ground and came on.

"To your axes, and charge!" cried Harold; and passing at once from the center to the front, he led on the array.

The impetus of that artful phalanx was tremendous; it pierced through the ring of the Norwegians; it clove into the rampart of shields; and King Harold's battle-axe was the first that shivered that wall of steel, his step

the first that strode to the innermost circle that guarded the Ravager of the World.

Then forth, from under the shade of that great flag, came, himself also on foot, Harold Hardrada; shouting and chaunting, he leaped with long strides into the thick of the onslaught. He had flung away his shield, and swaying with both hands his enormous sword, he hewed down man after man, till space grew clear before him; and the English, recoiling in awe before an image of height and strength that seemed superhuman, left but one form standing firm, and in front, to oppose his way.

At that moment the whole strife seemed not to belong to an age comparatively modern; it took a character of remotest eld; and Thor and Odin seemed to have returned to the earth. Behind this towering and Titan warrior, their wild hair streaming long under their helms, came his scalds, all singing their hymns, drunk with the madness of battle. And the Ravager of the World tossed and flapped as it followed, so that the vast raven depicted on its folds seemed horrid with life. And calm and alone, his eye watchful, his axe lifted, his foot ready for rush or for spring, — but firm as an oak against flight, — stood the last of the Saxon Kings.

Down bounded Hardrada, and down shore his sword; King Harold's shield was cloven in two, and the force of the blow brought himself to his knee. But, as swift as the flash of that sword, he sprang to his feet; and while Hardrada still bowed his head, not recovered from the force of his blow, the axe of the Saxon came so full on his helmet that the giant reeled, dropped his sword, and staggered back; his scalds and his chiefs rushed

around him. That gallant stand of King Harold saved his English from flight; and now, as they saw him almost lost in the throng, yet still cleaving his way — on, on — to the raven standard, they rallied with one heart, and shouting forth, "Out, out! Holy crosse!" forced their way to his side, and the fight now raged hot and equal, hand to hand. Meanwhile Hardrada, borne a little apart, and relieved from his dinted helmet, recovered the shock of the weightiest blow that had ever dimmed his eye and numbed his hand. Tossing the helmet on the ground, his bright locks glittering like sunbeams, he rushed back to the *mêlée*. Again helm and mail went down before him; again through the crowd he saw the arm that had smitten him; again he sprang forward to finish the war with a blow, — when a shaft from some distant bow pierced the throat which the casque now left bare; a sound like the wail of a death-song murmured brokenly from his lips, which then gushed out with blood, and tossing up his arms wildly, he fell to the ground, a corpse. At that sight a yell of such terror and woe, and wrath all commingled, broke from the Norsemen, that it hushed the very war for the moment!

"On!" cried the Saxon king, "let our earth take its spoiler! On to the standard, and the day is our own!"

"On to the standard!" cried Haco, who, his horse slain under him, all bloody with wounds not his own, now came to the king's side. Grim and tall rose the standard, and the streamer shrieked and flapped in the wind as if the raven had voice, when right before Harold, right between him and the banner, stood Tostig his brother, known by the splendor of his mail, the gold work on his mantle — known by the fierce laugh, and

defying voice. "What matters!" cried Haco; "strike, O king, for thy crown!"

Harold's hand griped Haco's arm convulsively; he lowered his axe, turned round, and passed shudderingly away.

Both armies now paused from the attack; for both were thrown into great disorder, and each gladly gave respite to the other, to re-form its own shattered array.

The Norsemen were not soldiers to yield because their leader was slain — rather the more resolute to fight, since revenge was now added to valor; yet, but for the daring and promptness with which Tostig had cut his way to the standard, the day had been already decided.

During the pause, Harold, summoning Gurth, said to him in great emotion, "For the sake of Nature, for the love of God, go, O Gurth, — go to Tostig; urge him, now Hardrada is dead, urge him to peace. All that we can proffer with honor, proffer — quarter and free retreat to every Norseman. Oh, save me, save us, from a brother's blood!"

Gurth lifted his helmet, and kissed the mailed hand that grasped his own.

"I go," said he. And so, bareheaded, and with a single trumpeter, he went to the hostile lines.

Harold awaited him in great agitation; nor could any man have guessed what bitter and awful thoughts lay in that heart, from which, in the way to power, tie after tie had been wrenched away. He did not wait long; and even before Gurth rejoined him, he knew by an unanimous shout of fury, to which the clash of countless shields chimed in, that the mission had been in vain.

Tostig had refused to hear Gurth, save in presence of

the Norwegian chiefs; and when the message had been delivered, they all cried, "We would rather fall one across the corpse of the other, than leave a field in which our king was slain."

"Ye hear them," said Tostig; "as they speak, speak I."

"Not mine this guilt *too*, O God!" said Harold, solemnly lifting his hand on high. "Now, then, to duty."

By this time the Norwegian reinforcements had arrived from the ships, and this for a short time rendered the conflict, that immediately ensued, uncertain and critical. But Harold's generalship was now as consummate as his valor had been daring. He kept his men true to their irrefragable line. Even if fragments splintered off, each fragment threw itself into the form of the resistless wedge. One Norwegian, standing on the bridge of Stamford, long guarded that pass; and no less than forty Saxons are said to have perished by his arm. To him the English king sent a generous pledge, not only of safety for the life, but honor for the valor. The viking refused to surrender, and fell at last by a javelin from the hand of Haco. As if in him had been embodied the unyielding war-god of the Norsemen, in that death died the last hope of the vikings. They fell literally where they stood; many, from sheer exhaustion and the weight of their mail, died without a blow. And in the shades of nightfall, Harold stood amidst the shattered rampart of shields, his foot on the corpse of the standard-bearer, his hand on the Ravager of the World.

"Thy brother's corpse is borne yonder," said Haco

in the ear of the king, as, wiping the blood from his sword, he plunged it back into the sheath.

Young Olave, the son of Hardrada, had happily escaped the slaughter. A strong detachment of the Norwegians had still remained with the vessels; and amongst them some prudent old chiefs, who, foreseeing the probable results of the day, and knowing that Hardrada would never quit, save as a conqueror or a corpse, the field on which he had planted the Ravager of the World, had detained the prince almost by force from sharing the fate of his father. But ere those vessels could put out to sea, the vigorous measures of the Saxon king had already intercepted the retreat of the vessels. And then, ranging their shields as a wall round their masts, the bold vikings at least determined to die as men. But with the morning came King Harold himself to the banks of the river, and behind him, with trailed lances, a solemn procession that bore the body of the scald king. They halted on the margin, and a boat was launched towards the Norwegian fleet, bearing a monk who demanded the chiefs to send a deputation, headed by the young prince himself, to receive the corpse of their king, and hear the proposals of the Saxon.

The vikings, who had anticipated no preliminaries to the massacre they awaited, did not hesitate to accept these overtures. Twelve of the most famous chiefs still surviving, and Olave himself, entered the boat; and, standing between his brothers Leofwine and Gurth, Harold thus accosted them: —

"Your king invaded a people that had given him no offense: he has paid the forfeit — we war not with the dead! Give to his remains the honors due to the brave.

Without ransom or condition, we yield to you what can no longer harm us. And for thee, young prince," continued the king, with a tone of pity in his voice, as he contemplated the stately boyhood and proud but deep grief in the face of Olave, "for thee, wilt thou not live to learn that the wars of Odin are treason to the Faith of the Cross? We have conquered — we dare not butcher. Take such ships as ye need for those that survive. Three-and-twenty I offer for your transport. Return to your native shores, and guard them as we have guarded ours. Are ye contented?"

Amongst those chiefs was a stern priest — the Bishop of the Orcades; he advanced, and bent his knee to the king.

"O Lord of England," said he, "yesterday thou didst conquer the form — to-day, the soul. And never more may generous Norsemen invade the coast of him who honors the dead and spares the living."

"Amen!" cried the chiefs, and they all knelt to Harold. The young prince stood a moment irresolute, for his dead father was on the bier before him, and revenge was yet a virtue in the heart of a sea-king. But lifting his eyes to Harold's, the mild and gentle majesty of the Saxon's brow was irresistible in its benign command; and stretching his right hand to the king, he raised on high the other, and said aloud, "Faith and friendship with thee and England evermore."

Then all the chiefs rising, they gathered round the bier, but no hand, in the sight of the conquering foe, lifted the cloth of gold that covered the corpse of the famous king. The bearers of the bier moved on slowly towards the boat; the Norwegians followed with meas-

ured funereal steps, and not till the bier was placed on board the royal galley was there heard the wail of woe; but then it came loud, and deep, and dismal, and was followed by a burst of wild song from a surviving scald.

The Norwegian preparations for departure were soon made, and the ships vouchsafed to their convoy raised anchor, and sailed down the stream. Harold's eye watched the ships from the river banks.

"And there," said he at last, "there glide the last sails that shall ever bear the devastating raven to the shores of England."

IV
THE NORMAN CONQUEST

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1066, the English king, Edward the Confessor, died. His mother was of Norman birth, and he himself had spent many years in Normandy. Among his friends in that country was his young cousin, Duke William, and to him Edward promised to bequeath his crown. But Earl Harold of England was the choice of the English people, and him they made their king.

When William heard this he at once prepared to invade England and sent heralds the length and breadth of Europe, offering good fighting and a fair share in the plunder to whoso would aid him in wresting England from Earl Harold. In the mean time England was in danger from another quarter, for Harold's brother Tostig persuaded King Harold Hardrada of Norway to lead a plundering expedition against her shores. At Stamford Bridge, the Northern invaders were met and defeated by Harold, but in the mean time William and his army of adventurers had crossed the Channel and landed in England. Hastening south with his battle-worn army, Harold met the Normans on the 14th day of October, in the year 1066, on the fatal field of Hastings. By Christmas Day of the same year the Saxon chiefs that were left alive had sullenly submitted to William the Conqueror and he was crowned King of England.

The first five years of William's reign were spent in stamping out the last embers of Saxon resistance. This done, he turned his attention to administering the realm he had won, and before his death in 1087 he had remodeled the English Church, cut away the power of the great nobles, completed a survey of all the estates of England, and recorded their ownership in the famous Doomsday Book.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

[1066]

BY ROBERT WACE

The English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood; and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade in their front, through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way by their shields and barricades, their aim was to defend themselves: and if they had remained steady for that purpose, they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in, lost his life, either by hatchet or bill, by club, or other weapon. They wore short and close hauberks, and helmets that hung over their garments. King Harold issued orders and made proclamation round, that all should be ranged with their faces towards the enemy; and that no one should move from where he was; so that, whoever came might find them ready; and that whatever any one, be he Norman or other, should do, each should do his best to defend his own place. Then he ordered the men of Kent to go where the Normans were likely to make the attack; for they say that the men of Kent are entitled to strike first; and that whenever the king goes to battle, the first blow belongs to them. The right of the men of London is to guard the king's body, to place themselves around him,

and to guard his standard; and they were accordingly placed by the standard to watch and defend it.

When Harold had made his reply, and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English, and dismounted by the side of the standard. Leofwine and Gurth, his brothers, were with him, and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his standard, which was in truth a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory, William sent it to the Pope, to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight; and they moreover made a fosse, which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground; and the first division of their troops moved onwards along the hill and across a valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first, and they were led towards another part of the field, forming together as the first body had done. And while Harold saw and examined them, and was pointing them out to Gurth, a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain; and in the midst of them was raised the standard that came from Rome. Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there. The good knights, the good vassals, and brave warriors were there; and there were gathered together the gentle barons, the good archers, and the men-at-arms, whose duty it was to guard the duke, and range themselves around him. The youths and common herd of the camp, whose business was not to join in the battle, but to take

care of the harness and stores, moved off towards a rising ground. The priests and the clerks also ascended a hill, there to offer up prayers to God, and watch the event of the battle.

The English stood firm on foot in close ranks, and carried themselves right boldly. Each man had his hauberk on, with his sword girt, and his shield at his neck. Great hatchets were also slung at their necks, with which they expected to strike heavy blows.

The Normans brought on the three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight. The first and second had come up, and then advanced the third, which was the greatest; with that came the duke with his own men, and all moved boldly forward.

As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns: and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and defense.

The English stood steady to their post, the Normans still moved on; and when they drew near, the English were to be seen stirring to and fro; were going and coming; troops ranging themselves in order; some with their color rising, others turning pale; some making ready their arms; others raising their shields; the brave man rousing himself to fight, the coward trembling at the approach of danger.

Then Taillefer, who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne, and of Roland, of Olivier, and the Peers who died in

Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, "A boon, sire!" cried Taillefer; "I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!" And the duke answered, "I grant it." Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, "Come on, come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on, lay on!" At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward, and surrounded and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onwards; all were bold, and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered, whereof the fame is yet mighty.

Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns; and the shocks of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from oversea charged onwards, and again at other times retreated. The Normans shouted "Dex aie," the English people "Out." Then came the cunning maneuvers, the rude shocks and strokes of the lances and blows of the swords, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman.

When the English fall, the Normans shout. Each side

taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

Some wax strong, others weak: the brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well: they pierce the hauberks, and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forwards; others yield, and thus in various ways the struggle proceeds. In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English, also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many Normans die as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the good priest, the bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them, "Stand fast! stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing, for if God please, we shall conquer yet." So they took courage, and rested where they were; and

Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on, over a white aube; wide in the body, with the sleeve tight; and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need he held up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well, that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true soever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upwards into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air towards the English; and the arrows in falling struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts that the English called "wibetes." Then it was that an arrow, that had thus been shot upwards, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands: and the pain to his head was so great, that he leaned upon his shield.

So the English were wont to say, and still say to the French, that the arrow was well shot which was so sent up against their king; and that the archer won them great glory, who thus put out Harold's eye.

The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily, and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out, that the men of France fled, and would never return.

Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them; for if they had not moved from their position, it is not likely that they would have been conquered at all; but like fools they broke their lines and pursued.

The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English further on. As they still flee, the English pursue; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets: following the Normans, as they go rejoicing in the success of their scheme, and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes with words. "Cowards," they cried, "you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands, and seeking to seize our property, fools that ye were to come!

Normandy is too far off, and you will not easily reach it. It is of little use to run back; unless you can cross the sea at a leap, or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you."

The Normans bore it all, but in fact they knew not what the English said; their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand. At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks; and the barons might be heard crying "Dex aie!" for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces towards the enemy; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onwards to a fresh *mêlée;* the one party assaulting the other; this man striking, another pressing onwards. One hits, another misses; one flies, another pursues: one is aiming a stroke, while another discharges his blow. Norman strives with Englishman again, and aims his blows afresh. One flies, another pursues swiftly: the combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *mêlée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, with the blade a full foot long; and was well armed after his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In the front of the battle where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a war-horse, and

tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle-bow, driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth. I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and about to abandon the assault, when Roger de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the long-handled axe, which the Englishman wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched upon the ground. Then Roger cried out, "Frenchmen, strike! the day is ours!" And again a fierce *mêlée* was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

There was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had; and would willingly have turned to some other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and spurring his horse gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills, he raised his shield, and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell, the lance broke, and the

Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely broke his skull.

On the other side was an Englishman who much annoyed the French, continually assaulting them with a keen-edged hatchet. He had a helmet made of wood, which he had fastened down to his coat, and laced round his neck, so that no blows could reach his head. The ravage he was making was seen by a gallant Norman knight, who rode a horse that neither fire nor water could stop in its career, when its master urged it on. The knight spurred, and his horse carried him on well till he charged the Englishman, striking him over the helmet, so that it fell down over his eyes; and as he stretched out his hand to raise it and uncover the face, the Norman cut off his right hand, so that his hatchet fell to the ground. Another Norman sprang forward and eagerly seized the prize with both his hands, but he kept it little space, and paid dearly for it, for as he stooped to pick up the hatchet, an Englishman with his long-handled axe struck him over the back, breaking all his bones, so that his entrails and lungs gushed forth. The knight of the good horse meantime returned without injury; but on his way he met another Englishman, and bore him down under his horse, wounding him grievously, and trampling him altogether under foot.

And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords, and hewed down the barricades, and the English in great trouble fell back upon

their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

There were many knights of Chauz, who jousted and made attacks. The English knew not how to joust, or bear arms on horseback, but fought with hatchets and bills. A man, when he wanted to strike with one of their hatchets, was obliged to hold it with both his hands, and could not at the same time, as it seems to me, both cover himself and strike with any freedom.

The English fell back towards the standard which was upon a rising ground, and the Normans followed them across the valley, attacking them on foot and horseback. Then Hue de Mortemer, with the sires D'Auviler, D'Onebac, and St. Cler, rode up and charged, overthrowing many.

Robert Fitz Erneis fixed his lance, took his shield, and, galloping towards the standard, with his keen-edged sword struck an Englishman who was in front, killed him, and then drawing back his sword, attacked many others, and pushed straight for the standard, trying to beat it down, but the English surrounded it, and killed him with their bills. He was found on the spot, when they afterwards sought for him, dead, and lying at the standard's foot.

Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance; striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led; and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord, and press around him; they ply their blows upon the English; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

One of them was a man of great strength, a wrestler, who did great mischief to the Normans with his hatchet; all feared him, for he struck down a great many Normans. The duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped, and so escaped the stroke; then jumping on one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and as the duke bent to avoid the blow, the Englishman boldly struck him on the head, and beat in his helmet, though without doing much injury. He was very near falling, however, but bearing on his stirrups he recovered himself immediately; and when he thought to have revenged himself upon the churl by killing him, he had escaped, dreading the duke's blow. He ran back in among the English, but he was not safe even there; for the Normans seeing him, pursued and caught him; and having pierced him through and through with their lances, left him dead on the ground.

Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and Essex fought wondrously well, and made the Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back, and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

Then those who kept close guard by him and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English; and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy, and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around, and were tram-

pled under the horses, crawling upon the earth, and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in that rout, but the English still rallied in places; smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could; beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first, and felled him to the earth.

Loud was now the clamor, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell, who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

And now the Normans pressed on so far, that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on the ventaille of his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself, a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled, but could not,

for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it was said that he fell under it, and rose no more.

The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold for certain was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

HOW THE DOOMSDAY BOOK WAS MADE

[About 1086]

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD

About twelve years after the battle where Harold had died, the Norman leader had, we heard, taken it into his head to poll us like cattle, to find the sum and total of our feus and lands, our serfs and orchards, and even of our very selves! Now, few of us Saxons but felt this was a certain scheme to tax and oppress us even more severely than the people had been oppressed in the time of St. Dunstan. Besides this, our free spirits rose in scorn of being counted and weighed and mulcted by plebeian emissaries of the usurper, so we murmured loud and long.

And those thanes who complained the bitterest were hanged by the derisive Normans on their own kitchen beams — on the very same hooks where they cured their mighty sides of pork — while those who complied but falsely with the assessor's commands were robbed of wife and heritage, children and lands, and shackled with the brass collar of serfdom, or turned out to beg their living on the wayside and sue the charity of their own dependants. Whether we would thus be hanged or outcast, or whether we would humble us to this hateful need, writing ourselves and our serfs down in the great "Doom's Day" book, all had to choose.

For my own part, after much debating, and for the sake of those who looked to me, I had determined to

do what was required — and then, if it might be, to bring all the Saxon gentlemen together — to raise these English shires upon the Normans, and with fire and sword revoke our abominable indenture of thralldom. But, alas! my hasty temper and my inability to stomach an affront in any guise undid my good resolutions.

Well, this mighty book was being compiled far and wide, we heard, in every shire: there were some men of good standing base enough to countenance it, and, taking the name of the King's justiciaries, they got together shorn monks — shaveling rascals who did the writing and computing — with reeves hungry for their masters' woodlands, and many other lean forsworn villains. This jury of miscreants went round from hall to hall, from manor to manor, with their scrips and pens and parchment, until all the land was being gathered into the avaricious Norman's tax roll.

They cast their greedy eyes at last on sunny, sleepy Voewood, though, indeed, I had implored every deity, old or new, I could recall that they might overlook it; and one day their hireling train of two score pikemen came ambling down the glades with a fat Abbot — a Norman rascal — at their head, and pulled up at our doorway.

"Hullo!" says the monk. "Whose house is this?"

"Mine," I said gruffly, with a secret fancy that there would be some heads broken before the census was completed.

"And who are you?"

"The Master of Voewood."

"What else?"

"Nothing else!"

"Well, you are not over-civil, anyhow, my Saxon churl," said the man of scrolls and goose-quills.

"Frankly," I answered, "Sir Monk, the smaller civility you look for from me to-day the less likely you are to be disappointed. Out with that infernal catechism of yours, and have done, and move your black shadows from my porch."

At this the clerk shrugged his shoulders — no doubt he did not look to be a very welcome guest — and coughed and spit, and then unfurled in our free sunshine a great roll of questions, and forthwith proceeded to expound them in bastard Latin, smacking of mouldy cathedral cells and cloister pedantry.

"Now, mark me, Sir Voewood, and afterward answer truly in everything. Here, first, I will read you the declaration of your neighbor, the worthy thane Sewin, in order that you may see how the matter should go, and then afterward I will question you yourself," and, taking a parchment from a junior, he began: "Here is what Sewin told us: *Rex tenet in Dominio Sohurst; de firma Regis Edwardi fuit. Tunc se defendebat pro* 17 *Hidis; nihil geldaverunt. Terra est* 16 *Carucatæ; in Dominio sunt* 2*æ Carucatæ, et* 24 *Villani, et* 10 *Bordarij cum* 20 *Carucis. Ibi Ecclesia quam Willelmus tenet de Rege cum dimidia Hida in Elemosina. Silva* 40 *Porcorum et ipsa est in parco Regis* —"

But hardly had my friend got so far as this in displaying the domesticity of Sewin the thane, when there broke a loud uproar from the rear of Voewood, and the tripping Latin came to a sudden halt as there emerged in sight a rabble of Saxon peasants and Norman prickers freely exchanging buffets. In the midst of them was

our bailiff, a very stalwart fellow, hauling along and beating as he came a luckless soldier in the foreign garb just then so detestable to our eyes.

"Why," I said, "what may all this be about? What has the fellow done, Sven, that your Saxon cudgel makes such friends with his Norman cape?"

"What? Why, the graceless yonker, not content with bursting open the buttery door and setting all these scullion men-at-arms drinking my lady's ale and rioting among her stores, must needs harry the maidens, scaring them out of their wits, and putting the whole place in an uproar! As I am an honest man, there has been more good ale spilled this half-hour, more pottery broken, more linen torn, more roasts upset, more maids set screaming, than since the Danes last came round this way and pillaged us from roof to cellar!"

"Why, you fat Saxon porker!" cried the leader of the troops, pushing to the front; "what are you good for but for pillage? Drunken serf! And were it not for the politic heart of yonder king, I and mine would make you and yours sigh again for your Danish ravishers, looking back from our mastery to their red fury with sickly longing! Out on you! Unhand the youth, or by St. Bridget, there will be a fat carcass for your crows to peck at!" and he put his hand upon his dagger.

Thereon I stepped between them, and, touching my jeweled belt, said: "Fair sir, I think the youth has had no less than his deserts, and as for the Voewood crows they like Norman carrion even better than Saxon flesh."

The soldier frowned, as well he might, at my retort, but before we could draw, as assuredly we would

have done, the monk pushed in between us, and the athelings of the commission, who had orders to carry out their work with peace and dispatch as long as that were possible, quieted their unruly rabble, and presently a muttering, surly order was restored between the glowering crowds.

"Now," said the scribe propitiatingly, anxious to get through with his task, "you have heard how amiably Sewin answered. Of you I will ask a question or two in Saxon, since, likely enough, you do not know the blessed Latin." (By the soul of Hengist, though, I knew it before the stones of that confessor's ancient monastery were hewn from their native rock!) "Answer truly, and all shall be well with you. First, then, how much land hast thou?"

But I could not stand it. My spleen was roused against these braggart bullies, and, throwing discretion to the wind, I burst out, "Just so much as serves to keep me and mine in summer and winter!"

"And how many ploughs?"

"So many as need to till our cornlands."

"Rude boar!" said the monk, backing off into the group of his friends, and frowning from that vantage in his turn. "How many serfs acknowledge your surly leadership?"

"Just so many," I said, boiling over, "as can work the ploughs and reap the corn, and keep the land from greedy foreign clutches! There, put up your scroll and begone. I will not answer you! I will not say how many pigeons there are in our dovecotes — how many fowls roost upon their perches — how many earthen pots we have, or how many maids to scrub them! Get you back

to the Conqueror: tell him I deride and laugh at him for the second time. Say I have lived a longish life, and never yet saw the light of that day when I profited by humility. Say I, the swart stranger who stabbed his ruffian courtier and galloped away with the white maid, Editha of Voewood — I, who plucked that flower from the very saddle-bow of his favorite, and thundered derisive through his first camp there on the eastern downs — say, even I will find a way to keep and wear her, in scorn of all that he can do! Out with you — begone!"

And they went, for I was clearly in no mood to be dallied with, while behind me the serfs and vassals were now mustering strongly, an angry array armed with such weapons as they could snatch up in their haste, and wanting but a word or look to fall upon the little band of assessors and slay them as they stood. Thus we won that hour — and many a long day had we to regret the victory.

WHAT THE ENGLISH THOUGHT OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

[1066–1087]

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE

If any would know what manner of man King William was, the glory that he obtained, and of how many lands he was lord; then will we describe him as we have known him, we, who have looked upon him, and who once lived in his court. This King William, of whom we are speaking, was a very wise and a great man, and more honored and more powerful than any of his predecessors. He was mild to those good men who loved God, but severe beyond measure towards those who withstood his will. He founded a noble monastery on the spot where God permitted him to conquer England, and he established monks in it, and he made it very rich. In his days the great monastery at Canterbury was built, and many others also throughout England; moreover this land was filled with monks who lived after the rule of St. Benedict; and such was the state of religion in his days that all that would, might observe that which was prescribed by their respective orders. King William was also held in much reverence: he wore his crown three times every year when he was in England: at Easter he wore it at Winchester, at Pentecost at Westminster, and at Christmas at Gloucester. And at these times, all the men of England were with him,

archbishops, bishops, abbats, and earls, thanes, and knights.

So also was he a very stern and a wrathful man, so that none durst do anything against his will, and he kept in prison those earls who acted against his pleasure. He removed bishops from their sees, and abbats from their offices, and he imprisoned thanes, and at length he spared not his own brother Odo. This Odo was a very powerful bishop in Normandy, his see was that of Bayeux, and he was foremost to serve the king. He had an earldom in England, and when William was in Normandy, he was the first man in this country, and him did he cast into prison. Amongst other things the good order that William established is not to be forgotten; it was such that any man, who was himself aught, might travel over the kingdom with a bosom full of gold unmolested; and no man durst kill another, however great the injury he might have received from him. He reigned over England, and being sharp-sighted to his own interest, he surveyed the kingdom so thoroughly that there was not a single hide of land throughout the whole of which he knew not the possessor and how much it was worth, and this he afterwards entered in his register. The land of the Britons[1] was under his sway, and he built castles therein; moreover he had full dominion over the Isle of Man (Anglesey): Scotland also was subject to him from his great strength; the land of Normandy was his by inheritance, and he possessed the earldom of Maine, and had he lived two years longer he would have subdued Ireland by his prowess, and that without a battle.

[1] Welsh.

Truly there was much trouble in these times and very great distress; he caused castles to be built, and oppressed the poor. The king was also of great sternness, and he took from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver, and this, either with or without right, and with little need. He was given to avarice, and greedily loved gain. He made large forests for the deer, and enacted laws therewith, so that whoever killed a hart or a hind should be blinded. As he forbade killing the deer, so also the boars; and he loved the tall stags as if he were their father. He also appointed concerning the hares, that they should go free. The rich complained, and the poor murmured, but he was so sturdy that he recked nought of them; they must will all that the king willed if they would live, or would keep their lands, or would hold their possessions, or would be maintained in their rights. Alas! that any man should so exalt himself and carry himself in his pride over all! May Almighty God show mercy to his soul, and grant him the forgiveness of his sins! We have written concerning him these things, both good and bad, that virtuous men might follow after the good, and wholly avoid the evil, and might go in the way that leadeth to the kingdom of heaven.

THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS OF CORNWALL

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

[Hereward the Wake, or Hereward the Watchful, headed in 1070 a revolt against the Norman rulers of the land.
The Editor.]

Fat was the feasting and loud was the harping in the halls of Alef the Cornishman, King of Gweek. Savory was the smell of fried pilchard and hake; more savory still that of roast porpoise; most savory of all that of fifty huge squab pies, built up of layers of apples, bacon, onions, and mutton, and at the bottom of each a squab, or young cormorant, which diffused both through the pie and through the ambient air a delicate odor of mingled guano and polecat. And the occasion was worthy alike of the smell and of the noise; for King Alef, finding that after the Ogre's death the neighboring kings were but too ready to make reprisals on him for his champion's murders and robberies, had made a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Hannibal the son of Gryll, King of Marazion, and had confirmed the same by bestowing on him the hand of his fair daughter. Whether she approved of the match or not, was asked neither by King Alef nor by King Hannibal.

To-night was the bridal feast. To-morrow morning the church was to hallow the union, and after that Hannibal Gryll was to lead home his bride, among a gallant company.

And as they ate and drank, and harped and piped, there came into the hall four shabbily dressed men, — one of them a short, broad fellow, with black elf-locks and a red beard, — and sat them down sneakingly at the lowest end of all the benches.

In hospitable Cornwall, especially on such a day, every guest was welcome; and the strangers sat peaceably, but ate nothing, though there was both hake and pilchard within reach.

Next to them, by chance, sat a great lurdan of a Dane, as honest, brave, and stupid a fellow as ever lugged at oar; and after a while they fell talking, till the strangers had heard the reason of this great feast, and all the news of the country side.

"But whence did they come, not to know it already; for all Cornwall was talking thereof?"

"O, they came out of Devonshire, seeking service down west, with some merchant or rover, being seafaring men."

The stranger with the black hair had been, meanwhile, earnestly watching the princess, who sat at the board's head. He saw her watching him in return, and with a face sad enough.

At last she burst into tears.

"What should the bride weep for, at such a merry wedding?" asked he of his companions.

"O, cause enough"; and he told bluntly enough the princess's story. "And what is more," said he, "the King of Waterford sent a ship over last week, with forty proper lads on board, and two gallant holders with them, to demand her; but for all answer, they were put into the strong house, and there they lie, chained to a log, at this

minute. Pity it is and shame, I hold, for I am a Dane myself; and pity, too, that such a bonny lass should go to an unkempt Welshman like this, instead of a tight smart viking's son, like the Waterford lad."

The stranger answered nothing, but kept his eyes upon the princess, till she looked at him steadfastly in return.

She turned pale and red again; but after a while she spoke.

"There is a stranger there; and what his rank may be I know not; but he has been thrust down to the lowest seat, in a house that used to honor strangers, instead of treating them like slaves. Let him take this dish from my hand, and eat joyfully, lest when he goes home he may speak scorn of bridegroom and bride, and our Cornish weddings."

The servant brought the dish down; he gave a look at the stranger's shabby dress, turned up his nose, and pretending to mistake, put the dish into the hand of the Dane.

"Hold, lads," quoth the stranger. "If I have ears, that was meant for me."

He seized the platter with both hands; and therewith the hands both of the Cornishman and of the Dane. There was a struggle; but so bitter was the stranger's grip, that (says the chronicler) the blood burst from the nails of both his opponents.

He was called a "savage," a "devil in man's shape," and other dainty names; but he was left to eat his squab pie in peace.

"Patience, lads," quoth he, as he filled his mouth. "Before I take my pleasure at this wedding, I will hand my own dish round as well as any of you."

Whereat men wondered, but held their tongues.

And when the eating was over and the drinking began, the princess rose, and came round to drink the farewell health.

With her maids behind her, and her harper before her (so was the Cornish custom), she pledged one by one each of the guests, slave as well as free, while the harper played a tune.

She came down at last to the strangers. Her face was pale, and her eyes red with weeping.

She filled a cup of wine, and one of her maids offered it to the stranger.

He put it back, courteously, but firmly. "Not from your hand," said he.

A growl about his bad manners arose straightway, and the minstrel, who (as often happened in those days) was jester likewise, made merry at his expense, and advised the company to turn the wild beast out of the hall.

"Silence, fools!" said the princess. "Why should he know our west-country ways? He may take it from my hand, if not from hers."

And she held out the cup to him herself.

He took it, looking her steadily in the face; and it seemed to the minstrel as if their hands lingered together round the cup-handle, and that he saw the glitter of a ring.

Like many another of his craft before and since, he was a vain, meddlesome vagabond, and must needs pry into a secret which certainly did not concern him.

So he could not leave the stranger in peace; and knowing that his privileged calling protected him from that formidable fist, he never passed him by without a

sneer or a jest, as he wandered round the table, offering his harp, in the Cornish fashion, to any one who wished to play and sing.

"But not to you, Sir Elf-locks; he that is rude to a pretty girl when she offers him wine, is too great a boor to understand my trade."

"It is a fool's trick," answered the stranger at last, "to put off what you must do at last. If I had but the time, I would pay you for your tune with a better one than you ever heard."

"Take the harp, then, boor!" said the minstrel, with a laugh and a jest.

The stranger took it, and drew from it such music as made all heads turn toward him at once. Then he began to sing, sometimes by himself, and sometimes his comrades, "*more Girviorum tripliciter canentes*," joined their voices in a three-man-glee.

In vain the minstrel, jealous for his own credit, tried to snatch the harp away. The stranger sang on, till all hearts were softened; and the princess, taking the rich shawl from her shoulders, threw it over those of the stranger, saying that it was a gift too poor for such a scald.

"Scald!" roared the bridegroom (now well in his cups) from the head of the table; "ask what thou wilt, short of my bride and my kingdom, and it is thine."

"Give me, then, Hannibal Grylls, King of Marazion, the Danes who came from Ranald, of Waterford."

"You shall have them! Pity that you have asked for nothing better than such tarry ruffians!"

A few minutes after, the minstrel, bursting with jealousy and rage, was whispering in Hannibal's ear.

The hot old Punic[1] blood flashed up in his cheeks, and his thin Punic lips curved into a snaky smile. Perhaps the old Punic treachery in his heart; for all that he was heard to reply was, "We must not disturb the good-fellowship of a Cornish wedding."

The stranger, nevertheless, and the princess likewise, had seen that bitter smile.

Men drank hard and long that night; and when daylight came, the strangers were gone.

In the morning the marriage ceremony was performed; and then began the pageant of leading home the bride. The minstrels went first, harping and piping; then King Hannibal, carrying his bride behind him on a pillion; and after them a string of servants and men-at-arms, leading country ponies, laden with the bride's dower. Along with them, unarmed, sulky, and suspicious, walked the forty Danes, who were informed that they should go to Marazion, and there be shipped off for Ireland.

Now, as all men know, those parts of Cornwall, flat and open furze-downs aloft, are cut, for many miles inland, by long branches of tide river, walled in by woods and rocks, which rivers join at last in the great basin of Falmouth harbor; and by crossing one or more of these, the bridal party would save many a mile on their road towards the west.

So they had timed the journey by the tides; lest, finding low water in the rivers, they should have to wade to the ferry-boats waist-deep in mud; and going down the

[1] Hannibal, still a common name in Cornwall, is held — and not unlikely — to have been introduced there by the ancient Phœnician colonists.

deep hill-side, through oak and ash and hazel copse, they entered, as many as could, a great flat-bottomed barge, and were rowed across some quarter of a mile, to land under a jutting crag, and go up again by a similar path into the woods.

So the first boat-load went up, the minstrels in front, harping and piping till the greenwood rang, King Hannibal next, with his bride, and behind him spearsmen and axemen, with a Dane between every two.

When they had risen some two hundred feet, and were in the heart of the forest, Hannibal turned, and made a sign to the men behind him.

Then each pair of them seized the Dane between them, and began to bind his hands behind his back.

"What will you do with us?"

"Send you back to Ireland, — a king never breaks his word, — but pick out your right eyes first, to show your master how much I care for him. Lucky for you that I leave you an eye apiece, to find your friend the harper, whom, if I catch, I flay alive."

"You promised!" cried the princess.

"And so did you, traitress!" and he gripped her arm, which was round his waist, till she screamed. "So did you promise: but not to me. And you shall pass your bridal night in my dog-kennel, after my dog-whip has taught you not to give rings again to wandering harpers."

The wretched princess shuddered; for she knew too well that such an atrocity was easy and common enough. She knew it well. Why should she not? The story of the Cid's daughters and the Knights of Carrion; the far more authentic one of Robert of Belesme; and many

another ugly tale of the early middle age, will prove but too certainly that, before the days of chivalry began, neither youth, beauty, nor the sacred ties of matrimony, could protect women from the most horrible outrages, at the hands of those who should have been their protectors. It was reserved for monks and inquisitors, in the name of religion and the Gospel, to continue, through after centuries, those brutalities toward women of which gentlemen and knights had grown ashamed, save when (as in the case of the Albigense crusaders) monks and inquisitors bade them torture, mutilate, and burn, in the name of Him who died on the cross.

But the words had hardly passed the lips of Hannibal, ere he reeled in the saddle, and fell to the ground, a javelin through his heart.

A strong arm caught the princess. A voice which she knew bade her have no fear.

"Bind your horse to a tree, for we shall want him, and wait!"

Three well-armed men rushed on the nearest Cornishmen, and hewed them down. A fourth unbound the Dane, and bade him catch up a weapon, and fight for his life.

A second pair were dispatched, a second Dane freed, ere a minute was over; the Cornishmen, struggling up the narrow path toward the shouts above, were overpowered in detail by continually increasing numbers; and ere half an hour was over, the whole party were freed, mounted on the ponies, and making their way over the downs toward the west.

"Noble, noble Hereward!" said the princess, as she sat behind him on Hannibal's horse. "I knew you from

the first moment; and my nurse knew you too. Is she here? Is she safe?"

"I have taken care of that. She has done us too good service to be left here, and be hanged."

"I knew you, in spite of your hair, by your eyes."

"Yes," said Hereward. "It is not every man who carries one gray eye and one blue. The more difficult for me to go mumming when I need."

"But how came you hither, of all places in the world?"

"When you sent your nurse to me last night, to warn me that treason was abroad, it was easy for me to ask your road to Marazion; and easier too, when I found that you would go home the very way we came, to know that I must make my stand here or nowhere."

"The way you came? Then where are you going now?"

"Beyond Marazion, to a little cove, — I cannot tell its name. There lies Sigtryg, your betrothed, and three good ships of war."

"There? Why did he not come for me himself?"

"Why? Because he knew nothing of what was toward. We meant to have sailed straight up your river to your father's town, and taken you out with a high hand. We had sworn with an oath, — which, as you saw, I kept, — neither to eat nor drink in your house, save out of your own hands. But the easterly winds would not let us round the Lizard; so we put into that cove, and there I and these two lads, my nephews, offered to go forward as spies, while Sigtryg threw up an earthwork, and made a stand against the Cornish. We meant merely to go back to him, and give him news.

But when I found you as good as wedded, I had to do what I could while I could; and I have done it."

"You have, my noble and true champion," said she, kissing him.

"Humph!" quoth Hereward, laughing. "Do not tempt me by being too grateful; it is hard enough to gather honey, like the bees, for other folks to eat. What if I kept you myself, now that I have got you?"

"Hereward!"

"O, there is no fear, pretty lady. I have other things to think of than making love to you, — and one is, how we are to get to our ships, and moreover, past Marazion town."

And hard work they had to get thither. The country was soon roused and up in arms; and it was only by wandering a three days' circuit through bogs and moors, till the ponies were utterly tired out, and left behind (the bulkier part of the dowry being left behind with them), that they made their appearance on the shore of Mount's Bay, Hereward leading the princess in triumph upon Hannibal's horse.

After which they all sailed away for Ireland, and there, like young Beichan, —

> "Prepared another wedding,
> With all their hearts so full of glee."

V

FROM WILLIAM THE RED TO JOHN LACKLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

William the Conqueror left Normandy to his eldest living son Robert, and England to his second son, William. The Norman barons, who held land in fief in both countries, strove to put the easy-going Robert upon the throne of England; but William was supported by the English, who thus practically adopted the line of Norman kings. At the death of William II, the Norman barons again attempted to make Robert their king, in place of his brother Henry, and again were successfully opposed by the English people. Henry I (1100–1135) was born in England, talked English, married Matilda, or Maud, daughter of the English Queen of Scotland; and, of more weight than even this in winning the regard and allegiance of his subjects, he gave them a charter, showing their rights and binding himself to respect them. His son was lost in the wreck of the White Ship, and Henry left the crown to his daughter Maud. It was seized, however, by his nephew, Stephen of Blois; and civil war and anarchy followed.

Henry II (1154–1189), the first of the Plantagenet kings, put down the robber barons and instituted important reforms in favor of the people. His attempt to reduce the power of the Church led to a bitter but indecisive conflict with Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury and leader of the Church party. Henry reigned supreme over England and the greater part of France; Scotland, Ireland, and Wales recognized his authority, but the hearts of his children he could not rule. One after another his sons revolted against him. In 1189, he was defeated by his two youngest, Richard and John, in alliance with Philip of France, and died soon after, broken-hearted. His successor, Richard the Lion-hearted, spent nearly all of his reign on a crusade and in fighting the French. He was succeeded in 1199 by John Lackland, the youngest son of Henry II. The reign of King John was marked by a tyranny so oppressive that the nobles at last joined in armed revolt, and in 1215 forced the king to sign the Magna Charta, a written acknowledgment of the rights of the people.

THE REIGN OF THE RED KING

[1087–1100]

BY CHARLES DICKENS

WHERE were the Conqueror's three sons, that they were not at their father's burial? Robert was lounging among minstrels, dancers, and gamesters, in France or Germany. Henry was carrying his five thousand pounds safely away in a convenient chest he had got made. William the Red was hurrying to England, to lay hands upon the royal treasure and the crown. He secured the three great forts of Dover, Pevensey, and Hastings, and made with hot speed for Winchester, where the royal treasure was kept. The treasurer delivering him the keys, he found that it amounted to sixty thousand pounds in silver, besides gold and jewels. Possessed of this wealth, he soon persuaded the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown him, and became William II, King of England.

Rufus was no sooner on the throne than he ordered into prison again the unhappy state captives whom his father had set free, and directed a goldsmith to ornament his father's tomb profusely with gold and silver. It would have been more dutiful in him to have attended the sick Conqueror when he was dying; but England, itself, like this Red King, who once governed it, has sometimes made expensive tombs for dead men whom it treated shabbily when they were alive.

The king's brother, Robert of Normandy, seeming

quite content to be only duke of that country; and the king's other brother, Fine-Scholar, being quiet enough with his five thousand pounds in a chest; the king flattered himself, we may suppose, with the hope of an easy reign. But easy reigns were difficult to have in those days. The turbulent Bishop Odo (who had blessed the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, and who, I dare say, took all the credit of the victory to himself) soon began, in concert with some powerful Norman nobles, to trouble the Red King.

The truth seems to be that this bishop and his friends, who had lands in England and lands in Normandy, wished to hold both under one sovereign; and greatly preferred a thoughtless, good-natured person, such as Robert was, to Rufus; who, though far from being an amiable man in any respect, was keen, and not to be imposed upon. They declared in Robert's favor, and retired to their castles (those castles were very troublesome to kings) in a sullen humor. The Red King, seeing the Normans thus falling from him, revenged himself upon them by appealing to the English; to whom he made a variety of promises, which he never meant to perform — in particular, promises to soften the cruelty of the forest laws; and who, in return, so aided him with their valor that Odo was besieged in the castle of Rochester, and forced to abandon it, and to depart from England forever: whereupon the other rebellious Norman nobles were soon reduced and scattered.

Then, the Red King went over to Normandy, where the people suffered greatly under the loose rule of Duke Robert. The king's object was to seize upon the duke's dominions. This, the duke, of course, prepared to

resist: and miserable war between the two brothers seemed inevitable, when the powerful nobles on both sides, who had seen so much of war, interfered to prevent it. A treaty was made. Each of the two brothers agreed to give up something of his claims, and that the longer-liver of the two should inherit all the dominions of the other. When they had come to this loving understanding, they embraced and joined their forces against Fine-Scholar, who had bought some territory of Robert with a part of his five thousand pounds, and was considered a dangerous individual in consequence.

St. Michael's Mount, in Normandy (there is another St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, wonderfully like it), was then, as it is now, a strong place perched upon the top of a high rock, around which, when the tide is in, the sea flows, leaving no road to the mainland. In this place, Fine-Scholar shut himself up with his soldiers, and here he was closely besieged by his two brothers. At one time, when he was reduced to great distress for want of water, the generous Robert not only permitted his men to get water, but sent Fine-Scholar wine from his own table; and, on being remonstrated with by the Red King, said "What! shall we let our own brother die of thirst? Where shall we get another, when he is gone?" At another time, the Red King riding alone on the shore of the bay, looking up at the Castle, was taken by two of Fine-Scholar's men, one of whom was about to kill him, when he cried out, "Hold, knave! I am the King of England!" The story says that the soldier raised him from the ground respectfully and humbly, and that the king took him into his service. The story may or may not be true; but, at any rate, it is true that Fine-

Scholar could not hold out against his united brothers, and that he abandoned Mount St. Michael, and wandered about — as poor and forlorn as other scholars have been sometimes known to be.

The Scotch became unquiet in the Red King's time, and were twice defeated — the second time, with the loss of their king, Malcolm, and his son. The Welsh became unquiet too. Against them, Rufus was less successful; for they fought among their native mountains, and did great execution on the king's troops. Robert of Normandy became unquiet too; and, complaining that his brother the king did not faithfully perform his part of their agreement, took up arms, and obtained assistance from the King of France, whom Rufus, in the end, bought off with vast sums of money. England became unquiet too. Lord Mowbray, the powerful Earl of Northumberland, headed a great conspiracy to depose the king, and to place upon the throne Stephen, the Conqueror's near relative. The plot was discovered; all the chief conspirators were seized; some were fined, some were put in prison, some were put to death. The Earl of Northumberland himself was shut up in a dungeon beneath Windsor Castle, where he died, an old man, thirty long years afterwards. The priests in England were more unquiet than any other class, or power; for the Red King treated them with such small ceremony that he refused to appoint new bishops or archbishops when the old ones died, but kept all the wealth belonging to those offices in his own hands. In return for this, the priests wrote his life when he was dead, and abused him well. I am inclined to think, myself, that there was little to choose between

the priests and the Red King; that both sides were greedy and designing; and that they were fairly matched.

The Red King was false of heart, selfish, covetous, and mean. He had a worthy minister in his favorite, Ralph, nicknamed — for almost every famous person had a nickname in those rough days — Flambard, or the Firebrand. Once the king, being ill, became penitent, and made Anselm, a foreign priest and a good man, Archbishop of Canterbury. But he no sooner got well again than he repented of his repentance, and persisted in wrongfully keeping to himself some of the wealth belonging to the archbishopric. This led to violent disputes, which were aggravated by there being in Rome at that time two rival Popes; each of whom declared he was the only real original infallible Pope, who could n't make a mistake. At last, Anselm, knowing the Red King's character, and not feeling himself safe in England, asked leave to return abroad. The Red King gladly gave it; for he knew that as soon as Anselm was gone, he could begin to store up all the Canterbury money again, for his own use.

By such means, and by taxing and oppressing the English people in every possible way, the Red King became very rich. When he wanted money for any purpose, he raised it by some means or other, and cared nothing for the injustice he did, or the misery he caused. Having the opportunity of buying from Robert the whole duchy of Normandy for five years, he taxed the English people more than ever, and made the very convents sell their plate and valuables to supply him with the means to make the purchase. But he was as quick and eager in putting down revolt as he was in raising

money; for, a part of the Norman people objecting — very naturally, I think — to being sold in this way, he headed an army against them with all the speed and energy of his father. He was so impatient, that he embarked for Normandy in a great gale of wind. And when the sailors told him it was dangerous to go to sea in such angry weather, he replied, "Hoist sail and away! Did you ever hear of a king who was drowned?"

You will wonder how it was that even the careless Robert came to sell his dominions. It happened thus. It had long been the custom for many English people to make journeys to Jerusalem, which were called pilgrimages, in order that they might pray beside the tomb of our Saviour there. Jerusalem belonging to the Turks, and the Turks hating Christianity, these Christian travelers were often insulted and ill-used. The Pilgrims bore it patiently for some time, but at length a remarkable man, of great earnestness and eloquence, called Peter the Hermit, began to preach in various places against the Turks, and to declare that it was the duty of good Christians to drive away those unbelievers from the tomb of our Saviour, and to take possession of it, and protect it. An excitement such as the world had never known before was created. Thousands and thousands of men of all ranks and conditions departed for Jerusalem to make war against the Turks. The war is called in history the First Crusade, and every crusader wore a cross marked on his right shoulder.

All the crusaders were not zealous Christians. Among them were vast numbers of the restless, idle, profligate, and adventurous spirits of the time. Some became crusaders for the love of change; some, in the hope of

plunder; some, because they had nothing to do at home; some, because they did what the priests told them; some, because they liked to see foreign countries; some, because they were fond of knocking men about, and would as soon knock a Turk about as a Christian. Robert of Normandy may have been influenced by all these motives; and by a kind desire, besides, to save the Christian pilgrims from bad treatment in future. He wanted to raise a number of armed men, and to go to the crusade. He could not do so without money. He had no money; and he sold his dominions to his brother, the Red King, for five years. With the large sum he thus obtained, he fitted out his crusaders gallantly, and went away to Jerusalem in martial state. The Red King, who made money out of everything, stayed at home, busily squeezing more money out of Normans and English.

After three years of great hardship and suffering — from shipwreck at sea; from travel in strange lands; from hunger, thirst, and fever, upon the burning sands of the desert; and from the fury of the Turks — the valiant crusaders got possession of our Saviour's tomb. The Turks were still resisting and fighting bravely, but this success increased the general desire in Europe to join the crusade. Another great French duke was proposing to sell his dominions for a term to the rich Red King, when the Red King's reign came to a sudden and violent end.

You have not forgotten the New Forest which the Conqueror made, and which the miserable people whose homes he had laid waste, so hated. The cruelty of the forest laws, and the torture and death they brought

upon the peasantry, increased this hatred. The poor persecuted country people believed that the New Forest was enchanted. They said that in thunderstorms, and on dark nights, demons appeared, moving beneath the branches of the gloomy trees. They said that a terrible specter had foretold to Norman hunters that the Red King should be punished there. And now, in the pleasant season of May, when the Red King had reigned almost thirteen years; and a second prince of the Conqueror's blood — another Richard, the son of Duke Robert — was killed by an arrow in this dreaded forest; the people said that the second time was not the last, and that there was another death to come.

It was a lonely forest, accursed in the people's hearts for the wicked deeds that had been done to make it; and no man save the king and his courtiers and huntsmen, liked to stray there. But, in reality, it was like any other forest. In the spring, the green leaves broke out of the buds; in the summer, flourished heartily, and made deep shade; in the winter, shriveled and blew down, and lay in brown heaps on the moss. Some trees were stately, and grew high and strong; some had fallen of themselves; some were felled by the forester's axe; some were hollow, and the rabbits burrowed at their roots; some few were struck by lightning, and stood white and bare. There were hill-sides covered with rich fern, on which the morning dew so beautifully sparkled; there were brooks, where the deer went down to drink, or over which the whole herd bounded, flying from the arrows of the huntsmen; there were sunny glades, and solemn places where but little light came through the rustling leaves. The songs of the birds in the New

Forest were pleasanter to hear than the shouts of fighting men outside; and even when the Red King and his court came hunting through its solitudes, cursing loud and riding hard, with a jingling of stirrups and bridles and knives and daggers, they did much less harm there than among the English or Normans, and the stags died (as they lived) far easier than the people.

Upon a day in August, the Red King, now reconciled to his brother, Fine-Scholar, came with a great train to hunt in the New Forest. Fine-Scholar was of the party. They were a merry party, and had lain all night at Malwood-Keep, a hunting-lodge in the forest, where they had made good cheer, both at supper and breakfast, and had drunk a deal of wine. The party dispersed in various directions, as the custom of hunters then was. The king took with him only Sir Walter Tyrrel, who was a famous sportsman, and to whom he had given, before they mounted horse that morning, two fine arrows.

The last time the king was ever seen alive, he was riding with Sir Walter Tyrrel, and their dogs were hunting together.

It was almost night, when a poor charcoal-burner, passing through the forest with his cart, came upon the solitary body of a dead man, shot with an arrow in the breast, and still bleeding. He got it into his cart. It was the body of the king. Shaken and tumbled, with its red beard all whitened with lime and clotted with blood, it was driven in the cart by the charcoal-burner next day to Winchester Cathedral, where it was received and buried.

Sir Walter Tyrrel, who escaped to Normandy, and claimed the protection of the King of France, swore in

France that the Red King was suddenly shot dead by an arrow from an unseen hand, while they were hunting together; that he was fearful of being suspected as the king's murderer; and that he instantly set spurs to his horse, and fled to the seashore. Others declared that the king and Sir Walter Tyrrel were hunting in company, a little before sunset, standing in bushes opposite one another, when a stag came between them. That the king drew his bow and took aim, but the string broke. That the king then cried, "Shoot, Walter, in the Devil's name!" That Sir Walter shot. That the arrow glanced against a tree, was turned aside from the stag, and struck the king from his horse, dead.

By whose hand the Red King really fell, and whether that hand dispatched the arrow to his breast by accident or by design, is only known to God. Some think his brother may have caused him to be killed; but the Red King had made so many enemies, both among priests and people, that suspicion may reasonably rest upon a less unnatural murderer. Men know no more than that he was found dead in the New Forest, which the suffering people had regarded as a doomed ground for his race.

THE WHITE SHIP

[1120]

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

[Henry I, second living son of the Conqueror, became King of England in 1120, and he succeeded in also gaining possession of Normandy. He had made great plans for his only son William, who was to be his successor, but in 1120 the White Ship, on which this young Prince William was sailing from Normandy to England, was wrecked and he with "all his fellowship" was lost.

The Editor.]

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
    (*Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
    (*The sea hath no king but God alone.*)
King Henry held it as life's whole gain
That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,
And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,
And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast
"Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one
He had struck to crown himself and his son;
And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,
The poor flung ploughshares on his road,
And shrieked: "Our cry is from king to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land
Had knelt and kissed the prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France
To claim the Norman allegiance.

And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'T was sworn and sealed, and the day had come
When the king and the prince might journey home.

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,
And Christmas now was drawing near.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the king, —
A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the king, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father's foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command
O'er every rood of English land!'

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
Your father's son and his grandson too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay,
From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears,
And with fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the king: "My ships are chosen each one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The king set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I Berold was the meanest hind
In all that train to the prince assign'd.

The prince was a lawless, shameless youth;
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And the Devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the waterway.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the prince cried, "Friends, 't is the hour to sing!
Is a songbird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

THE WHITE SHIP

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'T is said that afar — a shrill, strange sigh —
The king's ships heard it, and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great king's heir for the waves to whelm,
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierced:

And like the moil round a sinking cup
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea 's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I?"
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'T was then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all
As a fly cleaves to a chamber-wall.

I, Berold, was clinging anear;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

THE WHITE SHIP

The prince that was and the king to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee
And maugre the Norman fealty!

He was a prince of lust and pride;
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be king, he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plough.
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.*)
'T was a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no king but God alone.*)

And now the end came o'er the waters' womb
Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,
The White Ship sundered on the mid-main:

And what were men and what was a ship
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I, Berold, was down in the sea;
And passing strange though the thing may be,
Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand
When morning lights the sails to land:

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam
When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat
When the Body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 't was the sea did seem,
And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,
And the deep shuddered and the moon shone,

And in a strait grasp my arms did span
The mainyard rent from the mast where it ran;
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea-sky,
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,
And son am I to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son,
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town."

Then cried we upon God's name, as we
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o'er the wave,
And we said, "Thank God! us three may He save!"

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

He clung, and "What of the prince?" quoth he.
"Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on me!"
And loosed his hold and sank through the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space
We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son
Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength 's foredone!

"O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"
"Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,
And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea
Like an angel's wing that beat tow'rds me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;
Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,
Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher-boat.

ENGLAND

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim
As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,
Who charged me, till the shrift were releas'd,
That I should keep it in mine own breast.

And with the priest I thence did fare
To King Henry's court at Winchester.

We spoke with the king's high chamberlain,
And he wept and mourned again and again,
As if his own son had been slain:

And round us ever there crowded fast
Great men with faces all aghast:

And who so bold that might tell the thing
Which now they knew to their lord the king:
Much woe I learnt in their communing.

The king had watched with a heart sore stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third:

And still to all his court would he say,
"What keeps my son so long away?"

And they said: "The ports lie far and wide
That skirt the swell of the English tide;

"And England's cliffs are not more white
Than her women are, and scarce so light
Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright;

"And in some port that he reached from France
The prince has lingered for his pleasaunce."

But once the king asked: "What distant cry
Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"

And one said: "With such-like shouts, pardie!
Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."

And one: "Who knows not the shrieking quest
When the sea-mew misses its young from the nest?"

'T was thus till now they had soothed his dread,
Albeit they knew not what they said:

But who should speak to-day of the thing
That all knew there except the king?

Then pondering much they found a way,
And met round the king's high seat that day:

And the king sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'T was then through the hall the king was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in spring,
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

Nothing was heard but his foot through the hall,
For now the lords were silent all.

And the king wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?

"Why, sweetheart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the king's face.

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.

There 's many an hour must needs beguile
A king's high heart that he should smile, —

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign: —
But this king never smiled again.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.*)
'T was a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no king but God alone.*)

THE ESCAPE OF MAUDE FROM THE CASTLE AT OXFORD

[About 1140]

BY A. D. CRAKE

[AFTER the loss of his son in the wreck of the White Ship, Henry I induced his chief men to swear that at his death they would make his daughter Matilda or Maude ruler of England. But Matilda married a Frenchman, and the chief men declared that this freed them from their oath. The crown was given to Stephen, a grandson of the Conqueror. He proved to be a weak sovereign, and Matilda made constant efforts to gain the throne. The scene of the following story is laid at her refuge, the castle at Oxford, which the forces of Stephen were besieging.

The Editor.]

THE castle of Oxford was one of the great strongholds of the Midlands. Its walls and bastions inclosed a large area, whereon stood the Church of St. George. On one side was the Mound, thrown up in far earlier days than those of which we write, by Ethelflæda, sister of Alfred, and near it the huge tower of Robert d'Oyley, which still survives, a stern and silent witness of the unquiet past. In an upper chamber of that tower was the present apartment of the warlike lady, alike the descendant of Alfred and the Conqueror, and the unlike daughter of the sainted Queen Margaret of Scotland. And there she sat, at the time when Osric met Alain at Iffley Church, impatiently awaiting the return of her favorite squire,

for such was Alain, whose youthful comeliness and gallant bearing had won her heart.

"He tarries long: he cometh not," she said. "Tell me, my Edith, how long has he been gone?"

"Scarce three hours, madam, and he has many dangers to encounter. Perchance he may never return."

"Now the Saints confound thy boding tongue."

"Madam!"

"Why, forsooth should he be unfortunate? so active, so brave, so sharp of wit."

"I only mean that he is mortal."

"So are we all — but dost thou, therefore, expect to die to-day?"

"Father Herluin says we all should live as if we did, madam."

"You will wear my life out. Well, yes, a convent will be the best place for thee."

"Nay, madam."

"Hold thy peace, if thou canst say nought but 'nay,'" said the irascible Domina.

Her temper, her irritability and impatience, had alienated many from her cause. Perchance it would have alienated Alain like the rest, only he was a favorite, and she was seldom sharp with him.

How like her father she was in her bearing! even in her undress, for she wore only a thick woolen robe, stained, by the art of the dyers, in colors as various as those of the robe Jacob made for Joseph. Sometimes it flew open, and displayed an inner vesture of rich texture, bound round with a golden zone or girdle; and around her head, confining her luxuriant hair, was a circlet of like precious metal, which did duty for a diadem.

Little of her sainted mother was there in the empress queen; far more of her stern grandfather, the Conqueror.

The chamber, of irregular dimensions, was lighted by narrow loopholes. There was a hearth and a chimney, and a brazier of wood and charcoal burned brightly. Even then the air was cold, for it was many degrees below the freezing point, not that they as yet knew how to measure the temperature.

She sat and glowered at the grate, as the light departed, and the winter night set in, dark and gloomy. More than once she approached the windows, or loopholes, and looked upon the ruined city in the chill and intermittent moonlight.

It was nearly *all* in ruins. Here and there a church tower rose intact; here and there a lordly dwelling; but fire and sword had swept it. Neither party regarded the sufferings of the poor. Sometimes the besiegers made a fire in sport, and warmed themselves by the blaze of a burgher's dwelling, nor recked how far it spread. Sometimes, as we have said, the besieged made a sally, and set fire to the buildings which sheltered their foes. Whichever prevailed, the citizens suffered; but little recked their oppressors.

From her elevated chamber Maude could see the watchfires of the foe in a wide circle around, but she was accustomed to the sight, tired of it, in fact, and her one desire was to escape to Wallingford, a far more commodious and stronger castle.

In Fredeswide, of which she could discern the towers, which as yet had escaped the conflagration, were the headquarters of her rival, who was living there at ease on

the fat of the land, such fat as was left, at the expense of the monastic community. And while she gazed, she clenched her dainty fist, and shook it at the unheeding Stephen, while she muttered unwomanly imprecations.

And while she was thus engaged, they brought up her supper. It consisted of a stew of bones, which had already been well stripped of their flesh at "the noonmeat."

"We are reduced to bones, and shall soon be nought but bones ourselves; but our gallant defenders, I fear, fare worse. Here, Edith, Hilda, bring your spoons and take your share."

And with small wooden spoons they dipped into the royal dish.

A step on the stairs and the chamberlain knocked, and at her bidding entered. "Lady, the gallant page has returned; how he entered I know not."

"He is unharmed?"

"Scatheless, by the favor of God and St. Martin."

"Let him enter at once."

And Alain appeared.

"My gallant squire, how hast thou fared? I feared for thee."

"They keep bad watch. A rope lowered me to the stream: I crossed, and seeking covered ways, gat me to Iffley, and in like fashion returned. I bear good news, lady! Thy gallant brother of Gloucester, and the prince, thy son, have landed in England, and will meet thee at Wallingford."

"Thank God!" said Maude. "My Henry, my royal boy, I shall see thee again. With such hope to cheer a

mother's heart, I can dare anything. Well hast thou earned our thanks, my Alain, my gallant squire."

"The Lord of Wallingford will send a troop of horse to scout on the road between Abingdon and Oxford to-morrow night, the Eve of St. Thomas."

"We will meet them if possible — if it be in human power."

"The river is free — all other roads are blocked."

"But hast thou considered the difficulties of descent?"

"They are great, lady: it was easy for me to descend by the rope, but for thee, alas, that my queen should need such expedients!"

"It is better than starvation. We are reduced to bones, as thou seest; but thou art hungry and faint. Let me order a basin of this savory stew for thee; it is all we have to offer."

"What is good enough for my empress and queen is good enough for her faithful servants; but I may not eat in thy presence."

"Nay, scruple not; famine effaces distinctions."

Thus encouraged, Alain did not allow his scruples to interfere further with his appetite, and partook heartily of the stew of bones, in which, forsooth, the water and meal were in undue proportion to the meat.

The meal dispatched, the empress sent Alain to summon the Earl of Oxford, Robert d'Oyley, to her presence. He was informed of the arrival of the earl and the prince, and the plan of escape was discussed.

All the ordinary avenues of the castle were watched so closely that extraordinary expedients were necessary, and the only feasible mode of escape appeared to be the

difficult road which Alain had used successfully, both in leaving and returning to the beleaguered fortress.

A branch of the Isis washed the walls of the tower. It was frozen hard. To descend by ropes upon it in the darkness, and cross to the opposite side of the stream, appeared the only mode of egress.

But for a lady — the Lady of England — was it possible? Was it not utterly unworthy of her dignity?

She put this objection aside like a cobweb.

"Canst thou hold out the castle much longer?"

"At the most another week; our provisions are nearly exhausted. This was our last meal of flesh, of which I see the bones before me," replied the Lord of Oxford.

"Then if I remain, thou must still surrender?"

"Surrender is inevitable, lady."

"Then sooner would I infringe my dignity by dangling from a rope, than become the prisoner of the foul usurper Stephen, and the laughing-stock of his traitorous barons."

"Sir Ingelric of Huntercombe and two other knights, besides thy gallant page, volunteer to accompany thee, lady."

"And for thyself?"

"I must remain to the last, and share the fortunes of my vassals. Without me, they would find scant mercy from the usurpers."

"Then to-morrow night, ere the moon rise, the attempt shall be made."

And the conference broke up.

. . . .

It was a night of wildering snow, dark and gloomy.

The soft, dry, powdery material found its way in at each crevice, and the wind made the tapestry, which hung on the walls of the presence chamber of the "Lady Maude," oscillate to and fro with each blast.

Robert d'Oyley was alone in deep consultation with his royal mistress.

"Then if I can escape, thou wilt surrender?"

"Nought else is to be done; we are starving."

"They will burn the castle."

"There is little to burn, and I hardly think they will attempt that: it will be useful to them when in their hands."

"It is near the midnight hour: the attempt must be made. Now summon young Alain and my faithful knights."

They entered at the summons, each clothed in fine mail, with a white tunic above it. The empress bid adieu to her handmaidens, who had clad her in a thick white cloak to match: they wept and wailed, but she gently chid them: —

"We have suffered worse things: the coffin and hearse in which we left Devizes were more ghastly; and God will give an end to these troubles also: fear not, we are prepared to go through with it."

A small door was opened in the thickness of the wall; it led to the roof, over a lower portion of the buildings beneath the shadow of the tower; and the knights, with Alain and their lady, stood on the snow-covered summit.

Not long did they hesitate. The river beneath was frozen hard; it lay silent and still in its ice-bound sepulchre. The darkness was penetrated by the light of the watch-fires in all directions: they surrounded the

town on all sides, save the one they had not thought it necessary to guard against. There was a fire and doubtless a watch over the bridge, which stood near the actual site of the present Folly Bridge. There was a watch across Hythe Bridge; there was another on the ruins of the castle mill, which Earl Algar had held, under the Domesday survey; another at the principal entrance of the castle, which led from the city. But the extreme cold of the night had driven the majority of the besiegers to seek shelter in the half-ruined churches, which, long attuned to the sweet melody of bells and psalmody, had now become the bivouacs of profane soldiers.

The Countess Edith, the wife of Robert d'Oyley, now appeared, shivering in the keen air, and took an affectionate leave of the empress, while her teeth chattered the while. A true woman, she shared her husband's fortunes for weal or woe, and had endured the horrors of the siege. Ropes were brought — Alain glided down one to the ice, and held it firm. Another rope was passed beneath the armpits of the Lady Maude. She grasped another in her gloved hand, to steady her descent.

"Farewell, true and trusty friend," she said to Robert of Oxford; "had all been as faithful as thou, I had never been brought to this pass; if they hurt thy head, they shall pay with a life for every hair it contains."

Then she stepped over the battlements.

For one moment she gave a womanly shudder at the sight of the blackness below; then yielding herself to the care of her trusty knights and shutting her eyes, she was lowered safely to the surface of the frozen stream, while young Alain steadied the rope below. At last her feet touched the ice.

"Am I on the ground?"

"On the ice, Domina."

One after another the three knights followed her, and they descended the stream until it joined the main river at a farm called "The Wick," which formerly belonged to one Ermenold, a citizen of Oxford, immortalized in the abbey records of Abingdon for his munificence to that community.

Now they had crossed the main channel in safety, not far below the present railway bridge, and landing, struck out boldly for the outskirts of Bagley, where the promised escort was to have met them. But in the darkness and the snow, they lost their direction, and came at last over the frozen fields to Kennington, where they indistinctly saw two or three lights through the fast-falling snow, but dared not approach them, fearing foes.

Vainly they strove to recover the track. The country was all alike — all buried beneath one ghastly winding-sheet. The snow still fell; the air was calm and keen; the breath froze on the mufflers of the lady. Onward they trudged, for to hesitate was death; once or twice that ghastly inclination to lie down and sleep was felt.

"If I could only lie down for one half hour!" said Maude.

"You would never wake again, lady," said Bertram of Wallingford; "we *must* move on."

"Nay, I must sleep."

"For thy son's sake," whispered Alain; and she persevered.

"Ah! here is the river; take care."

They had nearly fallen into a diversion of the stream at Sandford; but they followed the course of the river,

until they reached Radley, and then they heard the distant bell of the famous abbey ringing for matins, which were said in the small hours of the night.

Here they found some kind of track made by the passage of cattle, which had been driven towards the town, and followed it until they saw the lights of the abbey dimly through the gloom.

Spent, exhausted with their toil, they entered the precincts of the monastery, on the bed of the stream which, diverging from the main course a mile above the town, turned the abbey mills and formed one of its boundaries. Thus they avoided detention at the gateway of the town, for they ascended from the stream within the monastery "pleasaunce."

The grand church loomed out of the darkness; its windows were dimly lighted. The Matins of St. Thomas were being sung, and the solemn strains reached the ears of the weary travelers outside. The outer door of the nave was unfastened, for the benefit of the laity, who cared more for devotion than their beds, like the mother of the famous St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, a century later, who used to attend these matins nightly.

Our present party entered from a different motive. It was a welcome shelter, and they sank upon an oaken bench within the door, while the solemn sound of the Gregorian psalmody rolled on in the choir. Alain meanwhile hastened to the hospitium to seek aid for the royal guest; which he was told he would find in a hostel outside the gates, for although they allowed female attendance at worship, they could not entertain women; it was contrary to their rule — royal although the guest might be.

THE CASTLE-BUILDERS OF THE REIGN OF STEPHEN

[1135–1154]

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE

When the traitors perceived that he was a mild man, and a soft, and a good, and that he did not enforce justice, they did all wonder. They had done homage to him, and sworn oaths, but they no faith kept; all became forsworn, and broke their allegiance, for every rich man built his castles, and defended them against him, and they filled the land full of castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched peoples by making them work at these castles, and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, seizing both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented as these were. They hung some up by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; some by their thumbs, or by the head, and they hung burning things on their feet. They put a knotted string about their heads, and twisted it till it went into the brain. They put them into dungeons wherein were adders and snakes and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a crucet-house, that is, into a chest that was short and narrow, and not deep, and they put sharp stones in it, and crushed the man therein so that they

broke all his limbs. There were hateful and grim things called Sachenteges in many of the castles, and which two or three men had enough to do to carry. The Sachentege was made thus: it was fastened to a beam, having a sharp iron to go round a man's throat and neck, so that he might no ways sit, nor lie, nor sleep, but that he must bear all the iron. Many thousands they exhausted with hunger. I cannot and I may not tell of all the wounds, and all the tortures that they inflicted upon the wretched men of this land; and this state of things lasted the nineteen years that Stephen was king, and ever grew worse and worse. They were continually levying an exaction from the towns, which they called Tenserie[1] and when the miserable inhabitants had no more to give, then plundered they, and burnt all the towns, so that well thou mightest walk a whole day's journey nor ever shouldest thou find a man seated in a town, or its lands tilled.

Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land — wretched men starved with hunger — some lived on alms who had been erewhile rich: some fled the country — never was there more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. At length they spared neither church nor churchyard, but they took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbats, nor of priests; but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered his neighbor as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, and thought that they were rob-

[1] A payment to the superior lord for protection.

bers. The bishops and clergy were ever cursing them, but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed, and forsworn, and reprobate. The earth bare no corn, you might as well have tilled the sea, for the land was all ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept. These things, and more than we can say, did we suffer during nineteen years.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE KING AND THE ARCHBISHOP

[1162–1170]

BY JOHN LORD

THE reign of Henry II, during which Becket's memorable career took place, was an important one. He united, through his mother Matilda, the blood of the old Saxon kings with that of the Norman dukes. He was the first truly English sovereign who had sat on the throne since the Conquest. In his reign (1154–1189) the blending of the Norman and Saxon races was effected. Villages and towns rose around the castles of great Norman nobles and the cathedrals and abbeys of Norman ecclesiastics. Ultimately these towns obtained freedom. London became a great city with more than a hundred churches. The castles, built during the disastrous civil wars of Stephen's usurped reign, were demolished. Peace and order were restored by a legitimate central power.

Between the young monarch of twenty-two and Thomas, as a favorite of Theobald and as Archdeacon of Canterbury, an intimacy sprang up. Henry II was the most powerful sovereign of western Europe, since he was not only King of England, but had inherited in France Anjou and Touraine from his father, and Normandy and Maine from his mother. By his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, he gained seven other provinces as her dower. The dominions of Louis were not half so great as his, even in France. And Henry was

not only a powerful sovereign by his great territorial possessions, but also for his tact and ability. He saw the genius of Becket and made him his chancellor, loading him with honors and perquisites and Church benefices.

The power of Becket as chancellor was very great, since he was prime minister, and the civil administration of the kingdom was chiefly entrusted to him, embracing nearly all the functions now performed by the various members of the Cabinet. As chancellor he rendered great services. He effected a decided improvement in the state of the country; it was freed from robbers and bandits, and brought under dominion of the law. He depressed the power of the feudal nobles; he appointed the most deserving people to office; he repaired the royal palaces, increased the royal revenues, and promoted agricultural industry. He seems to have pursued a peace policy. But he was unscrupulous and grasping. His style of life when chancellor was for that age magnificent: Wolsey, in after times, scarcely excelled him. His dress was as rich as barbaric taste could make it, — for the more barbarous the age, the more gorgeous is the attire of great dignitaries. "The hospitalities of the chancellor were unbounded. He kept seven hundred horsemen completely armed. The harnesses of his horses were embossed with gold and silver. The most powerful nobles sent their sons to serve in his household as pages; and nobles and knights waited in his antechamber. There never passed a day when he did not make rich presents." His expenditure was enormous. He rivaled the king in magnificence. His sideboard was loaded with vessels of gold and silver.

He was doubtless ostentatious, but his hospitality was free, and his person was as accessible as a primitive bishop. He is accused of being light and frivolous; but this I doubt. He had too many cares and duties for frivolity. He doubtless unbent. All men loaded down with labors must unbend somewhere. It was nothing against him that he told good stories at the royal table, or at his own, surrounded by earls and barons. These relaxations preserved in him elasticity of mind, without which the greatest genius soon becomes a hack, a plodding piece of mechanism, a stupid lump of learned dullness. But he was stained by no vices or excesses. He was a man of indefatigable activity, and all his labors were in the service of the Crown, to which, as chancellor, he was devoted, body and soul.

Is it strange that such a man should have been offered the See of Canterbury on the death of Theobald? He had been devoted to his royal master and friend; he enjoyed rich livings, and was Archdeacon of Canterbury; he had shown no opposition to the royal will. Moreover Henry wanted an able man for that exalted post, in order to carry out his schemes of making himself independent of priestly influence and papal interference.

So Becket was made archbishop and primate of the English Church at the age of forty-four, the clergy of the province acquiescing, — perhaps with secret complaints, for he was not even a priest; merely deacon, and the minister of an unscrupulous king. He was ordained priest only just before receiving the primacy, and for that purpose.

Nothing in England could exceed the dignity of the

See of Canterbury. Even the bishopric of York was subordinate. Becket as metropolitan of the English Church was second in rank only to the king himself. He could depose any ecclesiastic in the realm. He had the exclusive privilege of crowning the king. His decisions were final, except on appeal to Rome. No one dared disobey his mandates, for the law of clerical obedience was one of the fundamental ideas of the age. Through his clergy, over whom his power was absolute, he controlled the people. His law courts had cognizance of questions which the royal courts could not interfere with. No ecclesiastical dignitary in Europe was his superior, except the Pope. . . .

Becket was no sooner ordained priest and consecrated as archbishop than he changed his habits. He became as austere as Lanfranc. He laid aside his former ostentation. He clothed himself in sackcloth; he mortified his body with fasts and laceration; he associated only with the pious and the learned; he frequented the cloisters and places of meditation; he received into his palace the needy and the miserable; he washed the feet of thirteen beggars every day; he conformed to the standard of piety in his age; he called forth the admiration of his attendants by his devotion to clerical duties. "He was," says Fitz-Stephen, "a second Moses entering the tabernacle at the accepted time for the contemplation of his God, and going out from it in order to perform some work of piety to his neighbor. He was like one of God's angels on the ladder, whose top reached the heavens, now descending to lighten the wants of men, now ascending to behold the divine majesty and the splendor of the Heavenly One. His prime councilor

was reason, which ruled his passions as a mistress guides her servants. Under her guidance he was conducted to virtue, which, wrapped up in itself, and embracing everything within itself, never looks forward for anything additional."

This is the testimony of his biographer, and has not been explained away or denied, although it is probably true that Becket did not purge the corruptions of the Church, or punish the disorders and vices of the clergy, as Hildebrand did. But I only speak of his private character. I admit that he was no reformer. He was simply the High Churchman aiming to secure the ascendance of the spiritual power. Becket is not immortal for his reforms, or his theological attainments, but for his intrepidity, his courage, his devotion to his cause, — a hero, and not a man of progress; a man who fought a fight. It should be the aim of an historian to show for what he was distinguished; to describe his warfare, not to abuse him because he was not a philosopher and reformer. He lived in the twelfth century.

One of the first things which opened the eyes of the king was the resignation of the chancellor. The king doubtless made him primate of the English hierarchy in order that he might combine both offices. But they were incompatible, unless Becket was willing to be the unscrupulous tool of the king in everything. Of course Henry could not long remain the friend of the man who he thought had duped him. Before a year had passed, his friendship was turned to secret but bitter enmity. Nor was it long before an event occurred, — a small matter, — which brought the king and the prelate into open collision.

The matter was this: A young nobleman, who held a clerical office, committed a murder. As an ecclesiastic, he was brought before the court of the Bishop of Lincoln, and was sentenced to pay a small fine. But public justice was not satisfied, and the sheriff summoned the canon, who refused to plead before him. The matter was referred to the king, who insisted that the murderer should be tried in the civil court, — that a sacred profession should not screen a man who had committed a crime against society. While the king had, as we think, justice on his side, yet in this matter he interfered with the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts, which had been in force since Constantine. Theodosius and Justinian had confirmed the privilege of the Church, on the ground that the irregularities of a body of men devoted to the offices of religion should be veiled from the common eye; so that ecclesiastics were sometimes protected when they should be punished. But if the ecclesiastical courts had abuses, they were generally presided over by good and wise men, — more learned than the officers of the civil courts, and very popular in the Middle Ages; and justice in them was generally administered. So much were they valued in a dark age, when the clergy were the most learned men of their times, that much business came gradually to be transacted in them which previously had been settled in the civil courts, — as tithes, testaments, breaches of contract, perjuries, and questions pertaining to marriage. But Henry did not like these courts, and was determined to weaken their jurisdiction, and transfer their power to his own courts, in order to strengthen his royal authority. Enlightened jurists and historians in our times here sympathize with

Henry. High Church ecclesiastics defend the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts, since they upheld the power of the Church, so useful in the Middle Ages. The king began the attack where the spiritual courts were weakest, — protection afforded to clergymen accused of crime. So he assembled a council of bishops and barons to meet him at Westminster. The bishops at first were inclined to yield to the king, but Becket gained them over, and would make no concession. He stood up for the privileges of his order. It was neither justice nor right which he defended, but his Church, at all hazards, — not her doctrines, but her prerogatives. He would present a barrier against royal encroachments, even if they were for the welfare of the realm. He would defend the independence of the clergy, and their power, — perhaps as an offset to royal power. In his rigid defense of the privileges of the clergy we see the churchman, not the statesman; we see the antagonist, not the ally, of the king. Henry was of course enraged. Who can wonder? He was bearded by his former favorite, — by one of his subjects.

[The contest continued. The king desired the bishops to sign the "Constitutions of Clarendon," resolutions which gave to the king instead of the Church the right to punish clergymen, forbade that any officer or tenant of the king should be excommunicated without his permission, and, in short, gave to the king much power that had previously been in the hands of the Church. Becket at first agreed to sign the Constitutions, "saving the honor of his order"; but eventually refused. At length he left the kingdom.]

But Henry was weary with the struggle, and Becket was tired of exile, — never pleasant, even if voluntary.

Moreover, the prelate had gained the moral victory, even as Hildebrand did when the Emperor of Germany stooped as a suppliant in the fortress of Canossa. The King of England had virtually yielded to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Perhaps Becket felt that his mission was accomplished; that he had done the work for which he was raised up. Wearied, sickened with the world, disgusted with the Pope, despising his bishops, perhaps he was willing to die. He had a presentiment that he should die as a martyr. So had the French king and his prelates. But Becket longed to return to his church and celebrate the festivities of Christmas. So he made up his mind to return to England, "although I know of a truth," he said, "I shall meet my passion there." Before embarking he made a friendly and parting visit to the King of France, and then rode to the coast with an escort of one hundred horsemen. As Dover was guarded by the king's retainers, who might harm him, he landed at Sandwich, his own town. The next day he set out for Canterbury, after an absence of seven years. The whole population lined the road, strewed it with flowers, and rent the air with songs. Their beloved archbishop had returned. On reaching Canterbury he went directly to his cathedral and seated himself on his throne, and the monks came and kissed him, with tears in their eyes. One Herbert said, "Christ has conquered; Christ is now King!"

From Canterbury Becket made a sort of triumphal progress through the kingdom, with the pretense of paying a visit to the young king at Woodstock, — exciting rather than allaying the causes of discord, scattering his excommunications, still haughty, restless, im-

placable; so that the court became alarmed, and ordered him to return to his diocese. He obeyed, as he wished to celebrate Christmas at home; and ascending his long-neglected pulpit preached, according to Michelet, from this singular text: "I am come to die in the midst of you."

Henry at this time was on the Continent, and was greatly annoyed at the reports of Becket's conduct which reached him. Then there arrived three bishops whom the primate had excommunicated, with renewed complaints and grievances, assuring him there would be no peace so long as Becket lived. Henry was almost wild with rage and perplexity. What could he do? He dared not execute the archbishop, as Henry VIII would have done. In his age the prelate was almost as powerful as the king. Violence to his person was the last thing to do, for this would have involved the king in war with the adherents of the Pope, and would have entailed an excommunication. Still, the supremest desire of Henry's soul was to get Becket out of the way. So, yielding to an impulse of passion, he said to his attendants, "Is there no one to relieve me from the insults of this low-born and turbulent priest?"

Among these attendants were four courtiers or knights, of high birth and large estates, who, hearing these reproachful words, left the court at once, crossed the Channel, and repaired to the castle of Sir Ranulf de Broc, the great enemy of Becket, who had molested him in innumerable ways. Some friendly person contrived to acquaint Becket with his danger, to whom he paid no heed, knowing it very well himself. He knew he was to die; and resolved to die bravely.

The four armed knights, meanwhile, on the 29th of December, rode with an escort to Canterbury, dined at the Augustinian abbey, and entered the courtyard of the archbishop's palace as Becket had finished his midday meal and had retired to an inner room with his chaplain and a few intimate friends. They then entered the hall and sought the archbishop, who received them in silence. Sir Reginald Fitzurst then broke the silence with these words: "We bring you the commands of the king beyond the sea, that you repair without delay to the young king's presence and swear allegiance. And further, he commands you to absolve the bishops you have excommunicated." On Becket's refusal, the knight continued: "Since you will not obey, the royal command is that you and your clergy forthwith depart from the realm, never more to return." Becket angrily declared he would never again leave England. The knights then sprung to their feet and departed, enjoining the attendants to prevent the escape of Becket, who exclaimed: "Do you think I shall fly, then? Neither for the king nor any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die."

He sought, however, the shelter of his cathedral, as the vesper bell summoned him to prayer, — followed by the armed knights, with a company of men-at-arms, driving before them a crowd of monks. The archbishop was standing on the steps of the choir, beyond the central pillar, which reached to the roof of the cathedral, in the dim light shed by the candles of the altars, so that only the outline of his noble figure could be seen, when the knights closed around him, and Fitzurst seized him, — perhaps meaning to drag him away as a

prisoner to the king, or outside the church before dispatching him. Becket cried, "Touch me not, thou abominable wretch!" at the same time hurling Tracy, another of the knights, to the ground, who, rising, wounded him in the head with his sword. The archbishop then bent his neck to the assassins, exclaiming, "I am prepared to die for Christ and his Church."

Such was the murder of Becket, — a martyr, as he has been generally regarded, for the liberties of the Church; but, according to some, justly punished for presumptuous opposition to his sovereign.

THE STORY OF JOHN LACKLAND

[1199–1216]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Richard had left no children, and now John, youngest son of Henry II, became king, though no one really wished to have him for a ruler. A brother older than John had left a boy, named Arthur, for King Arthur of the Round Table, but he was only twelve years old, and the chief men of England were afraid that there would be war if a child was on the throne. John was jealous of Arthur, and in three or four years the boy disappeared so suddenly that people felt sure that John had murdered him.

It had long been the custom for the King of France to be a sort of overlord of the French lands of the Duke of Normandy, though sometimes the duke was the more powerful of the two men. Philip now sent a formal summons to John, as Duke of Normandy and therefore vassal of the French king, to appear before the French court to answer for the murder of Arthur; and as he did not come, Philip punished him by taking possession of more than half of the English king's lands in France. It is perhaps because of this that John received his nickname of "Lackland."

John's next trouble was with the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury had died, and it was a question whether the man that the king chose or the man that the Pope chose should have the position. The Pope's

choice was Stephen Langton, an upright, learned man of sound judgment and utter fearlessness of spirit. John refused to receive him. The Pope placed the kingdom under an interdict. The churches were draped with black, and their doors were closed. The dead could not be buried in consecrated ground, and no marriage could be solemnized within the walls of the church. This was the state of England for four years. Then the Pope excommunicated the king, and commissioned Philip to seize the English crown. At this, John yielded, and was ready to make any promise and pay any amount, if only he might keep his position.

Philip could have made very little trouble for John if the English king had not all this time been treating his subjects so badly that some of them began to think they would rather have Philip for a ruler, and no one knew whether they would stand by their king or not. The charters that had been given to London and to other cities John had refused to respect, and he had forced many of the barons to give him large sums of money. The Jews especially had suffered in his determination to get their wealth. There is a record that one of them had borne agonizing torture without yielding to the unjust demands of the king, and finally John ordered one of his victim's teeth to be knocked out every day until he should give up his gold. The poor man submitted, after losing a tooth every morning for seven days. John had been as rapacious with the poor as with the rich, for he would even take away a man's tools by which he earned his bread, if the man could not pay the sum demanded. Men had been put into prison and refused a trial. Indeed, the only sure way to win a case

was, not to have a just cause, but to make the king a present of money, horses, a suit of clothes, or even poultry or fish; for this king, who would extort so great sums from the rich, did not scorn the smallest trifles, if a man could be forced to give nothing more. In punishing any misdeed, he would demand as large a sum as could be forced from the man accused. He taxed people, not by any regular law, but for as much as he could get.

When Archbishop Langton came to England, John went to him to ask for absolution, or the pardon of the Church. The archbishop had learned just how John's subjects were suffering from his cruel treatment, and he boldly refused pardon until the king should promise to obey the laws of his ancestors and treat his people justly.

John promised without a moment's hesitation, but he soon showed that he had not the slightest idea of keeping his word. The fearless archbishop called together the clergy, barons, and other prominent men to meet in a church in London. When the other business of the meeting was ended, Langton told some of the barons that he had found the charter that Henry I had given to his people a century before.

The barons seemed to have forgotten all about this charter, and they were delighted to find that they had so good a weapon. "When King John sees this," said they, "he will never dare to refuse what his great-grandfather promised so long ago." Then the charter was read aloud, and there before the altar the barons and the archbishop promised one another that they would stand by their rights. These barons were much more patient than those of the days of William the

Conqueror, for they agreed to wait one year to see if the king would not improve.

The year passed, and then they again met in a church and took a solemn oath that if the king refused them justice they would make war upon him. Even after this they waited until Christmas. Then they went to John and asked him to repeat before the nation the promises that he had made to Langton when he received absolution. John was badly frightened, but he contrived to put them off till Easter. He thought that there would be some way out of the trouble by that time; but at Easter he was in an even more hopeless condition than before, for now there was a great army all ready to fight against his tyranny.

What could he do? A king who would treat his subjects so unjustly would not hesitate to deceive them; and when John found that he must yield, he sent a polite message to the barons, saying that he was willing to meet them wherever they wished and to promise them whatever they desired.

The barons requested him to come to Runnymede, a meadow on the Thames near Windsor, and there, June 15, 1215, he signed his name and affixed his seal to a piece of parchment that is now, brown, shriveled, and torn, in the British Museum. This is the famous Magna Carta, or Great Charter, and just as the charters of towns secured for them many rights, so this secured for the whole English nation the right that their ruler should treat them justly.

The people were delighted, for they hoped that John would keep his word, and that England would now be happy and peaceful; but the king went into a perfect

fury of rage. He threw the furniture about, and rolled over the floor like a madman, gnashing his teeth and biting at sticks and straws.

What were these promises which John had to sign and which, he said, made him "no longer a king but a slave"? One was that he would not delay justice or take bribes; another, that all fines for misdeeds should be fixed by law; another, that he would impose no taxes without the consent of his council; another, that he would give up his custom of seizing a large share of the property that any noble left when he died, for before this, John had been in the habit of taking as much as he chose, and if there were young children, he would take nearly all the income of the estate till the children were grown up. The most important pledge was that no free man should be imprisoned or punished in any way except by the lawful judgment of his equals. The barons on their part promised that they would treat their vassals just as they had made the king agree to treat them.

The barons feared that John would not keep his promises, so they had drawn up another paper giving them the right to take his castles and lands and annoy him by every means in their power if he broke his word. And John had to sign this too! Twenty-five overlords were specially appointed to keep watch of him. This charter was sent throughout the kingdom and was read aloud in all the churches.

John was in a fury and went off to the Isle of Wight to think what he could do to revenge himself on the barons. No one in England would help him, so he sent to the Continent and hired foreign soldiers to come over and fight for him. At first this plan seemed to be suc-

cessful, for by their aid he took several strong castles from the barons; but it was worse for him in the end, for these soldiers were so cruel and wicked that the whole English nation hated John more than ever for bringing such people into the land.

Again the barons met, and this time they were in such despair that they could think of nothing else to do but to invite the dauphin, eldest son of King Philip of France, to be their ruler. He had married John's niece, so they tried their utmost to feel that he would really be an English king. The dauphin was delighted to come, but he and his men behaved worse than the other foreign soldiers. They took possession of goods and castles, and even began to think of banishing the barons who had invited them to come.

Between John and the Frenchmen the barons hardly knew what to do, but just then John suddenly died. It is said that when he was crossing a dangerous place on the seashore, a high tide swept away quantities of the treasure that he was carrying with him, and that even his crown went under the waves. John had not been in the least penitent for the wrong that he had done his people, but he was so sorry to lose his treasure that he fell into a fever and died.

Wicked man as John was, it was an excellent thing for England that he had been its king, for if a man only half as bad had stood in his place, the barons would not have been aroused to make him sign the Great Charter. Several kings since the days of John have tried to deal unjustly with the nation, but in the end the English people have either driven them from the throne, or made them yield and keep the promises of the Charter.

VI

STORIES OF THE AGE OF RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

HISTORICAL NOTE

The ideal gentleman of the Middle Ages was the knight. To attain this eminence, a man must as a rule be well-born, and he must, as page and squire, be carefully educated in the use of arms, in riding, music, and courtesy. Having completed this course of instruction, he was made a knight with much ceremony, and was then sent out into the world with the blessing of the priest, having vowed to succor all women in distress, to right wrongs, and to maintain and defend the Church. There were numerous jousts, or combats between two, but the great joy of the knight who wished to show his prowess and do honor to his lady-love was the tournament, or combat between two parties of knights. The invitations were given far in advance, and elaborate preparations were made. When the moment had come, the heralds called out, "Come forth, knights, come forth!" Then followed a contest with as many rules as the most intricate system of etiquette could furnish. Prizes were given, and the day closed with a ball wherein not the man of highest rank, but he who had shown most valor in the contest, was the hero of the hour.

It is for these reasons that the name of Richard I has been surrounded with a blaze of glory. He rebelled against his father, he sold most offices in the gift of the Crown, and even freed, for a large sum of money, the Scottish king from his obligations of fealty. He spent a very small portion of his reign in England; but when he went on a crusade and was taken prisoner, his English subjects willingly paid his large ransom, for was he not their idol, "a verray parfit gentil knyght"?

THE TOURNAMENT OF ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCHE

[About 1194]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms, for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five

magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connexion with the knights who had undertaken this passage of arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists a gently sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large enclosed space for such knights as

might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space betwixt these galleries and the lists gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very centre of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honour, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another,

elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously, decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honour was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men-at-arms with brief ceremony; the shafts of their battle-axes and pummels of their swords being readily employed as arguments to convince the more refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness

a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title, durst not assume any higher place.

[After the arrival of Prince John the herald proclaimed the laws of the tournament, which were as follows:]

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance*, that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valour, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day,

there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands, of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight, whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull-baiting, and other popular amusements were to be practised, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavour to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off, its splendour.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit lib-

erality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honour. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of ladies — Death of champions — Honour to the generous — Glory to the brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colours, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little —

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins: the place that once knew them, knows them no more — nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies — were rather disap-

pointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed, because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangour of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of

the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown; and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured

among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds, exclaiming — "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device

on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a

fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for

the Disinherited Knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter — the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and

forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged,

but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grant-

mesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

[About 1194]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Locksley is the famous outlaw Robin Hood, who has come in disguise to witness the great tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche.

The Editor.]

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was

as well known for many miles round him as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed

their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green and scourged out of the lists with bow-strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games;

for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand

his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so suc-

cessfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! — in the clout! a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please; I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and

rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present

occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

A TRIAL BY SINGLE COMBAT

[About 1194]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[The Jewish maiden Rebecca has been accused of witchcraft and condemned to be burned at the stake. Her one chance of escape is that some one shall act as her champion and win in single contest. There was nothing unusual in this decision, for trial by combat was a customary method of deciding questions of guilt or innocence. Another method was the ordeal, one form of which was the bearing of hot irons in the naked hands a certain number of paces. The accepted belief was that God would grant safety to the innocent.

The Editor.]

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a-pie in bright armour, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing warhorse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the

best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stript of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath, and a waged slave of the Devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence,

on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous lord, and reverend father," said he, "here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden,

by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress; — here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honourable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure."

"Hath he made oath," said the Grand Master, "that his quarrel is just and honourable? Bring forward the Crucifix and the *Te igitur*."[1]

"Sir, and most reverend father," answered Malvoisin, readily, "our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good knight, Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath."

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert's great joy; for the wily knight had foreseen the great difficulty, or rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud, "Oyez, oyez, oyez. Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoine of her own body;

[1] "Thou, therefore" — a book of religious service upon which oaths were taken.

and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?" said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

"Albert de Malvoisin, it is," answered Beaumanoir; "for in this appeal to the judgment of God, we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other, which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel."

In the mean time, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: "Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when

such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!"

The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear. It was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Aye, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. This listed space — that chair — these fagots — I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal — the fearful picture of a vision, which appals my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these fagots are des-

tined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca, — dreams," answered the Templar, "idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser Sadducees. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed — on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond — mount, I say, behind me — in one short hour is pursuit and enquiry far behind — a new world of pleasure opens to thee — to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place, surrounded as I am by foes. I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy — avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue. The shades are changing on the circle of the dial. Come, brave Bois-

Guilbert, come, thou hope of our holy Order, and soon to be its head."

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain! what meanest thou by thy hand on my rein?" said Sir Brian angrily.

And, shaking off his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

"There is yet spirit in him," said Malvoisin apart to Mont-Fitchet, "were it well directed; but, like the Greek fire, it burns whatever approaches it."

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

"And reason good," said Friar Tuck, "seeing she is a Jewess, and yet, by mine Order, it is hard that so young and beautiful a creature should perish without one blow being struck in her behalf! Were she ten times a witch, provided she were but the least bit of a Christian, my quarter-staff should ring noon on the steel cap of yonder fierce Templar, ere he carried the matter off thus."

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery, and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other, that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival

had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre; remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby; remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of

Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe, in every Preceptory of thine Order, unless thou do battle without farther delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus — thus I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God — to his keeping I commend myself. Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said — "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no — no — thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man — why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued

during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice — "*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!*"[1] After the third cry he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed, that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller.*

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved. Kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed,

[1] Do your duty, brave knights.

— the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened — but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards. "*Fiat voluntas tua!*" [1]

When the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless. The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

[1] Thy will be done!

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

[Latter part of twelfth century]

[WHETHER Robin Hood was a real person or not, he figures in English history as a man outlawed for shooting the king's deer. He and his friends love the free life of the forest, and they are eager to help those who are in need. The many ballads about Robin and his men and their numerous pranks were composed to please the common folk, and they represent the feelings of the English in the early years of their forced submission to Norman rule.

The Editor.]

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
  With a hey down down and a down,
He happend to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
  For he was a lusty young man.

Tho he was calld Little, his limbs they were large,
  And his stature was seven foot high;
Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his name,
  For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
  If you will but listen a while;
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,
  I think it may cause you to smile.

Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
  Pray tarry you here in this grove;

And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his merrymen all,
And bid them at present good b'w'ye;
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chancd to espy.

They happend to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll show you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing:
The stranger replied, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offerst to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like an ass,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite thro thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.

"Thou talkst like a coward," the stranger reply'd;
"Well armd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand."

"The name of a coward," quoth Robin, "I scorn,
  Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
  The truth of thy manhood to try."

Then Robin hood stept to a thicket of trees,
  And chose him a staff of ground-oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
  To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

"Lo! see my staff, it is lusty and tough,
  Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
  The battel, and so we'll away."

"With all my whole heart," the stranger reply'd;
  "I scorn in the least to give out;"
This said, they fell to 't without more dispute,
  And their staffs they did flourish about.

And first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
  So hard that it made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, This must be repaid,
  I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle my staff,
  To die in your debt, friend, I scorn:
Then to it each goes, and followd their blows,
  As if they had been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
  Which caused the blood to appear;

Then Robin, enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
  And followd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
  With a passionate fury and ire,
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
  As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
  And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
  And tumbld him into the brook.

"I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?"
  The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood,
  And floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul;
  With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
  Our battel shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
  And pulld himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blowd a loud blast
  Straitway on his fine bugle-horn.

The eccho of which through the vallies did fly,
  At which his stout bowmen appeard,
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen;
  So up to their master they steerd.

"O what's the matter?" quoth William Stutely;
"Good master, you are wet to the skin:"
"No matter," quoth he; "the lad which you see,
In fighting, hath tumbld me in."

"He shall not go scot-free," the others reply'd;
So strait they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,
He is a stout fellow, forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery strait.

And other accoutrements fit for a man;
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer."

"O here is my hand," the stranger reply'd,
"I'll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Nere doubt me, for I'll play my part."

"His name shall be alterd," quoth William Stutely,
"And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry," quoth he.

They presently fetchd in a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise;

They lovd what was good; so, in the greenwood,
  This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
  And, maybe, an ell in the waste;
A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;
  Bold Robin the christning grac'd.

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
  And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,
  And did in this manner proceed.

"This infant was called John Little," quoth he,
  "Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
  His name shall be calld Little John."

They all with a shout made the elements ring,
  So soon as the office was ore;
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
  And tippld strong liquor gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
  And cloathd him from top to the toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
  And gave him a curious long bow.

"Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
  And range in the greenwood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
  While bishops have ought in their purse.

"We live here like squires, or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And evry thing at our command."

Then musick and dancing did finish the day;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he livd,
Altho he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

PRINCE ARTHUR AND THE KEEPER HUBERT

[About 1200]

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[The following scene from Shakespeare's "King John" shows how one of John's attempts to get rid of his little nephew was foiled by the kindness and daring of the keeper Hubert.

The Editor.]

A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [*aside*]. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. [*aside*]. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"
Or "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed him, — no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Reënter Executioners, with a cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O Heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of Heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O Heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

FRIAR BACON'S BRAZEN HEAD

[Thirteenth century]

BY ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON

[Friar Bacon was an English scientist; and science in the thirteenth century was a dangerous calling. Whatever men did not understand was looked upon as witchcraft, and the punishment for witchcraft was severe and prompt. This learned student is believed to have known how to make gunpowder and to have understood the principles of the telescope. Indeed, he was two or three centuries ahead of his times, and he was fortunate to have escaped with no worse penalty for his superior knowledge than persecution and imprisonment. The making of a brazen head with the power of speech was ascribed to several philosophers of the olden days, but the work of Friar Bacon is most famous of them all. The following story is a paraphrase of a play written by Robert Greene, the English dramatist.

The Editor.]

In a vast and ancient room, whose appliances denoted the abode of the scholar and philosopher, sat the learned and famous friar, Roger Bacon. Beside him, a dusty table was thickly strewn with scrolls of parchment, rich with age and erudition, while a large chest, heavily barred and bolted, was filled with other treasures in manuscript, each worth more than its weight in virgin gold.

At the farther end of the room a vast chimney, with smoky furnaces and crucibles, containing crude and half-smelted ores, and all the various properties of the alche-

mist, occupied one side of the apartment. In one corner, a huge iron mortar, shielded by screens of metal from contact with any spark which might fly from the furnaces, was filled with an inodorous mixture of brimstone and saltpeter, and a black dust which looked like powdered charcoal. Everywhere, on floor and table, stood such rude instruments to aid in chemistry and astronomy as the time afforded, while all about were such evidences of work and study as made the place seem as much like the workshop of the artisan as the library of the scholar.

Stretched across the upper end of the apartment, a heavy green curtain fell in broken folds over some object which it was intended to conceal. Before this curtain sat the great necromancer, of whose art all England spoke in whispered wonder, and with bated breath, "the learned Friar Bacon of Oxford."

No longer an inmate of the college from whose walls his suspected magic had caused him to be driven forth, he dwelt solitary among the surrounding rustics who feared and shunned him, and in secret wrought those mysterious works which made him dreaded among men.

He was now only a little past middle life, a man of commanding figure and noble head, which seemed heavy with the weight of knowledge it carried, and now dropped wearily upon his hands as he sat steeped in thought.

His reverie was broken by the entrance of his servant Miles, the only retainer he could keep about him, a half-witted, faithful fellow, who clung gratefully to the hand which fed him.

"I cry you mercy, good master," said Miles hastily

entering, "but I could not stay upon ceremony. A lord is without the door, asking entrance to you. It is a fellow in a scarlet coat, and wonderful fine otherwise. He declares that he is from Oxford, and will have speech with you. And although I said nobody could enter, he will come in, whether I will or no. At which I, fearing he might be the Evil One himself, took to my heels to tell thee about him."

"Let him come in," answered the friar, roused by the servant's long speech from his deep abstraction. "It is Clement, the cardinal, the Pope's legate to England. Stay, Miles, throw a cloth over the pile of manuscripts yonder. Pull out that curtain straight. Now give me the book of the Gospels. It is enough. Show the cardinal hither."

A moment later, and the Cardinal Clement, himself the next successor to the papal throne, entered the apartment.

"Well, friar, at last we have found your secret hiding-place. It is no easy journey hither, and the road is as hard and narrow as that which leads to Paradise."

"I am sorry for the trouble your lordship took in coming, and should have been happy if it might have been spared you."

"Which means, so I take it, good friar, that you are not glad at my coming. But, believe me, I come with no evil intent, nor for anything except friendship. I know how they have treated thee at Oxford, and in good earnest I have been always sorry for it. Learning is not so plenty, that it should be put down; and from what I know of thy wonderful inventions, they are not those that the Devil teaches his followers, but always of good

service to the cause of Truth and the true Church. I pray thee do not distrust my motive. I come in friendly guise, unattended as thou seest, and with no desire but to be instructed in some of thy magic discoveries, and see what they may avail to science."

"My discoveries are naught," answered the friar, still keeping up the reserved manner he had worn since the entrance of his visitor. "Thou hast heard of the magic powder which has so frighted the learned magnates of the college that they drove me outside their walls. It is but a composition of simple substances, which, without any magic art, when touched with a spark, will give forth a semblance of lightning and thunder. If thou wishest, I can, in a few minutes, show thee the secret of it."

"No, no, good friar," returned the cardinal, shrinking away a little uneasily from the mortar in the corner, which Bacon approached. "I trust thy word, and I am no fool to believe stories of any wizard's craft. But there is another matter of which I come to inquire of thee. Thou hast a huge head, they tell me, of which thou makest a familiar, that tells thee strange secrets, and foretells events that can affect the fate of nations. Tell me of this. On the faith of a priest and a gentleman, I ask but for love of science. And" (here the priest's voice sank lower) "thou hast heard that Pope Urban grows feeble. It is in all men's mouths in Rome, that the cardinal legate of England will be the next high pontiff of the Church. I trust thy honor in telling this, and tell thee also, that if Clement of Narbonne be made the Holy Father of the Church, it will be his first mission to do away with the narrow bigotry regarding science, and

with his own royal hand confer honors on those who make Learning their mistress. Now do you trust my friendship, good Friar Bacon?"

"My lord cardinal, I do trust you," answered Bacon, whose keen eye had closely scanned the features of the priest while he had spoken. "But it becometh us men of letters to be mistrustful. We remember that many who were not heretics have been invited into the presence of the Inquisition, and have not returned from thence. But I trust your word, and I will betray to you my mystery."

Rising hastily, the friar drew aside the green curtain which had hitherto concealed some object from the view. The cardinal turned to face it, and then stepped back, awe-struck at the sight which the withdrawing of the drapery revealed. Placed on a rude pedestal which stood several feet above the floor, stood a massive brazen head, with grand, impassive face, and an expression of such dignified grandeur, such commanding repose, that it was as if the haughty features of some Grecian god had been revealed to the awe-struck gaze of the cardinal.

As he gazed, from the deep-set but luminous eyes, true Jovine lightning seemed to issue, and a deep rumbling sound like distant thunder shook the floor on which they stood.

The legate involuntarily crossed himself, and then, looking at Bacon, who slowly dropped the curtain which concealed the head, he asked in a half-whisper, —

"Is this thy work?"

"Mine, and one other cherished brother in science, Master Bungay of Oxford," answered the monk. "This is the slow work of seven years, my lord cardinal, and,

as thou mayst guess, wrought for no common purpose. This head is formed with utmost care and skill by direction which I found writ out in parchments more ancient than the Church we worship. If my work have no flaw, when all is done this head will speak, and tell me how I may encircle my England with a wall of brass, which now and hereafter will hold her invulnerable to the assaults of all enemies. Think of such a feat," said Bacon, his face glowing with enthusiasm. "Is it not worth my work to leave my name on such a monument to my country's greatness?"

"Truly, good friar," answered Clement, a little coldly, "I doubt whether it be for the good of our Mother Church, and her power over the nations which are gathered under her wings, to have one of her children so walled about. But for thy good intentions, I do not doubt them, and for thy learning I have nothing but respect. No doubt, thy brazen head, if perchance it should ever speak, will tell thee other wondrous things. Thou shalt not repent if thou lettest me have such advantage as may come of its teachings. But I confess, I should not like to see this little island so girt with brass. Suppose she might then take it into her head to defy papal authority, as, armed with such power, she might."

"You reckon impossibilities, my lord," exclaimed Bacon. "In so impious a case, the wall, which should guard England from enemies, would topple down to crush her."

"I pray thee, put such a charm as that into thy conjurations, good friar," said Clement, rising to depart. "But whatever betide, count on me as thy patron, and

remember that in telling thee of my ambition, I have left my secret in thy keeping, as thine lies in my hands. Fare thee well, my son; peace remain with thee." And with a gesture of blessing, the cardinal left the apartment.

It was night, and in Friar Bacon's study the faint gleam of one solitary rush-light made the deep shadows which lurked in every corner more apparent and more awful. The curtains which screened the head were withdrawn, and it loomed up in the dimness to a gigantic size. Bending over the table on which the little candle burned, with a manuscript spread out before him, sat Friar Bacon, his face worn and pinched as of one who suffers for want of repose and proper nourishment.

The marks upon the hourglass beside him showed that it had been turned six times since sunset, and the sands of the last hour before midnight were swiftly slipping through the glass. Ever and anon the friar took up the little timekeeper, and shook it gently, as if to hasten the passage of the slow hours, and often, amid his watching and study, his head sank lower and lower towards the table, as if tired Nature would assert her rights, and steep him in the sweet oblivion of sleep, against his own powerful will.

All at once he started up, and striking a cymbal with a little silver hammer, he waited till the summons was answered by his servant Miles, who came in sleepily rubbing his eyes, that he might be sufficiently awake to answer his master.

The friar sat earnestly regarding Miles, till he had rubbed and stretched himself awake.

"Are you ready to do me a great service, Miles?" he

asked at length, when the servingman's attention had been riveted by his own fixed gaze.

"Anything which thou canst ask, good master," returned Miles. "Except it be to go on errands to the Evil One. That I would rather excuse myself from."

"Such service as I require has no such conditions. Listen, Miles. Thou seest the head yonder?"

Miles looked cautiously over his shoulder at the awful presence, and nodded assent.

"Thou knowest that for nine and thirty nights Friar Bungay and I have watched, by day and night, waiting to hear that which soon or late its lips are sure to utter. If it should speak, and its speech be unheeded, woe betide the makers, and woe betide our hopes of encircling our fair country with a wall which will make her forever invincible. To-night I have waited for Friar Bungay, till my eyelids are heavy, and I would fain take a brief rest. But I dare not leave the head unguarded, lest in my sleep it should utter that which I must heed. Can I trust you to wait here in my sleep, and if the head gives signs of speech, to wake me suddenly, that I may follow its magical instruction? It is but for an hour or two, and then I will again resume my watch."

"I will watch here as bravely as if I never knew what fear meant, good master," answered Miles. "I warrant the head will do me no harm, and I will repeat so many Aves and Paters that not a foul fiend will venture to come near me. So good-night and to sleep. Let me but get my trusty stave, which sets without, that I may arm myself, if any one enter to do me any hurt; and in a trice I will be here to guard thy wondrous handiwork."

So saying, Miles brought in a huge bludgeon, which he

carried on his shoulder in true soldierly fashion. The friar rose, and pouring a small glass of strong liquor from a flask, he handed it to Miles, saying, — "Drink that. It will keep thee from growing timorous in thy watch. Remember that on thy wakefulness rests all my hopes, and that a moment's slumber may wreck them. Good-night and Benedicite." Thus saying, the friar, who could hardly speak from weariness, passed through the door which led into a small inner chamber, where he slept.

Miles was doubly brave from the effect of the potent liquor the friar had given him, which now seemed to course through his veins like a swift serpent of flame. He glanced defiantly at the head, which hitherto he had only regarded with profound awe. Withdrawing himself as far as possible from the mortar in which he knew his master was wont to mix the terrible powder, whose production had branded him as one in league with Satan, he sat down near the brazen image to wait for any event which would break up the tedium of his watch.

The minutes before midnight moved slowly on, and the last sands were dropping through the glass. Already, in the adjoining chamber, the heavy breathing of the friar told how quickly sleep had seized upon his weary senses.

"Sleep away, good master," said Miles approvingly. "I will take as good care of matters here as if thou wert broad awake. For my own part, I see little sense in so much watching of a head, which for aught we know was made out of an old kettle or a pair of battered helmets. As for my master, wise as he is, he must have a crack in his head-piece; else, instead of starving me and himself

on bread-crusts and spring-water, he would call to his aid some of the brave spirits his art can command, and order good smoking-hot meats, and wine as good as the king uses, and have rich raiment and soft beds, instead of such poor accommodation as he keeps now. If thou canst tell him anything to better his conditions, good Master Brazen-Pate," went on Miles, looking up at the gloomy features, which in the dim light seemed to frown upon him, "do so, and I'll set thee up for an oracle."

As he spoke these last words, a low sound of thunder muttered through the room, and shook gently the pedestal on which the Head rested. A single flash of light lit up the immovable features for one brief instant, and from the lips, a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, yet distinctly audible, uttered the words, —

"TIME IS!"

"Is that the beginning of your speech, old Brazen-Nose," said Miles, coolly regarding the Head as if it were the most natural thing in the world for it to speak thus. "Go on, I pray thee, and let me hear if thou intendest to say anything worth noting. I will not wake my master for so slight a matter as that thou hast just announced. '*Time is,*' forsooth! as if that would be news to any such scholar as Friar Bacon. Thou hadst best speak sense if thou wouldst have him listen to thee."

Again the thunder muttered, but louder than at first; again the lightning gleamed over the impassive features, and the voice murmured, —

"TIME WAS!"

"On my life," said Miles, scornfully, "to think that my master and his friend should spend seven good years in making a head which says no more wonderful thing than any fishmonger could tell us. '*Time was!*' I am but a fool, and I hope I know as much as that. Why not say something in Greek or Latin, or any of the learned tongues that Master Bacon knows as well as he knows his breviary? Or, if thou canst speak nothing but common English, tell us something more strange than this. Dost think I shall wake up my master to no better entertainment of conversation than thou hast offered him? Out upon thee for a braggart, that promisest by thy looks more than thy tongue can ever perform for thee."

While he was speaking, a sudden light lit up the Head with a brightness like that of day. The terrible features wore a frown so dreadful that the glance struck dismay to the heart of the swaggering Miles. As he stood motionless, with awful accent and in a voice of thunder, the Head cried out, —

"TIME IS PAST!"

Then came a lightning flash so vivid that the servingman fell prone to earth, and with a fearful crash the grand Head fell, a shattered mass of fragments, without shape or semblance.

Amidst the dire noise Friar Bacon started up and rushed to his doorway. At his feet was the work of seven years a blasted ruin. Groveling among the fragments lay the wretched Miles, uttering loud screams of fear.

"Peace, fool!" commanded the friar, raising him to

his feet. "Silence! and tell me how this happened. Did the Head speak?"

"Aye, sir, he spake," answered Miles, blubbering loudly. "But he said naught worth noting. Didst thou not say it would utter strange words of learning? Yet it said at first only two words."

"What words?"

"Why, at first it said, 'Time is,' and I, knowing that was no news of consequence, waited for something better before I woke thee. Again it said, 'Time was'; and then with a loud cry it said, 'Time is past,' and toppled over, giving my head many a hard bump with the fragments."

"Wretch! idiot, villain!" cried the friar, seizing the frightened man, as if he would have strangled him. "Thy foolishness has cost me the work of years, the hopes of a lifetime. No words can reveal what thy idiocy has lost me. But go, leave my sight, miserable vagabond! I could kill myself in shame for having trusted thee." And, releasing his hold of Miles, the friar sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"It is the last," he murmured. "Henceforth I bid farewell to magic. From this moment I will close my study and burn my books. Hereafter only to religion will I devote myself, and dying I shall leave not even my poor name to add to my country's glory."

VII

THE LATER PLANTAGENET KINGS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Great Charter had done much for the freedom of the English, but the barons and prelates still made up the council. The extravagance and falseness of Henry III (1216–1272) brought into life a strong party pledged for popular rights. Earl Simon de Montfort was its leader. In 1265, he forced the king to issue writs for a Parliament, to which two knights from each shire and also two representatives from each city and borough were summoned. This was the first representative Parliament, the beginning of the House of Commons. Civil war arose, and in the battle of Evesham, De Montfort was slain. His ideas, however, lived; and during the following reign, that of Edward I (1272–1307), what was known as the "Model Parliament" was formed.

Edward III, who came to the throne in 1327, laid claim to the crown of France, and thus England became involved in the Hundred Years' War. In order to get money for this war and for the crusades, many privileges were granted to towns. The scarcity of labor brought about by the Black Death, a terrible plague which is said to have swept away half the population of England, increased its value; and the success of the yeomen in the war showed them the needlessness of their dependence upon the knights for protection. Throughout the land there was dissatisfaction and discontent. There was also a longing for the religious aid and comfort which the prelates of the Church had often failed to make manifest. A reformer arose, John Wiclif. He instituted an order of "poor priests," whose work it was to go about through the land, preaching to the poor. Wiclif's democratic teachings were believed to be responsible in part for the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, which is said to have been punished by the execution of some fifteen hundred persons. Wiclif himself died peacefully in 1384, but his followers, the Lollards as they were called, suffered severe persecution.

THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM

[1265]

BY G. P. R. JAMES

It was about one o'clock on the 4th of August, 1265, when Simon de Montfort — having the king upon his right hand, with Lord le Despenser, the high justiciary, on the monarch's right, the Earl of Monthermer and Lord Ralph Basset on his own left, and some four or five and twenty knights and gentlemen following close upon his steps — rode out from the highway leading from Evesham to Alcester, upon that ever-renowned plain, where the truncheon of power was to be wrested from his grasp forever.

The country was for the most part open, but there was a little wood and some rising ground to the right, a rivulet running along across the patch of common land which the road now traversed, and a cultivated field with its hedge-rows on the left. About a quarter of a mile from the point at which the highway issued from between the banks, was a stone post, marking the spot where three roads, coming down from some slight hills in front, met and united in the one along which De Montfort had marched from Evesham. For nearly the same distance beyond, these roads might be seen crossing the common, and then, plunging amongst woods and hedges, they ascended the gentle slope opposite.

The day was not so fine as the preceding one; clouds were gathering in the sky; the air was heavy and oppres-

sive; the horses either languid or impatient, and everything announced that the sun would go down in storms. A small advance guard had been sent forward to reconnoiter the country in front, and the head of the column of the army was about a hundred yards behind the general and his companions; but no detachment had been on this, as on the preceding day, thrown out to examine the fields to the left of the line of march.

De Montfort's brow was calm and serene; he hoped, ere many hours were over, to unite his forces to those of his eldest son, and then, turning upon his enemy, to terminate the contest at a blow. Ere he had reached the stone at the crossing of the roads, however, three or four horsemen, at headlong speed, came down from the rising ground in front, and in a moment after, the whole advance guard were seen in full retreat.

"What is this?" asked De Montfort, spurring on his horse to meet the first of the men-at-arms who were approaching. "What news bring you in such haste?"

"My lord, there is a mighty power coming down upon you," cried the man; "we saw them from the edge of the slope beyond — full twenty thousand men."

"Did you see their banners?" demanded De Montfort.

"No," answered the messenger; "there were banners in plenty, but I marked not what they were."

"You are speedily alarmed," said the earl, in a cold tone. "Hugh de Monthermer," he proceeded, speaking to the young lord, who was close behind, "gallop up that hill there to the right, and bring us word what your keen eyes can see. I will ride on to the other slope, and judge for myself."

Hugh was away in a moment, and De Montfort continued, turning in the saddle — "My kind friend, Monthermer, — my good Lord Ralph, — I beseech you, array the men as they issue forth from between the banks. These that are coming must be the forces of my son from Kenilworth, but it is as well to be prepared. My Lord le Despenser, I leave you to entertain His Majesty — I will be back directly. Some of you gentlemen follow me"; and spurring on at full speed, he crossed the little rivulet, and ascended the first slope of the ground beyond.

He there paused, for some minutes, watching attentively the country before him, through which, upon the left-hand road, was advancing a large body of men, under numerous banners. At length, he seemed satisfied, turned his horse, and rode back at an easy canter to the spot where the old Earl of Monthermer and Lord Ralph Basset were arraying the spearmen, archers, and crossbowmen, who had by this time come forth upon the common, while the men-at-arms were only beginning to appear, taking up a position behind the infantry.

"It is as well," said De Montfort, speaking, as they returned, to one of the gentlemen who had followed him — "it is as well to put them in array, for we shall halt here for an hour, while the men refresh themselves. You saw those banners?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the knight; "I marked that of your son, and that of the Earl of Oxford."

"We will give them a cheer when they come up," continued De Montfort; and he rode on to the Earl of Monthermer, saying — "It is my son, Monthermer; I see his banner, and Oxford's likewise. But here comes

your nephew. Who is this he is driving down before him, at the point of the lance? A crossbowman, it seems."

"My lord — my lord!" cried Hugh de Monthermer, as he came up — "prepare for instant battle. Prince Edward's army is within a mile, and Mortimer is coming up on the right-hand road."

"What! to the right?" exclaimed De Montfort. "How came he there? — Well, let them come! they will meet more than they expected. My son is on the left. Advance our wing, my good Lord of Monthermer, that we may join with him more easily."

"My lord, you are deceived," said Hugh eagerly; "the banners you have seen are not your son's."

"But —" cried De Montfort.

"Speak, sirrah!" exclaimed Hugh, turning sternly to the crossbowman, whom he had driven down before him; "speak, and let the earl hear the truth. Such bitter tidings should only come from the lips of an enemy. Speak, I say. My lord, this is one of Gloucester's archers; he will tell you more."

"Let him, then," said the earl. "Who are these, marching against me, sirrah?"

"Prince Edward, Roger Mortimer, and Gilbert de Clare," replied the man. "Your son, my lord, — kill me if you will, but it is the truth, — your son was surprised in his bed, at Kenilworth, his army routed and dispersed, thirteen barons displaying their own banners were taken, and as many more were slain. The banners you have seen were captured by the prince, and are hung out but to deceive you."

"And my son?" asked De Montfort, gazing earnestly in the man's face. "What of my son?"

"He escaped, my lord," replied the archer; "he escaped, and threw himself into the castle."

"Take him to the rear," said De Montfort. "Lo! where they come! A mighty power, indeed! How orderly — how firm! — The boy learnt that from me. Now, God have mercy on our souls — for our bodies are Prince Edward's."

He added the latter words in a lower voice, but so as to be distinctly heard by the gentlemen around him. A moment after, he raised his head proudly, saying, "However, he must be met boldly, and we must do our duty as knights and gentlemen. Every one who is willing to do so may this day conquer high renown, if he wins no other prize; but should there be any one who fears to fight and fall with De Montfort, he has full leave to go; for I would not have it said, when men shall talk of this glorious, though perhaps disastrous day, that there was one coward amongst all those who did battle at Evesham. Let us make the best of our array, my Lord of Monthermer. Yonder wood is a point that must be maintained. Hugh, line the hedges of that little field with archers — place me there our stout foresters from Sherwood: it is a point of much importance. Take up your post beyond them there with your men-at-arms — have some archers and slingers in your front, and keep the ground between the farther hedge and those scrubby bushes and hawthorn trees, amongst which their horsemen cannot act. I put you in a post of difficulty and danger, young gentleman, but I know you will acquit you well; and now for the rest of our array. The enemy are halting for their own arrangements, but still we must lose no time."

Thus saying, he rode slowly along the wood, giving his orders as he went, and ranging his men for battle; while Hugh de Monthermer proceeded to execute the commands he had received. Every post was soon filled up, and before two o'clock the adverse armies were completely arrayed facing each other, but, alas, that of Prince Edward outnumbering the force opposed to him in the proportion of two to one!

Nearly in the center of De Montfort's line was the Earl of Leicester himself, and at a little distance the weak and false King Henry, cased in complete armor, and riding a strong black charger; for on both sides the royal standard was displayed, and in a brief consultation amongst the principal nobles, it had been judged necessary, as the king's name was used in all public acts by the lords commissioners, to let the soldiers see him actually in arms on their behalf. Neither had Henry himself appeared in the least unwilling to play this part, for although surrounded by a number of guards, he still entertained the hope of escaping in the hurry and confusion of battle.

In the right wing of the same army was placed the gallant young Henry de Montfort, a godson of the king, and, like Hugh de Monthermer, a playfellow of Prince Edward; for in those dire civil wars, as is ever the case, all the sweet relationships of life were torn asunder, and the hearts that loved each other the best were frequently armed for each other's destruction.

In the left wing was the banner of Monthermer, and under it fought, not only the regular retainers of the house, but the yeomen and foresters of Yorkshire and Nottingham. The slingers, as usual, were thrown for-

ward about a hundred and fifty yards before the rest of the army, closely supported by the lighter pikemen, and taking advantage of every bush and brake which might give them shelter, while they discharged their missiles at the enemy. Behind them were some thousands of Welsh foot, who had been engaged as auxiliaries by De Montfort, and then came the lines of sturdy English archers and regular spearmen, supported by the men-at-arms.

It was a fine array to look upon, and stern and firm seemed the front of De Montfort's battle; but the vast superiority of the enemy's numbers cast a shadow, as it were, upon the spirits of the soldiery, while in the hearts of the leaders was nothing but the certainty of defeat and death. Had it been any other body, perhaps, that opposed them but an English force, had any other generals commanded the adverse party but Edward and Gloucester, their confidence in their own courage and in their great leader might have taught them to look with hope even to the unequal struggle before them. The troops, however, by whom they were outnumbered were English soldiers, the chiefs who led the enemy were famous for their warlike skill and courage, and all were fresh from victory, and elated with recent success.

Upon the field of battle the banners which had been assumed to mislead De Montfort were cast by, and those of the different leaders themselves displayed. The troops of Mortimer and the Lords Marchers were on the right, the division of Gloucester on the left, and the command of Edward himself in the center. In the army of the prince, hope and exultation were in every bosom, confidence was strong, and, amongst the foreign

favorites of Henry III, who were ranged in that force, the burning thirst for revenge upon him who had overthrown their fortunes, and well-nigh driven them from the land, added fierceness to their courage, and a savage joy at the thought of the coming vengeance.

After the array was complete, a stern and gloomy silence pervaded the whole line of De Montfort. Each man thought of to-morrow, of the home that he might never see again, the children left fatherless, the widowed wife, the promised bride, the sweet, warm relations of domestic life, soon to be torn by the bloody hand of war.

Yet none but the auxiliaries thought of flying: not one dreamt of avoiding the fate before him, for each man there arrayed came with a firm conviction of right and justice on his side; each believed that he was fighting for the deliverance of his country from foreign domination; each came ready to die for the liberty and the freedom of the people of England. They were determined, resolute, unshaken, but they were without hope, and therefore in stern silence they awaited the onset of the foe.

On the other side, for some time, nothing was heard but cheerful sounds, the leaders' shouts, the repeated blasts of the clarion and the trumpet, till at length, amongst them also, a momentary solemn pause succeeded, giving notice that the battle was about to begin. They hung like a thunder-cloud upon the edge of the slope, and that temporary calm but preceded the breaking forth of the tempest.

The heavy masses then, for a moment, seemed to tremble; and then a few men ran forward from the ranks; slinging, even from a distance at which no effect could be produced, large balls of stone or lead at the

front of De Montfort's line. Others followed quick, in irregular masses; and then, moved on, somewhat more slowly, but in fine and soldierly order, the whole of Edward's overpowering force.

A pin might have been heard to drop in the host of De Montfort, so still was the expectant silence with which they awaited the attack of the immense army which seemed not only about to assail them at once in front, but lapping over at both extremities, to crush either flank under the charge of its numerous cavalry.

The skillful dispositions of the great earl, however, had secured them against that danger; and the wood on the right hand, which he had filled with archers and foot spearmen, defended one wing, while the hedges and low hawthorn trees, near which he had planted Hugh de Monthermer and the bowmen of Sherwood, were a protection to the left.

Nevertheless, the latter point was one of considerable danger, and Edward marked it as the weakest part of De Montfort's line. Scarcely had the first movement in the prince's army taken place when a strong body of horse, following close upon a band of crossbowmen, was observed by Hugh de Monthermer marching straight against his post, headed by the banner of Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; and leaving his men-at-arms for a moment, he galloped to the spot where his friend Robin stood, saying in a low voice, "Here will they make their first attack, Robin, in order to turn our flank."

"Let them come!" replied Robin Hood, "we will give a good account of them. We have planted stakes for their horses, my lord, so if you have to charge, mark well the gaps."

"I see — I see!" cried Hugh de Monthermer, "but as it is a great object to put them in disarray, send them a flight from your bowstrings as soon as the arrows will tell."

"Ours will tell now!" said Robin, and at the same time he raised his bow above his head as a signal to his men.

At that instant a few balls dropping from the enemy's slingers, fell impotent along De Montfort's line; but the next moment a hundred and fifty arrows shot into the air, scattered the crossbowmen in the face of Hugh de Monthermer's band, and even caused considerable disarray amongst the men-at-arms from Norfolk.

A whole flight from Edward's army then darkened the air, but reached not the opposite host; and the Earl of Monthermer, distrusting his nephew's impetuosity, rode down to beg him on no account whatever to charge till the battle had really begun.

It was not long ere such was the case, however. Onward, with increasing rapidity, came the force of the prince; the arrows and the quarrels on both sides began to work fearful havoc in the ranks; and the men-at-arms might be seen closing the barred *aventaille*, preparing to enter with each other into deadly strife. The arrows from the Nottingham bows — unmatched throughout all England — did execution of a fearful kind amongst the crossbowmen opposed to them. One went down after another as they hurried forward; their ranks became thinner and more thin; and at length, the men-at-arms behind them, finding that the living as well as the dead and wounded encumbered without serving, called to them loudly to retire, that they themselves

might advance to charge. Before the retreat of the infantry could well be accomplished, the Earl of Norfolk gave the word; and with leveled lances the horsemen rushed on, though repeated arrows from an unerring hand struck every part of the earl's own armor as he approached.

"At the horses!" cried the voice of Robin Hood, as the men-at-arms drew near; and in an instant another flight, point-blank, rattled like hail amongst the advancing cavalry. Five or six chargers instantly went down, and others, furious with pain, reeled and plunged, spreading disarray around.

Hugh de Monthermer was now about to give the order to advance, in order to support the archers, and complete what they had done, but at that instant a cry of, "They fly — they fly!" came from the right; and looking up the line, he perceived the whole body of Welsh auxiliaries running from the field in rout and disarray. The panic of any large body of an army, we are told, generally communicates itself more or less to the whole; but such was not the case upon the present occasion. A shout of indignant anger burst from the other troops as the Welsh went by, for it was forgotten that they were not fighting for their country's safety or deliverance, like the rest of that host; but every one made way for them to pass, and, filling up the open space as fast as possible, presented a still sterner face than before to the advancing enemy.

One of the chief defenses of the center, however, was now gone: it was like an outwork forced; and a charge of men-at-arms taking place on both sides, the whole line was speedily engaged.

From the firm front of the Nottingham archers, and the terrible, unceasing shower of arrows that they kept up, the bands of the Earl of Norfolk turned off in disorder at the very moment he had led them up almost to the stakes. Hugh de Monthermer, charging while they were still in confusion, drove them back in complete rout; but the troops of Mortimer sweeping up, changed the fortune of the parties, and Hugh, knowing the absolute necessity of keeping firm the post he occupied, retreated unwillingly to his first position.

It was now that the Yorkshire spearmen, with the young franklin at their head, did gallant service to the cause which they espoused. Advancing with their long lances, they kept the enemy at bay, and in spite of charge after charge, made by Mortimer and others, maintained their ground against the whole force of the prince's right wing.

In other parts of the field, however, numbers were gradually prevailing against all that courage and resolution could do. The *mêlée* had begun in all its fierceness, knight fought with knight, man opposed man, hurry and confusion were seen in all parts of the field, while the clang of arms, the blasts of the trumpet, the shouts of the combatants, the loud voice of the commanders, the galloping of horses, the groans of the dying, and the screams of men receiving agonizing wounds, offered to the ear of heaven a sound only fit for the darkest depth of hell.

Charge after charge was poured upon the left wing of De Montfort's army; but Mortimer, Bigod, and the Earl of Pembroke, in vain led down their horse against the gallant band of spearmen and archers. Each time

they approached, they were driven back, either by the fierce flights of arrows, the long spears of Pontefract, or the encounter of the men-at-arms.

Once only was the line, between the hedged field we have mentioned and the hawthorn trees, shaken for an instant by overpowering numbers; and then the old Earl of Monthermer, seeing his nephew's peril, galloped down, at the head of a strong band of men-at-arms, and aided to repel the enemy.

He paused one moment by his nephew's side ere he left him, saying, "It will be very glorious, Hugh, if we can maintain our ground till night. Farewell, my dear boy; do your *devoir*, and, if we never meet again on earth, God bless you!"

"I beseech you, sir," replied Hugh, "take care of your own invaluable life; remember, you are as much aimed at by the enmity of the foreigners as even De Montfort."

"I will never fall alive into their hands," replied the old earl, "but I quit not this field, so long as there is light to wield the sword."

Thus saying, he rode away to a spot where the battle was thickening round the banner of De Montfort itself; and his presence there apparently aided to restore the field; for, shortly after, the whole force of Prince Edward withdrew for a short space, like a tiger that has been disappointed of its spring, and hung wavering upon the edge of the slope, as if collecting vigor for a new charge.

At the same time, the sky overhead, which, as I have before said, had been threatening during the whole morning, grew darker and darker, so as to be more like that of a gloomy November evening than the decline of a summer's day.

The pause which had taken place seemed a part of Edward's plan for breaking the firm line of his adversary, as it was more than once repeated during the battle; but it was never of long duration. The next instant his trumpets blew the charge, and down came the thundering cavalry, pouring at once upon every part of De Montfort's army. On the earl's side, too, after a rapid flight of arrows from the archers, the men-at-arms advanced to meet the coming foe, and again the battle was urged hand to hand.

It were vain to attempt a picture of the various deeds that were done that day in different parts of the field, for seldom in the annals of warfare has a combat taken place in which such acts of prowess and stern determination were displayed on either part. Edward himself, Mortimer, Gloucester, the Earl of Ashby and his son, Bigod, and Valence, and a thousand others of noble birth and high renown fought, both as generals and soldiers, with personal exertions and valor, which could only be displayed in a chivalrous system of warfare; while on the other, De Montfort, Monthermer, Le Despenser, Basset, St. John, Beauchamp, De Ros, put forth energies almost superhuman to counterbalance the disadvantage of numbers, and to wrest a victory from the hand of fate.

In one place, Humphrey de Bohun was struck down by one of Edward's men-at-arms; and a peasant with an *oucin* was preparing to dispatch him ere he could rise, when William de York came to his rescue and slew the foot soldier: but even as De Bohun rose and regained his horse, his deliverer was killed by a quarrel from a crossbow.

In another part the king himself was assailed, and wounded by one of his own son's followers, who had even shortened his lance to pin him to the earth, as he lay prostrate before him, when throwing back his *aventaille*, the monarch exclaimed, "Out upon thee, traitor, — I am Henry of Winchester, thy king! Where is my son?"

As he spoke, a knight, taller by a head than any man around, and clothed from the crown to the heel in linked mail, sprang to the ground beside him, and thrusting the soldier fiercely back, raised the monarch from the ground, exclaiming, "Mount, mount, my father, and away! Come to the rear and let your wound be searched. — Give me your horse's rein. — You at least are free, and that is worth a victory."

The king sprang on his horse, and Edward led him by the bridle to the rear of his own army.

Almost at the same moment, on the left of De Montfort's line, Alured de Ashby and Hugh de Monthermer met in full career; the former charging at the well-known shield of Monthermer with animosity only the more fierce, perhaps, because he knew that it was unjust; the latter meeting him unwillingly, though compelled by circumstances, to do his knightly *devoir*. His very reluctance, however, made him more calm and thoughtful than his fiery assailant; and, aiming his lance right at the crest of his adversary, in order to cast him from his horse and make him prisoner rather than kill him, he galloped on with a wary eye. The young Lord of Ashby's spear, charged well and steadily, struck full upon the shield of his opponent, pierced through the plate of steel and touched the hauberk; but stopped there,

without even shaking him in the saddle, and broke off in splinters; while Monthermer's lance, catching the steel casque just above the *aventaille*, hurled his adversary to the ground, bruised, but unwounded.

Several of Monthermer's followers instantly ran up on foot to seize the discomfited knight and make him prisoner; but a charge of fresh troops drove them back, and Alured de Ashby, remounting his horse, rode away with no light addition to his former hatred for Hugh de Monthermer.

The momentary retirement of Edward from the field now caused another of those pauses in the battle which have been already mentioned. His forces once more withdrew for a short space, slowly and sullenly, the archers on either side continuing to discharge their arrows, though with but little effect. About the same time, a flash somewhat faint, but blue and ghastly, came across the sky, and then the low muttering of distant thunder.

"Ha!" said Robin Hood, who was standing by the side of Hugh de Monthermer at the moment; "that trumpet will be but little attended to to-day. Heaven's voice too rarely is."

"Too rarely, indeed!" replied Hugh. "Have you lost many men, Robin?"

"Well-nigh twoscore, I fear," answered Robin Hood. "Poor Brown was rash and ventured beyond the stakes with his little band of Mansfield men. They are all gone; but we have filled up the gap."

"Can you still maintain your post?" demanded Hugh.

"With God's will and the help of the Blessed Virgin, we shall do very well here," said Robin; "but I fear, my

lord, for the center and the right. Look up there, just in the second line, where there are so many gathering to one spot. — Some great man is hurt there."

"My uncle was there a moment ago," exclaimed Hugh; "I fear it is he!"

"No, no, my lord!" replied an old knight of the house of Monthermer, who was on his horse close by; "my lord, your uncle is safe. I have seen him since the last charge, though he seems resolved to lose his life."

"I do beseech you, Sir John Hardy," said Hugh, "if we lose the day, look to my uncle, and force him from the battle, should it be needful."

"You stay on the field, then, my lord, I suppose?" asked the old knight.

"I do," answered Hugh.

"Then I stay, too," replied Sir John Hardy.

"Nay, that is folly," cried Robin Hood. "Let each man fight so long as fighting may avail; but when the day is clearly lost, the brave man, who would spill his best blood to win it, then saves the life that God gave him to do God service at another time. But see — all the leaders are gathering to that point! You had better go, my lord, and bring us tidings. We will insure the ground till your return."

"Command the troop, then, till I come back, Sir John," said Hugh; and riding along the front of the line, under a shower of arrows from the enemy, he approached the spot where, sheltered from the sight of the adversary's lines by a thick phalanx of foot spearmen and men-at-arms, was collected a group of noblemen of the first rank, seeming to hold a council round the royal standard, which was there erected.

When Hugh came near, however, he saw that the occasion was a sadder one. His uncle, the Lords of Mandeville, Basset, Crespigny, Beauchamp, and Le Despenser were standing dismounted round the famous Earl of Leicester, who was stretched upon the ground, with his head and shoulders supported by the knee and arm of a monk. Deep in his breast, piercing through and through the steel hauberk, was buried the head of a broken lance, and in his right shoulder was a clothyard arrow. He had just concluded what seemed his confession *in extremis;* and the good man was murmuring over him in haste the hurried absolution of the field of battle. His countenance was pale, the dull shadow of death was upon it; the lips were colorless and the nostrils widely expanded, as if it caused an agonizing effort to draw his breath; but the eye was still bright and clear, and — while the man of God repeated the last words — it rolled thoughtfully over the faces of all around, resting with an anxious gaze upon those with whom he was the most familiar.

"Draw out the lance," he said, speaking to the surgeon of his household, who stood near.

"If I do, my lord," replied the leech, "you cannot survive ten minutes."

"That is long enough," said De Montfort. "My boy Henry is gone: I saw him fall, and I would not be much behind him. Draw it out, I say, I cannot breathe, and I must needs speak to my friends. Le Despenser, make him draw it out; I shall have time enough for all I have to do."

Unwillingly, and not without a considerable effort, the surgeon tore the head of the lance out of the wound; but,

contrary to his expectations, very little blood followed. The earl bled inwardly.

He seemed to feel instant relief, however, saying — "Ah, that is comfort! keep that steel, my friend, as the instrument that sent De Montfort to heaven. — Now mark me, lords and nobles," he continued in a firm voice — "mark me and never forget that at his last hour, going to meet his Saviour in judgment, De Montfort declares that those who accuse him of ambition do belie him. I say now, as I have said ever, that my every act and every thought have been for my country's good. I may have been mistaken — doubtless have been so often; but that my intentions have been pure, I do most fervently call Heaven to witness. So much for that; and now, my friends, I am fast leaving you. My sun, like yonder orb, is setting rapidly; I forever — he to rise again. He may yet shine brightly on the cause I can no longer support, but it must be upon another field, and upon another day. Preserve yourselves for that time, my friends, I exhort, I beseech you! Basset, Monthermer, Le Despenser, this battle is lost; but you may yet, as night is coming, effect your retreat in safety. It is no dishonor to quit a well-fought but unequal field. Show a firm face to the enemy; gather all our poor soldiers together; retire as orderly as may be till night covers you, then disperse, and each man make the best of his way to his own stronghold. Monthermer, you shake your head!"

"I have sworn, De Montfort," said his old friend, kneeling down and grasping his hand, "not to quit this field so long as there is light in yonder sky to strike a stroke, and I must keep my vow."

"You are going, my noble friend," said Lord Ralph Basset — "you are going on a journey where you must have companions. I am with you, Leicester, and that right soon."

"Good-bye, De Montfort," said Lord le Despenser. "Go on; I will not make you wait. We shall meet again in half an hour."

A faint smile came upon the lips of the dying man. "Must it be so?" he asked. "Well, then, range your men! Upon them all together! and let the traitors who have betrayed their country make such a field that Evesham plain shall be sung and talked of so long as liberty is dear to the hearts of Englishmen. — Hark, they are coming!" he continued in a faint voice, with his eye rolling languidly from side to side.

"No, my lord, that is thunder," said the surgeon.

"Ha!" replied De Montfort vacantly, "thunder! — I am very thirsty."

Some one ran and brought him a little water from the stream. It seemed to refresh him; and, raising himself for an instant upon his arm, he gazed around with a countenance full of stern enthusiasm, exclaiming aloud, "Do your *devoir!*" and with those words he fell back into the arms of the priest, a corpse.

A dozen voices replied, "We will!" and each man, springing on his horse, regained the head of his band. Just as Edward's troops were once more in movement to advance, the word was given along the whole of the confederate line, the trumpets blew to the charge, and the army, which had held its firm position up to that hour, rushed forward to meet the adversary like a thunder-cloud rolling down a hill.

The sun, at the same moment, touched the edge of the horizon, shining out beneath the edge of the stormy canopy that covered the greater part of the sky, and blending its red descending light with the thunder-drops which were now pattering large and thick upon the plain of Evesham. The whole air seemed flooded with gore, and the clouds on the eastern side of the heavens, black and heavy as they were, assumed a lurid glare, harmonizing with the whole scheme, except where part of a rainbow crossed the expanse, hanging the banner of hope, light, and peace, in the midst of strife, destruction, and despair.

Such was the scene at the moment when the two armies met in the dire shock of battle; and fierce and terrible was the encounter, as, soon broken into separate parties, they fought hand to hand, dispersed over the plain. In one of these confused groups, leading on a small body of archers, with Robin Hood by his side, was the young Lord of Monthermer.

"My lord, my lord," said Sir John Hardy, riding up, "your uncle is down — wounded, but not dead!"

"Bear him from the field, Sir John," replied Hugh. "Robin, I beseech you, look to him. Bear him from the field — bear him from the field!"

"What, ho! Monthermer!" cried a loud voice, from a party of spearmen coming at full speed. "Down with your lance; surrender to the prince!"

"If the prince can take me!" replied Hugh, charging his lance at Edward's shield, and driving his spurs deep into his horse's sides.

"Hold back — hold back!" shouted Edward to his own men. "Hold back, every one, upon your lives!" —

and meeting the young lord in full career, both their lances were shivered in a moment, as if in some mock combat of the tilt-yard.

Hugh de Monthermer's sword sprang from the sheath in a moment, while Edward cried — "Yield thee, Hugh, — yield thee!" — but a number of men on foot had run up; and suddenly the young knight received a violent blow from a mallet on the side of his head, while in the same instant his horse, gashed deep in the belly by the broadsword of a crossbowman, staggered and fell prone upon the plain. A dozen spears were at his throat in a moment; but Edward shouted once more to stand back; and springing to the ground, he bent over the young knight, exclaiming, "Now, Hugh, rescue or no rescue — do you surrender?"

"I have no choice, my lord," replied the other; "I am in your hand."

"Take him to the rear," said Edward; "but use him with all kindness, as your prince's friend. Now, my lords," he continued, remounting his horse, "methinks the field is ours, and there is scarcely light to strike another blow. Well has the fight been fought, and it is but justice to our enemies to say that never was greater valor, conduct, and chivalry displayed in any land than by them this day. Some one said De Montfort is dead. Have the tidings been confirmed?"

"They are certain, my lord," replied one of his attendants. "The Lord de Vesci, who is taken sorely wounded, saw him die."

"He was a great man," said Edward. "Now spur on and clear the plain; but be merciful, my friends. Remember, they are brave men and fellow-countrymen."

Thus speaking, the prince advanced again, and having seen that no party remained in active contention with his forces, but that all were either dead, taken, or dispersed, he caused his standard to be pitched upon the banks of the little rivulet we have mentioned, his trumpets to blow the recall — and thus ended the famous battle of Evesham.

IN THE DAYS OF EDWARD III

[1272–1307]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THERE are three reasons why the reign of Edward III is worth remembering. The first is that before its close he had adopted the ideas of the dead Simon de Montfort, and had admitted to his Parliament representatives of the townsmen and of the lesser landowners.

The second is that he conquered Wales. The Welsh were descendants of the early Britons whom the Saxons had driven to the west; and, although they had often been obliged to pay tribute, they had never really submitted to the rule of an English king, and they had a prophecy that some day their own King Arthur would come back and help them to drive away the invaders. Edward won several victories, and finally obliged the Welsh to acknowledge him as their ruler. Of course they did this most unwillingly, but matters seemed a little better when Edward told them that he would give them a prince who had been born in their land and who had never spoken a word of English. Behold, when their prince was presented to them, he was Edward's baby son, who had been born in Wales a few months before and was too young to speak a word of any language. He was called Prince of Wales, and that is why the eldest son of the English sovereign usually receives that title, though he has no more power over Wales than over any other part of the kingdom.

The third reason for remembering the reign of Edward is his attempt to conquer Scotland. This was far more difficult than to subdue Wales. In Scotland there were the descendants of a people called Scots, who had long before come from the north of Ireland and had given their name to the country. There were descendants of Picts and of Danes; of Englishmen whom William the Conqueror had driven from their homes; also some descendants of Normans. All these people were united in wishing Scotland to be free, but they took an unwise step which put them into Edward's power.

The Scotch king had died, leaving no children, and thirteen distant relatives claimed the throne. Edward was called a wise ruler, and the Scotch asked him to choose among the thirteen. He replied that the Scotch must first acknowledge him as overlord. They agreed, and he decided in favor of Balliol, though a man named Robert Bruce had a claim that many thought equally good.

Soon Edward began to behave so much as if he himself were King of Scotland that even Balliol revolted. Then Edward came with his army, put Balliol from the throne, and subdued the Scotch. When he went home, he carried with him to London a stone upon which the kings of Scotland always sat when they were crowned. It is called the Stone of Scone, and the people believed that it was the very one that Jacob had for a pillow when he dreamed of the ladder and the angels; and that it had been carried from Bethel to Egypt, Spain, Ireland, and finally to Scotland. Edward put it into a chair in Westminster Abbey, and it is on this stone that the King of England sits at his coronation. The only comfort that

the Scotch had in its loss was an old prophecy that wherever the stone was, there the Scotch should rule.

Scotland was not conquered. She only waited for a leader, and soon a brave, strong man appeared named William Wallace. He knew that he could not meet the great numbers of English that would come against him, so he planned to starve them out, and when the English were coming, the people would burn what they could not carry, and then run away. After a while, however, the great English army overpowered the few Scotchmen. Wallace was captured and put to death.

The heir of Robert Bruce was his grandson, a young man by the same name. Edward had kept him at the English court, but one snowy morning he was missing. There were footprints of horses in the snow, but they pointed toward London, and no one guessed that the wise young man had had the shoes put on reversed. He escaped to Scotland and was crowned. At first he had to hide in the mountains, but he always had faithful friends, and he never was discouraged. After a while he began to be successful, and there came a time when no one knew whether he or Edward would conquer. The English king was old and feeble, but he was as resolute as ever, and he set out to subdue Scotland once for all. Before he was out of England, he fell ill and died. His last wishes were that his bones should be wrapped in an ox-hide, and that his son — the one who had been the baby Prince of Wales — should carry them at the head of the English army till Scotland should be subdued. This was not done, however, for Edward was buried with his forefathers in Westminster Abbey.

About the middle of Edward's reign he banished the

Jews from the kingdom. Thus far the English kings had allowed them to stay, and had treated them less cruelly than had the kings on the Continent. This comparative kindness was not for the benefit of the Jews, however, but simply because they seemed to know how to amass money better than other people, and the kings found it convenient to be able to help themselves from the Jewish hoard. When the Jews made loans, it was always doubtful whether they would ever see their money again, and so to make up for this risk, they charged enormous interest. The English now claimed that this high rate of interest was an injury to the country. Then, too, many people never looked at a Jew without thinking of the crucifixion of Christ, and fancying that even the Jews of twelve hundred years later were to blame for it. At any rate, they were driven out of England, sixteen thousand of them, and it is possible that no other deed of Edward's reign brought him so much praise as their cruel expulsion.

In the two centuries since the battle of Senlac, the English people had made much progress in freedom of thought. They had also made progress in their manner of expressing their thoughts. The French had found it quite worth while to know English, and the English had found it convenient to know French. More and more, however, people were looking upon a knowledge of French as an accomplishment and upon English as the real language of the country. This English had been greatly changed since the days when the minstrels sang of Beowulf, and one of the changes was the result of borrowing words from the French. Words that were nearly alike in both languages were pronounced just as it

happened; and as for the spelling, they were spelled in whatever way came to mind first. In order that those who knew but one language might understand, the custom arose of using two words, one from the French and one from the English, meaning the same thing; and that is one reason why our English of to-day has so many synonyms, or pairs of words with nearly the same signification; such as "cordial, hearty"; "desire, wish"; "act, deed"; "humble, lowly"; "confess, acknowledge." No matter how many words English may take from the French or from any other language, it always makes them wear an English dress; for instance, "telephone" is from the Greek, but we say "telephone-s" and "tele-phon-ing," and the s and the ing are not Greek, but English.

The books that were written were chiefly about England and her history; some of this history is true, and some of it goes back to the half-fabulous days of King Arthur. The unwritten literature, however, is far more attractive. In the days of the weak King Stephen, the cruel barons robbed the people so unmercifully that many abandoned their homes and went to live in the forests. Then it was that men began to make ballads about bold Robin Hood, the merry outlaw who took from the rich and gave to the poor, who played all sorts of pranks on sheriffs and wealthy bishops, but who was always ready to help any one in trouble.

It was a long time before the ballads were written, but they were sung throughout the land. As in the days of Richard a minstrel might go where he would and always find a hearty greeting, so any man who could sing a ballad was ever a welcome guest. People would gather

in groups at any time to listen to him. The ballads were on well-known old stories, or on any recent event that struck the fancy of the singer. He would never try to remember how another man had sung the song, but would sing what chanced to come to his own mind, and make up lines whenever he forgot. The song changed with every singer.

The accounts of early England that were written in this century are interesting, but even though the monks that wrote them would have been greatly shocked at the thought that their pages of dignified Latin were not so valuable as the street songs, it is, after all, the ballads that are the real English literature of the century, the real voice of the masses of the English people.

THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF EDWARD III AGAINST THE SCOTS

[1328]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

The Scots are bold, hardy, and much inured to war. When they make their invasions into England, they march from twenty to four-and-twenty leagues without halting, as well by night as day; for they are all on horseback, except the camp-followers, who are on foot. The knights and esquires are well mounted on large bay horses, the common people on little galloways. They bring no carriages with them on account of the mountains they have to pass in Northumberland; neither do they carry with them any provisions or bread or wine; for their habits of sobriety are such, in time of war, that they will live for a long time on flesh half sodden, without bread, and drink the river water without wine. They have, therefore, no occasion for pots or pans; for they dress the flesh of their cattle in the skins, after they have taken them off: and being sure to find plenty of them in the country which they invade, they carry none with them. Under the flaps of his saddle, each man carries a broad plate of metal; behind the saddle, a little bag of oatmeal: when they have eaten too much of the sodden flesh, and their stomachs appear weak and empty, they place this plate over the fire, mix with water their oatmeal, and when the plate is heated, they put a little of the paste upon it, and make a thin cake like a cracknel

or biscuit, which they eat to warm their stomachs: it is therefore no wonder that they perform a longer day's march than other soldiers. In this manner the Scots entered England, destroying and burning everything as they passed. They seized more cattle than they knew what to do with. . . .

When the English king and all his host had seen the smoke of the fires which the Scots had made, the alarm was immediately sounded, and every one ordered to dislodge and follow his banners: they all, therefore, withdrew to the fields, armed for immediate combat. Three battalions of infantry were formed; each battalion having two wings, composed of five hundred men-at-arms, who were to remain on horseback.

It was said that there were eight thousand men-at-arms, knights, and esquires, and thirty thousand men armed and equipped, half of whom were mounted on small hackneys; the other half were countrymen on foot, sent by the towns and paid by them. There were also twenty-four archers on foot, besides all the crew of followers of the army. Thus being drawn up, they marched in battle array after the Scots, toward the place from whence the smoke came, until it was night. The army halted in a wood, by the side of a small river, to rest themselves, and to wait for their baggage and provision.

The Scots had burnt and pillaged all the country within five leagues of the place where they were, without the English being able to come up with them.

At daybreak the next morning every one was armed, and, with banners displayed, marched in good order over mountains and through valleys, but could never approach the Scots, who were advanced before them; for

there were so many marshes and dangerous places that it was ordered, under pain of death, that no one should quit his banner except the marshals. When it drew toward night, the cavalry, and those who attended the baggage, more especially the infantry, were so fatigued that they could march no farther.

The lords saw that they followed the Scots to no purpose; and that if the Scots were willing to wait for them, they might post themselves on some mountain, or in some dangerous pass, where they could not be attacked but at extreme disadvantage.

The king then ordered the marshals to encamp the army there for the night, in order that they might consider what was to be done the next day. The army lay in a wood upon the banks of a small river, and the king was lodged in a poor monastery hard by. The men-at-arms, horses and baggage, were much fatigued. When each had chosen a spot of ground to encamp himself on, the lords retired apart, to consider what would be the best method to force the Scots to battle, considering the situation of the country in which they were. It appeared to them that the Scots were sheering off to their own country, burning and pillaging as they went, and that it would be impossible to fight with them in these mountains, without a manifest disadvantage, supposing they should overtake them, which they could not; but, as they must repass the Tyne, it was determined in full council that if they were to get themselves ready about midnight, and hasten their march next day, they might cut off the passage of the river, and force them to fight to a disadvantage, or remain shut up prisoners in England.

After this resolution had been entered into, each retired to his quarters, to eat and drink what he could find there; and they desired their companions to be silent, in order that the trumpets might be heard: at the first sounding of which, the horses were to be saddled and made ready; at the second, every one was to arm himself without delay; and at the third, to mount their horses immediately and join their banners. Each was to take only one loaf of bread with him, slung behind him after the manner of hunters. All unnecessary arms, harness, and baggage, were ordered to be left behind, as they thought they should for a certainty give battle the next day, whatever might be the consequences, whether they should win or lose all. As it had been ordered so it was executed, and all were mounted and ready about midnight. Some had but little rest, notwithstanding they had labored hard the day before. Day began to appear as the battalions were assembled at their different posts: the banner-bearers then hastened on over heaths, mountains, valleys, rocks, and many dangerous places, without meeting any level country. On the summits of the mountains and in the valleys were large marshes and bogs, and of such extent that it was a miracle many were not lost in them; for each galloped forward without waiting for either commander or companion: those who fell into them found difficulty in getting any to help them. Many banners remained there, and several baggage and sumpter horses never came out again.

In the course of the day there were frequent cries of alarm, as if the foremost ranks were engaged with the enemy; which those behind believing to be true, they hurried forward as fast as possible, over rocks and

mountains, sword in hand, with their helmets and shields prepared for fighting, without waiting for father, brother, or friend. When they had hastened about half a league toward the place from which the noise came, they found themselves disappointed, as the cries proceeded from some herds of deer or other wild beasts, which abounded in these heaths and desert places, and which fled before the banners, pursued by the shouts of the army, which made them imagine it was something else.

In this manner the young King of England, agreeably to the advice of his council, rode all that day over mountains and deserts, without keeping to any fixed road or finding any town. About vespers, and sorely fatigued, they reached the Tyne, which the Scots had already crossed, though the English supposed they had it still to repass. Accordingly, they went over the ford, but with great difficulty, owing to the large stones that were in the river.

When they had passed over, each took up his lodging on its bank as he could; and at this time the sun was set. There were few among them that had any hatchets, wedges, or other instruments, to cut down trees, to make themselves huts; many of them had lost their companions, and even the foot had remained behind, not knowing what road to ask for. Those who were best acquainted with the country said that they had traveled that day twenty English leagues on a gallop, without stopping, except to arrange the furniture of their horses, when it had been loosened by the violent exercise. They were forced to lie this night on the banks of the river in their armor, and at the same time hold their horses by

their bridles, for there was not any place where they could tie them. Thus the horses had nothing to eat, neither oats nor any forage; and the men had only their loaf that was tied behind them, which was wetted by the sweat of the horses. They had no other beverage but the water of the river, except some great lords, who had bottles among their baggage: nor had they fire or light, not having anything to make them of; except some few lords, who had some torches, which they had brought on sumpter horses. In such a melancholy manner did they pass the night, without taking the saddles from their horses or disarming themselves. And when the long expected day appeared, when they hoped to find some comfort for themselves and horses, or to fight the Scots, which they very much wished for, to get out of their disagreeable situation, it began to rain, and continued all the day, insomuch that the river was so increased by noon that no one could pass over, nor could any one be sent to know where they were, or to get forage and litter for their horses, or bread or wine for their own sustenance; they were therefore obliged to fast another night. The horses had nothing to subsist on but the leaves of the trees and grass. They cut down with their swords young trees and tied their horses to them. They also cut down brushwood to make huts for themselves.

Some poor peasants, coming that way in the afternoon, informed them they were fourteen leagues from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and eleven from Carlisle, and that there was not a town nearer whence they could get any accommodation. When this intelligence was brought to the king and the principal lords, they directly sent off messengers with horses to bring them

provision, and they caused a proclamation to be made in the king's name in Newcastle, that whoever wished to get money, he had only to bring provision, wine, etc., for which he would be instantly paid, and a safe-conduct granted him. They were also informed that they should not move from their present quarters until they had information where the Scots were. The next day the messengers which the lords had sent for provision returned about noon with what they had been able to procure for them and their households; but it was not much: and with them came people of the country, to take their advantage of the situation of the army, and brought with them on mules and small horses bread badly baked, in baskets, and poor thin wine, in large barrels, and other kind of provision to sell, with which the army was tolerably refreshed, and their discontent appeased. This was the case during the seven days that they remained on the banks of this river, among the mountains, expecting the return of the Scots, who knew no more of the English than they did of them.

Thus they had remained for three days and three nights without bread, wine, candles, oats, or any other forage: and they were afterwards for four days obliged to buy badly baked bread, at the price of sixpence a loaf, which was not worth more than a penny, and a gallon of wine for six groats, scarcely worth sixpence. Hunger, however, was still felt in the camp, notwithstanding this supply; and frequent quarrels happened from their tearing the meat out of each other's hands. To add to their unpleasant situation, it had rained all the week, by which all their saddles and girths were rotted, and the greater part of the cavalry were worn

down. They had not wherewithal to shoe their horses that wanted it; nor had they anything to clothe themselves, or preserve them from the rain and cold, but their jerkins or armor, and the green huts: nor had they any wood to burn, except what was so green and wet as to be of small service.

Having continued for a whole week without hearing any tidings of the Scots, who they imagined must pass that way or very near it, in their return home, great murmurs arose in the army: and many laid the fault on those who had given such advice, adding that it was done in order to betray the king and his host. Upon which, the lords of council ordered the army to make ready to march, and cross the river seven leagues higher up, where the ford was better; and it was proclaimed that every one was to be in readiness to march the next dayand to followhis banners. There was another proclamation made, that whoever chose to take pains and find out where the Scots were and should bring certain intelligence of it to the king, the messenger of such news should have one hundred pounds a year in land, and be made a knight by the king himself. When this was made known among the host, many knights and esquires, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, eager to gain such rewards, passed the river with much danger, ascended the mountains, and then separated, each taking different routes.

The next day the army dislodged; marched tolerably well, considering that they were but ill clothed, and exerted themselves so much, that they repassed the river, though with much danger from its being swollen by the rains. Many were well washed and many

drowned. When they had crossed over, they remained there for that night, finding plenty of forage in the fields near to a small village, which the Scots had burnt as they passed. The next day they marched over hill and dale till about noon, when they came to some burnt villages, and some fields where there were corn and hay, so that the host remained there for that night. The third day they marched in the same manner; but many were ignorant where they were going, nor had they any intelligence of the enemy.

They continued their route the fourth day in this order; when, about three o'clock, an esquire, galloping up hastily to the king, said, "Sire, I bring you news of the Scots: they are three leagues from this place, lodged on a mountain, where they have been this week, waiting for you. They knew no more where you were than you did of them: and you may depend on this as true; for I approached so near to them that I was taken and led a prisoner to their army, before their chiefs. I informed them where you were, and that you were seeking them to give them battle. The lords gave me up my ransom and my liberty, when I informed them that you had promised one hundred pounds a year to whoever should first bring intelligence of them, upon condition that he rested not until he brought you this information; and I now tell you that you will find them in the place I have mentioned, as eager to meet you in battle as you yourself can be."

As soon as the king heard this news, he ordered his army to be prepared, and turned his horses to feed in the fields, near to a monastery of white monks, which had been burnt, and which was called in King Arthur's

time Blanche Land. Then the king confessed himself, and each made his preparations according to his abilities. The king ordered plenty of masses to be said, to housel such as were devoutly inclined. He assigned one hundred pounds' value of land, yearly, to the esquire, according to his promise, and made him a knight with his own hands in the presence of the whole army.

When they had taken some repose, and breakfasted, the trumpets sounded; and all being mounted, the banners advanced as the young knight led them on; but each battalion marched by itself in regular array, over hill and dale, keeping their ranks according to order. Thus they continued marching, when about twelve o'clock they came within sight of the Scots' army.

As soon as the Scots perceived them, they issued forth from their huts on foot, and formed three good battalions, upon the descent of the mountain on which they lodged. A strong rapid river ran at the foot of this mountain, which was so full of large rocks and stones that it was dangerous to pass it in haste. If the English had passed the river, there was not room between it and the mountain for them to draw up their line of battle. The Scots had formed their first two battalions on the two sides of the mountain, and on the declivity of the rock, which was not easy to climb to attack them: but they themselves were posted so as to annoy them with stones, if they crossed the river; which if the English effected, they would not be able to return.

[There were skirmishes by both parties, but no regular engagements. At length, the Scots moved to a second mountain, and the English camped on one directly opposite. Day

after day both armies waited for something to be done, and, behold, at last something *was* done.]

Toward daybreak two Scots trumpeters fell in with one of the patrols, who took them and brought them before the lords of the council, to whom they said, "My lords, why do you watch here? You are losing your time; for we swear by our heads that the Scots are on their march home since midnight, and are now four or five leagues off — and they left us behind, that we might give you the information." The English said that it would be in vain to follow them, as they could never overtake them; but, fearing deceit, the lords ordered the trumpeters to close confinement, and did not alter the position of the battalions until four o'clock. When they saw that the Scots were really gone, they gave permission for each to retire to his quarters, and the lords held a council to consider what was to be done. Some of the English, however, mounted their horses, passed the river, and went to the mountain which the Scots had quitted, and found more than five hundred large cattle, which the enemy had killed, as they were too heavy to carry with them, and too slow to follow them, and they wished not to let them fall into the hands of the English alive. They found there also more than three hundred caldrons, made of leather with the hair on the outside, which were hung on the fires full of water and meat, ready for boiling. There were also upward of a thousand spits with meat on them, prepared for roasting; and more than ten thousand pairs of old worn-out shoes, made of undressed leather, which the Scots had left there. There were found five poor English prisoners, whom the Scots had bound naked to the trees, and some

of them had their legs broken; they untied them and sent them away, and then returned to the army, just as they were setting out on their march to England, by orders from the king and council.

They followed all that day the banners of the marshals, and halted at an early hour in a beautiful meadow, where there was plenty of forage for their horses; and much need was there of it, for they were so weakened by famine that they could scarce move. The next day they decamped betimes, and took up their quarters still earlier, at a large monastery within two leagues of Durham. The king lay there that night, and the army in the fields around it, where they found plenty of grass, pulse, and corn. They remained there quiet the next day; but the king and lords went to see the church of Durham. The king paid his homage to the church and the bishopric, which he had not before done, and gave largesses to the citizens.

They found there all their carriages and baggage which they had left in a wood thirty-two days before, at midnight, as has been related. The inhabitants of Durham, finding them there, had brought them away at their own cost, and placed them in empty barns. Each carriage had a little flag attached to it that it might be known. The lords were much pleased at finding them again.

The king and nobles reposed two days at Durham, and the army in its environs, for there would not have been sufficient room to lodge them in that city. They had all their horses well shod, and set out on their march toward York. They made such haste that in three days they arrived there, and found the queen

mother, who received the king and nobles with great joy, as did all the ladies of the court and city. The king disbanded the army, and gave permission for every one to return to his home, and made many acknowledgments to the earls, barons, and knights, for the services they had rendered him by their advice and prowess. He kept near his person Sir John de Hainault and his company, who were much feasted by the queen and all the ladies. The knights made out their accounts for horses which had been ruined or lost or had died, and gave them in to the council, and also a statement of their own expenses, which Sir John de Hainault took upon him as his own debt toward his followers, for the king and his ministers could not immediately collect such a sum as their horses amounted to; but he gave them sufficient for their own expenses, and to carry them back to their own country. They were afterwards all paid within the year the full amount of their losses.

WICLIF ON TRIAL

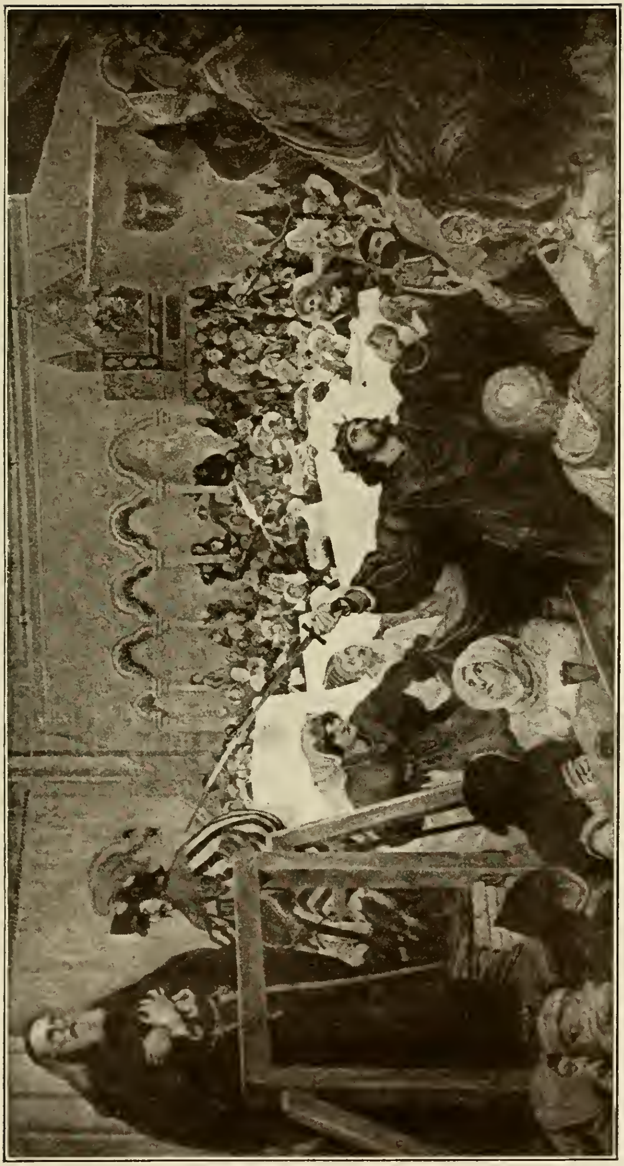
WICLIF ON TRIAL

BY FORD MADOX BROWN

(*English painter*, 1821–1893)

In 1377 John Wiclif, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," was bidden by the authorities of the Church to appear before the Convocation in St. Paul's, London, and give an account of the new doctrines he was teaching. He appeared in due season, but with an escort that was hardly expected, for John, Duke of Gaunt, son of the king, and in reality exerciser of the powers of prime minister, was with him. Lord Percy, Earl-Marshal, and a band of soldiers also accompanied him. The "trial," so called, resolved itself into a violent quarrel between the Bishop of London and the king's son. This soon became a general riot, and to quiet the disturbance Wiclif was allowed to retire to his church at Lutterworth.

In the picture, Courtney, Bishop of London, sits on the dais at the extreme right. At Wiclif's feet sit the five friars who have been appointed as his counsel. John of Gaunt, naked sword in hand, is apparently snapping his fingers at the bishop, and making so threatening a speech that his wife, the Princess Constance, seizes him by the robe lest he turn his sword against that dignitary. Chaucer, another friend of the Duke's, sits in the background at the right with inkstand and quill pen, quietly taking notes. Wiclif stands before the bar. Lord Percy has just ordered a stool to be brought for him. "An you must answer for all these books, Doctor, you will need a soft seat," he says; whereat the wrath of the bishop increases. Wiclif, however, remains standing.



THE REVOLT OF THE PEASANTS

[1381]

BY AUGUSTIN THIERRY

TOWARDS the year 1381, all those in England who were called "bonds," that is to say, all the cultivators, were serfs of body and goods, obliged to pay heavy aids for the small portion of land which supported their family, and unable to quit this portion of land without the consent of the lords, whose tillage, gardening, and cartage of every kind they were compelled to perform gratuitously. The lord might sell them with their house, their oxen, their tools, their children, and their posterity, as is thus expressed in the deeds: "Know that I have sold such a one, my *naif* (*nativum meum*), and all his progeny, born or to be born." Resentment of the misery caused by the oppression of the noble families, combined with an almost entire oblivion of the events which had elevated these families, whose members no longer distinguished themselves by the name of Normans, but by the term gentlemen, had led the peasants of England to contemplate the idea of the injustice of servitude in itself, independently of its historical origin.

In the southern counties, whose population was more numerous, and especially in Kent, the inhabitants of which had preserved a vague tradition of a treaty concluded between themselves and William the Conqueror for the maintenance of their ancient rights and liberties, great symptoms of popular agitation appeared in the

commencement of the reign of Richard II. It was a time of excessive expense with the court and all the *gentlemen*, on account of the wars in France, which all attended at their own cost, and wherein each vied with the other in the magnificence of his train and his armor. The proprietors of the lordships and manors overwhelmed their farmers and serfs with taxes and exactions, alleging for every fresh demand, the necessity of going to fight the French on their own ground, in order to prevent their making a descent upon England. But the peasants said: —

"We are taxed to aid the knights and squires of the country to defend their heritages; we are their slaves, the sheep from whom they shear the wool; all things considered, if England were conquered, we should lose much less than they."

These and similar thoughts, murmuringly exchanged on the road, when the serfs of the same or of neighboring domains met each other on their return from labor, became after a while the theme of earnest speeches, pronounced in a sort of club, where they collected in the evening. Some of the orators were priests, and they derived from the Bible their arguments against the social order of the period.

"Good people," they said, "things may not go on in England, and shall not, until there be no more villeins or gentlemen among us, but we be all equal, and the lords no more masters than we. Where is their greater worth, that they should hold us in serfage? We all come from the same father and mother, Adam and Eve. They are clothed in fine velvet and satin, lined with ermine and minever; they have meat, and spices, and good

wines; we, the refuse of the straw, and for drink, water. They have ease and fine mansions, we pain and hard labor, the rain and the wind, in the open fields."

Hereupon the whole assembly would exclaim tumultuously: "There shall be no more serfs; we will no longer be treated as beasts; if we work for the lords, it shall be for pay."

These meetings, held in many parts of Kent and Essex, were secretly organized, and sent deputies into the neighboring counties to seek the counsel and aid of men of the same class and opinion. A great association was thus formed for the purpose of forcing the gentlemen to renounce their privileges. A remarkable feature of the confederation is, that written pamphlets, in the form of letters, were circulated throughout the villages, recommending to the associates, in mysterious and proverbial terms, perseverance and discretion. These productions, several of which have been preserved by a contemporary author, are written in a purer English, that is to say, less mixed up with French, than are other pieces of the same period, destined for the amusement of the rich citizens. Except as facts, however, these pamphlets of the fourteenth century have nothing curious about them; the most significant of them is a letter addressed to the country people by a priest named John Ball, which contains the following passage: —

"John Ball greeteth you all well, and doth give you to understand he hath rung your bell. Now right and might, will and skill; God speed every idle one; stand manfully in truth and helping. If the end be well, then is all well."

Notwithstanding the distance which then separated

the condition of the peasants from that of the citizens, and more especially from that of the London citizens, the latter, it would appear, entered into close communication with the serfs of Essex, and even promised to open the gates of the city to them, and to admit them without opposition, if they would come in a body to make their demands to King Richard. This king had just entered his sixteenth year, and the peasants, full of simple good faith and a conviction in the justice of their cause, imagined that he would enfranchise them in a legal manner, without their needing to resort to violence. It was the constant theme of their conversations: "Let us go to the king, who is young, and show him our servitude; let us go together, and when he shall see us, he will grant us his grace of his own accord; if not, we will use other means." The association formed round London was rapidly extending, when an unforeseen incident, in compelling the associates to act before they had attained sufficient strength and organization, destroyed their hopes, and left to the progress of European civilization the gradual abolition of servitude in England.

In the year 1381, the necessities of the Government, arising from the prosecution of the war and the luxury of the court, occasioned the levy of a poll-tax of twelvepence for every person, of whatever station, who had passed the age of fifteen. The collection of this tax not having produced as much as had been expected, commissioners were sent to inquire into the subject. In their examination of the nobles and rich, they were courteous and considerate, but towards the lower classes they were excessively rigorous and insolent. The indignation caused by these outrages created an insur-

rection, headed by a tiler, named Walter, or familiarly Wat, and surnamed from his trade, Tyler. This movement created others, in Sussex, Bedfordshire, and Kent, of which the priest, John Ball, and one Jack Straw were appointed leaders. The three chiefs and their band, augmented on its march by all the laborers and serfs it met, proceeded towards London; "to see the king," said the simpler among the insurgents, who expected everything from the mere interview.

They marched, armed with iron-tipped staves, and rusty swords and axes, in disorder, but not furious, singing political songs, two verses of which have been preserved: —

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

They plundered no one on their way, but on the contrary, paid scrupulously for all they needed. The Kentish men went first to Canterbury to seize the archbishop, who was also chancellor of England; not finding him there, they continued their march, destroying the houses of the courtiers and those of the lawyers who had conducted suits brought against serfs by the nobles. They also carried off several persons whom they kept as hostages; among others a knight and his two sons; they halted on Blackheath, where they entrenched themselves in a kind of camp. They then proposed to the knight whom they had brought with them to go as messenger from them to the king, who on the news of the insurrection had withdrawn to the Tower of London. The knight dared not refuse; taking a boat, he proceeded to the Tower, and kneeling before the king:—

"Most dread lord," he said, "deign to receive without

displeasure the message I am fain to bring; for, dear lord, it is by force I come."

"Deliver your message," answered the king; "I will hold you excused."

"Sire, the commons of your kingdom entreat you to come and speak with them; they will see no one but yourself; have no fear for your safety, for they will do you no evil, and will always hold you their king; they will show you, they say, many things it is necessary for you to know, and which they have not charged me to tell you; but, dear lord, deign to give me an answer, that they may know I have been with you, for they hold my children as hostages."

The king, having consulted with his advisers, said "that if on the following morning the peasants would come as far as Rotherhithe, he would meet them, and speak with them." This answer greatly delighted them. They passed the night in the open air as well as they could, for they were nearly sixty thousand in number, and most of them fasted for want of food.

Next day, the 12th of June, the king heard mass in the Tower; and then, despite the entreaties of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who urged him not to compromise himself with *shoeless vagabonds*, he proceeded in a barge, accompanied by some knights, to the opposite shore, where about ten thousand men from the camp at Blackheath had collected. When they saw the barge approach, "they," says Froissart, "set up shouts and cries as if all the devils from hell had come in their company," which so terrified the king's escort that they entreated him not to land, and kept the barge at a distance from the bank.

"What would you have?" said the king to the insurgents: "I am here to speak with you."

"Land, and we will show you more readily what we would have."

The Earl of Salisbury, answering for the king, said: "Sirs, you are not in fit order for the king to come to you"; and the barge returned to the Tower.

The insurgents went back to Blackheath, to tell their fellows what had occurred, and there was now but one cry among them: "To London, to London; let us march upon London."

They marched accordingly to London, destroying several manor-houses on their way, but without plundering them of anything: arrived at London Bridge, they found the gates closed; they demanded admission, and urged the keepers not to drive them to use violence. The mayor, William Walworth, a man of English origin, as his name indicates, wishing to ingratiate himself with the king and the gentry, was at first resolved to keep the gates shut, and to post armed men on the bridge to stop the peasants; but the citizens, especially those of the middle and lower classes, so decidedly opposed this project that he was fain to renounce it.

"Why," said they, "why are we not to admit these good folk? They are our people, and whatever they do is for us."

The gate was opened, and the insurgents, overrunning the city, distributed themselves among the houses in search of food, which every one readily gave them, from good will or from fear.

Those who were first satisfied hastened to the palace of the Duke of Lancaster, called the Savoy, and set fire

to it, out of hatred to this lord, the king's uncle, who had recently taken an active part in the administration of public affairs. They burned all his valuable furniture, without appropriating a single article; and threw into the flames one of their party whom they detected carrying something away. Actuated by the same sentiments of political vengeance, unmixed with other passion, they put to death, with a fantastic mockery of judicial forms, several of the king's officers. They did no harm to men of the citizen and trading class, whatever their opinions, except to the Lombards and Flemings, who conducted the banks in London, under the protection of the court, and several of whom, as farmers of the taxes, had rendered themselves accomplices in the oppression of the poor. In the evening, they assembled in great numbers in St. Catherine's Square, near the Tower, saying they would not leave the place until the king had granted them what they required; they passed the night here, from time to time sending forth loud shouts, which terrified the king and the lords in the Tower. The latter held counsel with the mayor of London as to the best course to be pursued in so pressing a danger: the mayor, who had deeply compromised himself with the insurgents, was for violent measures. He said nothing could be easier than to defeat, by a direct attack with regular forces, a set of people, running in disorder about the streets, and scarce one in ten of whom was well armed. His advice was not followed, the king preferring the counsel of those who said: "If you can appease these people by good words, it were best and most profitable; for if we begin a thing we cannot achieve, we shall never regain our ground."

In the morning, the insurgents who had passed the night in St. Catherine's Square set themselves in motion, and declared that unless the king came to them forthwith, they would take the Tower by assault, and put to death all that were within it. The king sent word that if they would remove to Mile-End, he would meet them there without fail; and shortly after their departure he accordingly followed them, accompanied by his two brothers, by the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and Oxford, and by several other barons. As soon as they had quitted the Tower, those insurgents who had remained in the city entered it by force, and running from chamber to chamber, seized the Archbishop of Canterbury, the king's treasurer, and two other persons, whom they decapitated, and then stuck their heads upon pikes. The main body of the insurgents, numbering fifty thousand men, was assembled at Mile-End when the king arrived. At sight of the armed peasants, his two brothers and several barons were alarmed, and left him; but he, young as he was, boldly advanced, and addressing the rioters in the English tongue, said: —

"Good people, I am your king and sire; what want you? What would you have from me?"

Those who were within hearing of what he said answered: "We would have you free us forever, us, our children, and our goods, so that we be no longer called serfs or held in serfage."

"Be it so," said the king; "return to your houses, by villages, as you came, and only leave behind you two or three men of each place. I will have forthwith written, and sealed with my seal; letters which they shall carry with them, and which shall freely secure unto you all you

ask, and I forgive you all you have done hitherto; but you must return every one of you to your houses, as I have said."

[The letters were distributed, and the men started for their homes. John Ball and Wat Tyler, however, felt little confidence in the letters. They brought together several thousand men and declared that they should remain in London until the king had given them far more definite concessions and also security that these concessions would be kept.]

Their firmness produced its effect upon the lords of the court, who, not venturing as yet to employ force, advised the king to have an interview with the chiefs of the revolt in Smithfield. The peasants, having received this notification, repaired thither to await the king, who came, escorted by the mayor and aldermen of London, and by several courtiers and knights. He drew up his horse at a certain distance from the insurgents, and sent an officer to say that he was present, and that the leader who was to speak for them might advance.

"That leader am I," answered Wat Tyler; and heedless of the danger to which he exposed himself, he ordered his men not to move hand or foot until he should give them a signal, and then rode boldly up to the king, approaching him so near that his horse's head touched the flank of Richard's steed. Without any obsequious forms, he proceeded explicitly to demand certain rights, the natural result of the enfranchisement of the people, namely, the right of buying and selling freely in towns and out of towns, and that right of hunting in all forests, parks, and commons, and of fishing in all waters

which the men of English race had lost at the Conquest.

The king hesitated to reply, and meantime, Wat Tyler, whether from impatience or to show by his gestures that he was not intimidated, played with a short sword he had in his hand, and tossed it to and fro. The mayor of London, William Walworth, who rode beside the king, thinking that Wat Tyler menaced Richard, or simply carried away by passion, struck the insurgent a blow on the head with his mace, and knocked him from his horse. The king's suite surrounded him, to conceal for a moment what was passing; and a squire of Norman birth, named Philpot, dismounting, thrust his sword into Tyler's heart and killed him. The insurgents, perceiving that their chief was no longer on horseback, set themselves in motion, exclaiming: —

"They have slain our captain! Let us kill them all!" And those who had bows bent them to shoot upon the king and his train.

King Richard displayed extraordinary courage. He quitted his attendants, saying, "Remain, and let none follow me"; and then advanced alone towards, the peasants, forming in battle array, whom he thus addressed: —

"My lieges, what are you doing? What want you? You have no other captain than I. Tyler was a traitor; I am your king, and will be your captain and guide; remain at peace, follow me into the fields, and I will give you what you ask."

Astonishment at this proceeding, and the impression ever produced on the masses by him who possesses the sovereign power, induced the main body of the insur-

gents to follow the king, as it were, by a mechanical instinct. While Richard withdrew, talking with them, the mayor hastened into the city, rung the alarm-bell, and had it cried through the streets: —

"They are killing the king! They are killing the king!"

As the insurgents had quitted the city, the English and foreign gentlemen, and the rich citizens, who sided with the nobles, and who had remained in arms in their houses with their people, fearful of pillage, all came forth, and, several thousand in number, the majority being on horseback and completely armed, hastened towards the open fields about Islington, whither the insurgents were marching in disorder, expecting no attack. As soon as the king saw them approach, he galloped up to them, and joining their ranks, ordered an attack upon the peasants, who, taken by surprise and seized with a panic terror, fled in every direction, most of them throwing down their arms. Great carnage was made of them, and many of the fugitives, reëntering London, concealed themselves in the houses of their friends.

[Not in London alone, but throughout the land there was uproar and rebellion. The poorly armed peasants were met by the nobles, who had weapons and armor and castles. The result was, of course, the suppression of the revolt. The leaders were put to death, and the villeins were driven back to their former condition of servitude. As the king's proclamation to them declared: "Villeins you were and are, and in bondage you shall remain."]

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

[1388]

[In the times of disagreement between England and Scotland, there were continual border forays, about which stirring ballads were afterwards written. The best of these is "Chevy Chase," or "The Hunting of the Cheviot," which Sir Philip Sidney said moved his heart more than the sound of a trumpet. This contest was fought between the Douglas family who dwelt on the Scottish side, and the Percys whose home was on the English. One family would start out with all their retainers for a day's hunting on the other side of the border. Then, if they met the other family — a thing that both parties hoped would come to pass — there was a fight. The ballad is a spirited account of this foray and fight.

The Editor.]

I

The Percy out of Northumberland
  And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
  Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas
  And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
  He said he would kill and carry them away;
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
  "I will let that hunting if I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
  With him a mighty meany,

With fifteen hundred archers bold of blood and bone,
  They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn
  In Cheviot the hills so high;
The child may rue that is unborn,
  It was the more pity.

The drivers through the woodes went,
  For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent
  With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodes went,
  On every side sheer,
Greyhounds thorough the greves glent
  For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above,
  Early on Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
  A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
  They 'sembled on sides sheer;
To the quarry then the Percy went
  To the brittling of the deer.

He said: "It was the Douglas's promise
  This day to meet me here.
But I wist he would fail, verament," —
  A great oath the Percy sware.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
  Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming,
  With him a mighty meany.

Both with spear, bill, and brand:
  It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
  Were not in Christianity.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
  Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
  I' the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off the brittling the deer," he said,
  "To your bows look ye take good heed;
For never since ye were on your mothers born
  Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
  He rode at his men beforne;
His armor glittered as a glede;
  A bolder bairn was never born.

"Tell me who ye are," he says,
  "Or whose men that ye be.
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot Chase,
  In the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
  It was the good Lord Percy;

"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In the spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed and cast to carry them away:"
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore the one of us shall die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy:
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pity.

"But Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my country,
Let all our men upon a party stand
And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now a curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whoever thereto says nay;
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day.

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name;

"It shall never be told in South England," he says,
"To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

"I wot ye bin great lordes two
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself and look on,
But while I may my weapon wield
I will not fail both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
The first fytte here I find,
And you will hear any more o' the Hunting o' the Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

II

The Englishmen had their bows ybent;
Their hearts were good enow;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enow,
And that was seen, verament
For he wrought them both woo and woe.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief chieftain of pride,
With sure spears of mighty tree,
They came in on every side;

Through our English archery
  Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gar'd to die
  Which gainèd them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be
  And pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
  Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and maniple
  Many stern they stroke down straight;
Many a freke that was full free
  There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
  Like to captains of might and of main;
They swapt together till they both sweat,
  With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy frekes for to fight,
  Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
  As ever did hail or rain.

"Hold thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
  "And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
  Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
  I hight thee here this thing,

For the manfullest man yet art thou
  That ever I conquered in field-fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,
  "I told it thee beforne
That I would never yielded be
  To no man of a woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily
  Forth of a mighty wane;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
  In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lungs baith
  The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his live days
  He spake no words but one.
That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, while ye may,
  For my life days be gone."

The Percy leanèd on his brand
  And saw the Douglas die.
He took the dead man by the hand
  And said, "Woe is me for thee!

"To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
  My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
  Was not in all the north country."

Of all that saw a Scottish knight
  Was called Sir Hugh Montgomery;

He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
  He spended a spear, a trusty tree:

He rode upon a courser
  Thorough a hundred archery;
He never stinted, nor never blane,
  Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
  A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
  Clean through the body he the Percy bore,

At t' other side that a man might see
  A large cloth-yard and mair;
Two better captains were not in Christianity,
  Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
  Saw slain was the Lord Percy;
He bare a bend-bow in his hand
  Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow that a cloth-yard was long
  To the hard steel haled he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
  He set on Sir Hugh Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad and sore
  That he on Montgomery set;
The swan feathers that his arrow bore
  With his heart blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee
  But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree
  With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
  An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
  The battle was not half done.

They took on either hand
  By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand
  In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
  Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
  But even five and fiftie.

But all were slain Cheviot within;
  They had no strength to stand on high;
The child may rue that is unborn
  It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
  Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hynd Hartley,
  Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lovel,
  A knight of great renown,

Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby
  With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was woe
  That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
  Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
  Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Davy Liddall, that worthy was,
  His sister's son was he.

Sir Charles o' Murray in that place
  That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
  With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
  Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows with weeping tears
  Came to fetch their mates away.

Tivydale may carp of care
  Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
  On the March-party shall never be none.

Word has come to Edinborough,
  To Jamie the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

His handes did he weal and wring;
He said, "Alas! and wo is me!
Such an other captain Scotland within,"
He said, "i' faith should never be."

Word is come to lovely London
To the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain, Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
"Good Lord if thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
"As good as ever was he.
But Percy, as I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be."

As our noble king made his avow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
He did the battle of Homildown;

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down;
Glendale glittered on their armor bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the Hunting of the Cheviot
That tear began this spurn:
Old men that know the ground weel enow
Call it the battle of Otterbourn.

At Otterbourn began this spurn
Upon a Monanday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March parties
Since the Douglas and Percy met,
But it was marvèl, and the red blood ran not
As the rain does in the street.

And now may Heaven amend us all
And to the bliss us bring.
Thus was the Hunting of the Cheviot.
God send us all good ending.

THE MYSTERY PLAYS

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

LONG before the Middle Ages, the priests in various countries often acted stories from the Bible, such as the birth of Christ, in order to impress them upon the minds of the people. These were acted in the church, then on platforms in the churchyard. But so many came to see them that the graves were trampled upon, and it was decreed that they should be acted on other ground.

These plays did not always follow the Bible narrative strictly, but added old legends or any incidents that it was thought would interest the people. For instance, in one of the plays of "The Garden of Eden," when Adam took the apple, he apparently tried to swallow it whole, for the play says that it stuck in his throat, causing the "Adam's apple." In the play of "The Slaughter of the Innocents," an old tradition is brought in that by mistake Herod's own baby son was slain. In the play of "The Shepherds," the honest men talk together about how to care for their sheep. They sit down and eat their supper — bread, butter, pudding, "onyans, garlicke, and leickes," green cheese, and a sheep's head soused in oil — "a noble supper," as one of them calls it. After supper, masters and boys are wrestling together when a bright star blazes out. They kneel down and pray to God to tell them why it is sent. Then the angel Gabriel appears to them and sings, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." This is

sung in Latin, of course, for it would not have seemed to a writer of the Middle Ages at all respectful to represent an angel as singing in English. The shepherds have a rather hard time with the Latin; but they make out some of the words. They talk about the singing. One of them says of the angel, "He hade a moche better voyce than I have." Then they sing together "a merye songe." The angel appears again and tells them that Christ is born in Bethlehem. After they have gone to find him, the three shepherd boys set out to follow their masters. They wish that they had something to carry to the Child, but they have only the few things that they use themselves. One, therefore, gives the Child his water bottle, which he says is good, only it needs a stopper. The second takes off his own hood for a gift, and the third presents him with a nuthook "to pull down aples, peares, and plumes."

In almost all of these plays there was considerable fun-making and "horse-play." Just as the good folk of the Middle Ages saw no harm in making a pilgrimage a merry and entertaining little journey, so in the mystery plays they demanded to be amused as well as instructed. In the play of "The Flood," Noah's wife is indignant that her husband has worked on the ark so many years without telling her. She declares that she will not enter it, and she finally has to be dragged in by Noah and his sons. Herod struts about the stage. He boasts how mighty a king he is and how easily he can destroy the Child who has been born in Bethlehem. Then there must have been loud guffaws of laughter from the audience when the Devil rushed in and carried him off. Satan was the clown, the fun-maker; and whenever

he appeared, the people watched eagerly to see him fooled and cheated by some good spirit. He always wore a dress of leather, ending in claws at the fingers and toes. The souls of the good were dazzling in their white coats, while the wicked were robed in black and yellow with sometimes a touch of crimson. When Satan and his evil spirits made their appearance, they came by way of "hell mouth." This was a great pair of gaping jaws made of painted linen and worked by two men. A fire was lighted to look as if hell mouth were full of flame. Some of the items in the old expense accounts are amusing reading. "For the mending of hell mouth," for "keeping up the fire at hell mouth," sound rather alarming. One item was for a barrel to make an earthquake, another was for a beard for St. Peter, and yet another for a quart of wine to pay for hiring a gown for the wife of Herod.

Long before the plays became so elaborate as to demand so many "properties," they passed into the hands of the craft guilds. In the early part of the thirteenth century, most of the guilds fixed upon Corpus Christi day for their chief celebration. They marched in procession, carrying sacred pictures and images of the saints. Often members of the guild took the parts of Bible characters, and at length whole Bible stories were acted. These were played in pageants, or great lumbering wagons two or three stories high. The lower part was covered by a curtain, and here the actors dressed. The second floor was the stage upon which the acting took place. The third floor, if there was one, represented heaven. An attempt was made to have each scene as realistic as possible; for instance, the stage-directions for

the play of "The Creation" ordered that as many animals as could be obtained should be suddenly let loose.

Each guild had its own special play. One would play "The Three Kings," another "The Crucifixion," another "The Murder of Abel," and so on. In England they were so arranged that the main stories of the Bible were played in the Bible order, beginning with "The Creation," and ending with "The Last Judgment." Early in the morning, the ponderous pageants were dragged out to the different streets of the town. Sometimes men of means paid a good price to have them stop in front of their houses. As soon as a play had been acted, each one moved on and acted the same play in another place. This was usually continued through three days, and a person who remained in one place could see the whole cycle of plays; while if he cared to see any one of them repeated, he had only to follow the pageant to the next street.

The plays were entertaining, and that was reason enough for bringing together a good audience. Moreover, to attend them was thought to be particularly good for one's soul; and to do something religious and be entertained while doing it, was regarded by the good folk of the Middle Ages as a most excellent arrangement.

As for the guilds, at first they looked upon presenting these plays as an honor and also a religious privilege. They chose the actors from their members, and paid them in proportion to the length of their speeches and the amount of stage "business" for which they were responsible. In the play of "St. Peter," in Coventry, the man who did the crowing was paid fourpence; but when he also attended to the hanging of Judas, he received

tenpence more. The guild had to pay these charges, buy costumes and keep them in order, and provide provisions for the actors at rehearsals. It is true that collections were taken up in the streets to help pay expenses, but the burden was still a heavy one. Then, too, trades changed with the changing fashions. Sometimes one trade was divided into two. In 1492 the blacksmiths and bladesmiths in a town separated. This resulted in two weak guilds instead of one strong one, and the whole expense of a pageant was a serious tax to each. As time passed, the guilds made strenuous objections to keeping up the plays, but now the law stepped in, and in many towns they were required to produce their pageants or else pay a large fine. In London, a number of guilds still exist; but the procession which takes place whenever a Lord Mayor is to be inducted into office is the last reminder of the old trade pageants.

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENETS

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

During the greater part of the Middle Ages, most of the land was held by "feudal tenure," that is, on condition of service. Everybody needed service of some sort. A king might own vast areas of land; but unless the nobles would fight for him, he could not keep it from his enemies. The nobles might hold wide estates, but they were worthless unless men could be found to cultivate them. As for the "common people," their first and foremost need was protection. So it was that the feudal system grew up. The king would agree to grant land to a noble provided the noble would become his "vassal." To do this, the noble was obliged to go to the king's court and kneel before him. The king then held the clasped hands of the noble in his own and asked, "Do you wish to become my man?" The noble replied, "I do." The king then kissed him in token of confidence and acceptance, and the noble took a solemn oath on the Gospels or relics of the saints to be faithful. This ceremony was called "doing homage." It bound the king to aid and protect the noble and not to interfere with his control of the land in his hands. It bound the noble to be faithful to the king and to fight for him when fighting was necessary, and to provide at his own expense a fixed number of followers. For the king to demand money and for the noble to pay it would have seemed to both of them some-

what humiliating; but to follow his king in battle and to be loyal to him was quite in accordance with the taste and training of the noble. Even in later times, as the demand for a military force increased, the king did not venture to suggest paying wages to knights to fight for him. Instead of that, "money-fiefs" were invented; that is, a fixed sum was paid to vassals yearly on condition of their performing military service. This was practically the same thing as hiring soldiers, but calling the arrangement a fief, the name given to a grant of land, saved the pride of the knights, and gave the king his soldiers.

The military service required of a vassal was generally limited to forty days in a year. If more was needed, the king must pay all expenses. If the military service was to be rendered in a foreign country, the noble was free to come home at the end of forty days. He must also help the king by his advice, and must submit in any lawsuit of his own to the decision of the king and his fellow vassals, and he must provide entertainment for the king when on a journey. On three occasions he was expected to assist the king with money, but this was never called payment or rent for land, it was always spoken of as "aid." These occasions were: 1. When the king's eldest son was made a knight; 2. When the king's eldest daughter was married; 3. When the king had been taken prisoner by some foreign power and it was necessary to ransom him. In theory, the king had a right to take back the grant of land; but unless a vassal was unfaithful, it was seldom to his advantage to do so. If one vassal was wronged by another, he might appeal to their king; but it was in most cases a long way to the

royal court, it was dangerous to leave one's castle exposed to an enemy, and it was more simple and direct for the two nobles to fight it out. If a vassal died, it was generally for the gain of both parties that his eldest son should take the father's place as vassal. The lord imposed a tax, however, called "heriot," usually the "best beast" of the dead man. The son, too, was required to pay a tax, or "relief," on taking possession of the land in his father's stead. The accepted belief was that every fief should supply to the king the service of a man. If the vassal's son was a child at his father's death, the king brought him up; but to make good the loss of a fighting man, he kept the income of the fief until the boy was old enough to perform a knight's service. If the vassal left only a widow or a daughter, she must pay a fine to the king if she did not wish to marry. If she was willing to marry, the king had the right to select her husband. This was to prevent her from choosing a man who might perhaps be an enemy to the king.

This was the "feudal system," or rather it was the beginning of it. It is quite probable that in many countries at some time in their history, land has been held by this method. Of course it was not decided upon and the land divided in a moment in any country, but the custom grew up gradually. The system was in reality a perfect network of lords and vassals, for not only were the nobles vassals of the king, but they themselves had vassals, and those vassals had others who paid homage to them. Indeed, a man might do homage to a number of men for separate pieces of land. In that case, however, he owed military service to but one of them, and this one was known as his "liege lord." The vassal was

not looked upon as in any degree inferior to the lords. A king might rule one country, and yet pay homage to the ruler of another for his fief in that land. When William the Norman conquered England, he took possession of the country much as if it had been his own big farm. He allowed those who yielded to him to retain their land on payment of large fees. The rest of it he divided among his followers as fiefs. But William was Duke of Normandy, and therefore he himself paid homage to the French king for his Norman land. This descended from one English ruler to another; but when John came to the throne, the French king, Philip II, declared that he was a disobedient and unfaithful vassal, and took it away by capturing the Château Gaillard and his other strongholds.

There were several ways in which smaller amounts of land came into the hands of the nobles. The Church held large areas; but the clergy were forbidden to wield the sword, therefore parts of their holdings were sometimes let to knights on condition of their providing the required number of soldiers. Again, this was a time of fighting and bloodshed, of danger and violence, and many a man who owned a bit of freehold could not protect it. In that case he would often "commend" himself to some powerful man; that is, he would promise to be faithful to him and be his loyal vassal. He now had a strong arm to defend him, and he was sure of food and clothes. The result of all this was that by the thirteenth century it might almost be said, "No land without a lord."

But manors were of small value unless they were cultivated. In these days, if a man owns a large farm, he hires laborers to work on it; but in the Middle Ages the cultivation of the land was managed in quite a different

fashion. Nothing has been said as yet of the "common folk," the many thousand people who were neither clergy nor nobles. They were the ones who did the work of the manors. They were of various ranks. A few were slaves, and were looked upon as having no more rights than a horse or a cow. Above these were the villeins. They could not be sold like slaves, but if a manor passed from one lord to another, they went with it. Each villein held a definite amount of land, and was required to pay for its use partly in money or in produce and partly in labor. The villeins were divided into several classes, each having some special rights or some exemption from undesirable duties which was of great value to them. Above these were the free tenants. They paid for the use of their land, sometimes in service and sometimes entirely in money.

The buildings on a manor were the manor house, in which either the lord or his agent lived; the tiny cottages of the tenants; a church; a windmill; and the various barns and other outbuildings needed. The manor house stood a little apart from the others. It was usually of stone, but its character depended in great degree upon the location. In England, for instance, the important houses near the Scottish border were built strong enough to serve as forts; and, indeed, most of the larger houses in the more level parts of the country were surrounded by moats and had various means of defense. In the simpler houses there was a hall, and adjoining it a kitchen. On the other side of the hall and up a flight of stairs was the "solar." This was the bedroom and parlor of the lord and his wife. The rest of the household and their guests slept in the hall or in the stables or in any other place

where they would be under a roof, even one thatched with reeds from the pond. As time passed, houses were built with more rooms, often enough to inclose a courtyard on three sides, while the fourth was shut in by a wall. Around the whole structure was a moat with a drawbridge. The windows were small, there were turrets and other places from which arrows might be shot in safety; in short, these manor houses were in many respects almost as well fortified as real castles. The cottages were ranged along the one street of the manor, miserable little one-room sheds of clay, the roofs thatched with straw stubble and having neither windows nor chimneys.

The land of the manor was cultivated in three large fields. Usually one produced wheat or barley and one oats, while the third lay fallow. The second year the field that had lain fallow was planted, and another field had a time of rest. This was an extravagant manner of farming, for one third of the land was always idle, but men had not fully learned how to enrich the soil, and therefore they were forced to allow it to rest. Each tenant had a larger or smaller share in these fields; but the land was divided in a peculiar fashion. It was marked off into long, narrow strips, generally about forty rods long and four rods wide, separated from one another by strips of unploughed turf called "balks." The holdings of the different tenants were scattered over the manor, and much time must have been wasted in going from one to another. A man who held thirty acres, or a virgate, might have to care for land in thirty or more different places. Even the land which the lord of the manor reserved for himself was scattered in the

same way. The use of clover and the grasses which can be cultivated in dry places and stored away for winter was not known, therefore the meadow land of the manor was of great value. There was always a common pasture in which sheep and cattle might range; and there was a woodland, wherein the tenants' pigs might find food for themselves.

The tenants were obliged to grind their grain in the lord's mill, bake their bread in his oven, press their grapes in his winepress, and of course pay a good price for the privileges. They must pay for letting their pigs run in the forest, for cutting wood, and often for catching fish, and for the use of their lord's weights and measures. They paid him a share of what they raised, and they paid one tenth of their income to the Church besides fees at every birth, baptism, marriage, and death. Even what was left of their produce they were forbidden to sell until the produce of their lord's land had been sold. This land, or the "demesne," they were obliged to cultivate, each villein doing an amount of work in proportion to the area which he held. The lists of the men and the work required of each were called "extents." An extent usually stated, first, the size of the manor and how it was divided, how many acres of arable land, pasture, meadow, and woodland it contained, and how often the manor court was accustomed to meet. Then came the list of the tenants, what rent they paid, and what work was required of them. On one of the English manors, for instance, there were seven free tenants. One of them was the son of a knight. He held eighteen acres and paid for his land thirty-six pence a year. Apparently these free tenants were not

obliged to do any work on the demesne. Some of the villein tenants, however, had to do so many kinds of work that it is a wonder how they knew when it was finished. One poor man had to work for his land three days a week for eleven months of the year, save for a week at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and find his own food. He must weed, help plough and mow, carry in hay, reap, and haul grain. It was carefully stated just when the lord would provide food for him and how much and what kind. When this man and the other villeins were mowing, they were allowed three bushels of wheat, one ram worth eighteen pence, one jar of butter, and one cheese "next to the best from the dairy of the lord," and salt and oatmeal for their porridge, and all the morning milk. They had also several definite perquisites while they were doing this work; for instance, at the close of each day every man might have as much green grass as he could carry on the point of his scythe; and when the hay was in, he might have a cartful. At harvest-time, each worker might have three handfuls for every load of grain that he brought in. Besides the weekly work during the greater part of the year, there were also "boon-works" in time of ploughing, planting, and harvest. For these, the tenant must leave his own land, often when it needed him most, and give his time to that of his lord. In short, more than one half of the time of the average villein had to be given to the lord of the manor. Just how some of the dues were paid is a little confusing. One tenant, for instance, was bound to pay the lord every Christmas "one hen and a half, the hen being of the price of one and one half pence." Several women held land on the same terms as

the men. The extent also stated the value of the rents, the hens given to the lord, the use of the mill, the right to fish, and all the service performed by the tenants; and it told where the pillory and ducking-stool stood. In this case, there was more than one reason to avoid these instruments of punishment, for they were placed next to the lord's pigsty.

Legal questions often arose on a manor, land was transferred from one person to another, fines were to be imposed, crimes were to be punished, and to decide these matters a court was held regularly. This was convenient for the tenants, but it can hardly have been invariably just, for the lord or his agent was the judge, and he generally had a personal interest in the case. Moreover, the various fines and fees went straight into his own purse, and that must have made it a temptation to inflict as heavy ones as would be borne. In theory, there could be an appeal to the king; but the king was usually a long way off, travel was not safe, and in any case the word of a villein would count little when opposed to the word of a noble.

A manor did not run itself. It had three chief officials besides its lord. First, there was the reeve. He was one of the tenants, and his business was to carry on the cultivation of the lord's land. Then there was the bailiff, who took charge of the whole manor, saw that the work was done and the produce sold. But a noble often held a number of manors, and so a steward was also required, who went from one manor to another to examine the accounts of each, hold court, and take general charge of the estates. So it was that the reeve watched the tenants, the bailiff watched the reeve, the steward watched

the bailiff; and finally an accountant, sometimes a relative of the lord, watched the steward and collected the money from the different manors. Over them all was the lord himself. He and his family and servants went from one manor to another, partly to use up what they could of produce on the spot, and partly, it is whispered, because so little attention was paid to cleanliness that it was the part of comfort as well as wisdom to allow a house to "sweeten" after it had been occupied for some weeks.

A manor required far less from the outside world than any village or city in these days. Food, with the exception of salt and the delicacies brought for the use of the lord, grew on the land. Hemp and wool were raised, spun into yarn, woven, and made into clothes on the spot. Sandals could be made by any one, and rough shoes could be put together by the shoemaker of the manor. There was also a carpenter, who could easily put up the wattled huts of the tenants. If anything more elaborate was to be undertaken, like the building of a church, builders were sent for from away. The blacksmith mended the tools and farming implements and often made them. Clumsy, inconvenient things they were. The scythes were short and straight, and the sickles small and heavy. The great wooden ploughs were so big and cumbersome that even with eight oxen to pull them they cut into the ground only a little way, and a second ploughing was usually necessary. Enriching the land and draining the soil were rarely practiced during the earlier part of the Middle Ages. Crops at best were small, often not more than one third of what the same amount of land would produce to-day. Frequently they

failed altogether, because so little was known of agriculture; and even when there was a year of plenty, it was hardly safe to sell the surplus, for it might all be needed during the following year. The tenant had a hard life, but he was sure of as much protection as his lord could give, of a place to stay in, and of an opportunity to raise something to eat. He had no freedom, but in the times when freedom means danger, one does not grieve so sorely over the loss of liberty. William Langland, who wrote "Piers Plowman," tells how constantly the women worked. They must spin and card and comb wool, he says, trying to earn enough to pay the rent and the cost of milk and meal to feed their little ones; they must mend and wash and reel, and peel rushes, so that it is a sad story to read the sufferings of the women who live in cottages.

But as the years passed, the times changed. The tenants took little interest in the forced cultivation of their lord's land, and with all the watching it seldom brought in as much income as it might, certainly not so much as the lords desired; for many luxuries were now imported, people were interested in building, and they developed a taste for living comfortably. These changes had been caused in great degree by the crusades or military expeditions to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracens; but, whatever was the cause, the nobles wanted money.

The villeins, on the other hand, wanted to get rid of forced labor. Buying a release from disagreeable duties was quite in fashion. Even nobles often bought themselves free from entertaining the king. In many cases the peasants were permitted to buy a release from the services that they especially disliked. In some instances,

where the lord was in pressing need of money, he insisted upon a tenant's buying his freedom. If a lord had a good supply of workmen, a tenant was sometimes allowed to leave the manor on condition of paying a tax. The Church was the friend of the tenant. It taught that to free a serf was a deed pleasing to God; and if the son of the poorest serf showed intellectual ability and aptitude for the priesthood, it demanded his release. It is thought that William Langland was a villein and became free on entering the Church. A tenant could sometimes escape to some city and find friends who would conceal him; and in England there was a law that if a man could succeed in remaining hidden for a year and a day, he was forever free. Many of these runaways knew some trade by which they could support themselves. There were tanners, carpenters, saddlers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and tailors among them. Early in the fourteenth century the weaving of fine woolens was introduced into England; and at this trade especially a man could earn a good support.

Little by little, then, the villeins were discovering that the lords needed them quite as much as they needed the lords. If a lord did not treat his laborers well, he would be likely to lose some of them. As time passed, more and more of the tenants paid rent instead of giving service; and the lords could not always get as much service as they needed. More and more men became free to go from one manor to another as hired laborers. Villeinage would probably have slowly disappeared in any case, but in the fourteenth century the system received two great shocks. One was the fact that when England fought France at the battle of Crécy, the day

was won for the English, not by knights in steel armor, but by yeomen with their bows and arrows. The other was the terrible Black Death, a pestilence which swept over Europe. It is thought to have destroyed nearly one third as many people as there are in the United States. Then the lords or their heirs were in difficulties. They received a heriot on the death of a villein and the usual relief from his heir; but so many had died that few manors had men enough left to do the necessary work. The success at Crécy had shown the common folk that they were able to protect themselves; and now that laborers were few, they began to see that they were an important part of the population. In England occurred an uprising known as the "Peasants' Revolt." The chief demand of these peasants was to be free from villeinage; and although the revolters were severely punished, villeinage rapidly disappeared. France, too, had learned a lesson from her defeats at Crécy and elsewhere, for she had found that her knights in all their armor could not protect their country. People began to question, "If knights cannot even guard their own land, what is the use of knighthood?" and both knighthood and the manor system gradually disappeared. But although the system has vanished, it still influences the law; for instance, the belief of the Middle Ages was that the land of a country belonged to the king and was granted by him to his vassals for life; and to-day if a man in England dies intestate and without heirs, his land goes to the king; in America it goes to the state. So it is that the people of the twentieth century are affected by the beliefs and customs of the people who lived on manors many hundred years ago.

VIII
LANCASTER AND YORK

HISTORICAL NOTE

Opposition to the arbitrary government of Richard II (1377–1399), the last of the Plantagenet kings, resulted in the giving of the crown to his cousin, the Duke of Lancaster, who ascended the throne as Henry IV. By his son, Henry V, the old claim to the crown of France was renewed; and the English king was so successful that it was promised to him when the French king should die. After Henry's death, this claim was pressed in behalf of the baby king of England, Henry VI, but a great popular rising of the French people, inspired by Joan of Arc, stripped England of all her conquests in France except Calais and Guienne.

There were many in England who believed that the crown should have been given to Richard of York rather than to Henry of Lancaster. The result was the breaking-out of civil war in 1455. The badge of the House of Lancaster was a red rose; that of the House of York, a white rose. Therefore the struggle which now commenced was called the "Wars of the Roses." During the thirty years of civil war the crown was held successively by Edward IV of York, Henry VI of Lancaster (lifted to the throne by the Earl of Warwick, the "king-maker"), Edward V of York, and Richard III, his uncle. In 1485, Richard was defeated and killed on Bosworth Field by Henry Tudor, of the Lancaster family, and the long struggle was at last ended.

In 1471, in the midst of the civil war, William Caxton established at Westminster the first English printing-press.

THE CORONATION OF HENRY IV

[1399]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

On a Wednesday, the last day of September, 1399, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, held a Parliament at Westminster; at which were assembled the greater part of the clergy and nobility of England, and a sufficient number of deputies from the different towns, according to their extent and wealth. In this Parliament the Duke of Lancaster challenged the crown of England, and claimed it as his own, for three reasons: first, by conquest; secondly, from being the right heir to it; and, thirdly, from the pure and free resignation of it to him by King Richard, in the presence of the prelates, dukes, and earls in the hall of the Tower of London. These three claims being made, he required the Parliament to declare their opinion and will. Upon this, they unanimously replied that it was their will he should be king, for they would have no other. He again asked if they were positive in this declaration: and, when they said they were, he seated himself on the royal throne. The throne was elevated some feet from the floor, with a rich canopy of cloth and gold, so that he could be seen by all present. On the king's taking his seat, the people clapped their hands for joy, and held them up, promising him fealty and homage. The Parliament was then dissolved, and the day of coronation appointed for the Feast of St. Edward, which fell on a Monday, the 13th of October.

On the Saturday before the coronation, the new king went from Westminster to the Tower of London, attended by great numbers, and those squires who were to be knighted watched their arms that night: they amounted to forty-six: each squire had his chamber and bath, in which he bathed. The ensuing day, the Duke of Lancaster, after mass, created them knights, and presented them with long green coats, with straight sleeves lined with minever, after the manner of prelates. These knights had on their left shoulders a double cord of white silk, with white tufts hanging down. The Duke of Lancaster left the Tower this Sunday after dinner, on his return to Westminster: he was bareheaded, and had round his neck the order of the King of France. The Prince of Wales, six dukes, six earls, eighteen barons, accompanied him; and there were, of knights and other nobility, from eight to nine hundred horse in the procession. The duke was dressed in a jacket, after the German fashion, of cloth of gold, mounted on a white courser, with a blue garter on his left leg. He passed through the streets of London, which were all handsomely decorated with tapestries and other rich hangings: there were nine fountains in Cheapside and other streets he passed through, which perpetually ran with white and red wines. He was escorted by prodigious numbers of gentlemen, with their servants in liveries and badges; and the different companies of London were led by their wardens clothed in their proper livery, and with ensigns of their trade. The whole cavalcade amounted to six thousand horse, which escorted the duke from the Tower to Westminster. That same night the duke bathed, and on the morrow confessed himself.

as he had good need to do, and according to his custom heard three masses. The prelates and clergy who had been assembled then came in a large body in procession from Westminster Abbey, to conduct the king thither, and returned in the same manner, the king and his lords following them. The dukes, earls, and barons wore long scarlet robes, with mantles trimmed with ermine, and large hoods of the same. The dukes and earls had three bars of ermine on the left arm, a quarter of a yard long, or thereabout: the barons had but two. All the knights and squires had uniform cloaks of scarlet lined with minever. In the procession to the church, the duke had borne over his head a rich canopy of blue silk, supported on silver staves, with four golden bells that rang at the corners, by four burgesses of Dover, who claimed it as their right. On each side of him were the sword of mercy and the sword of justice: the first was borne by the Prince of Wales, and the other by the Earl of Northumberland, Constable of England, for the Earl of Rutland had been dismissed. The Earl of Westmoreland, Marshal of England, carried the scepter.

The procession entered the church about nine o'clock; in the middle of which was a scaffold, covered with crimson cloth, and in the center a royal throne of cloth of gold. When the duke entered the church, he seated himself on the throne, and was thus in regal state, except having the crown on his head. The Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed, from the four corners of the scaffold, how God had given them a man for their lord and sovereign, and then asked the people if they were consenting to his being consecrated and crowned king. They unanimously shouted out, "Aye!" and held up

their hands, promising fealty and homage. After this, the duke descended from his throne and advanced to the altar to be consecrated. This ceremony was performed by two archbishops and ten bishops: he was stripped of all his royal state before the altar, naked to his shirt, and was then anointed and consecrated at six places; that is to say, on the head, the breast, the two shoulders, before and behind, on the back and hands: they then placed a bonnet on his head; and while this was doing, the clergy chanted the litany, or the service that is performed to hallow a font.

The king was now dressed in a churchman's clothes like a deacon; and they put on him shoes of crimson velvet, after the manner of a prelate. Then they added spurs with a point, but no rowel, and the sword of justice was drawn, blessed, and delivered to the king, who put it into the scabbard, when the Archbishop of Canterbury girded it about him. The crown of St. Edward, which is arched over like a cross, was next brought and blessed, and placed by the archbishop on the king's head. When mass was over, the king left the church, and returned to the palace in the same state as before. There was in the courtyard a fountain that constantly ran with white and red wine from various mouths. The king went first to his closet, and then returned to the hall to dinner.

At the first table sat the king, at the second the five great peers of England, at the third the principal citizens of London, at the fourth the new-created knights, at the fifth all knights and squires of honor. The king was served by the Prince of Wales, who carried the sword of mercy, and on the opposite side by the constable, who bore the sword of justice. At the bottom of the table

was the Earl of Westmoreland with the scepter. There were only at the king's table the two archbishops and seventeen bishops. When dinner was half over, a knight of the name of Dynock entered the hall completely armed, and mounted on a handsome steed, richly barbed with crimson housings. The knight was armed for wager of battle, and was preceded by another knight bearing his lance: he himself had his drawn sword in one hand, and his naked dagger by his side. The knight presented the king with a written paper, the contents of which were, that if any knight or gentleman should dare to maintain that King Henry was not a lawful sovereign, he was ready to offer him combat in the presence of the king, when and where he should be pleased to appoint. The king ordered this challenge to be proclaimed by heralds in six different parts of the town and the hall, to which no answer was made. After King Henry had dined, and partaken of wine and spices in the hall, he retired to his private apartments, and all the company went to their homes. Thus passed the coronation day of King Henry.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HENRY V

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[ACCORDING to tradition, Henry V in his youthful days, as "Prince Hal," was wild and riotous. His favorite boon companion was Sir John Falstaff, a lying, hard-drinking, good-tempered, witty old knight. When Prince Hal became king, however, the responsibility of his position sobered him, and he became an able and energetic sovereign.

The Editor.]

I

WHEN FALSTAFF PLAYED THE KING

[1403]

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy stage is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of

guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will.

II

WHEN PRINCE HAL BECAME KING

[1413]

Westminster. The Palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?
Ch. Just. How doth the king?
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou.
Clar. } Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 't were otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice." You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble mine intents
To your well-practised wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,

As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!

[*Exeunt.*

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

[1415]

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
    Longer will tarry.
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
    Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
    In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
    With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
    To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
    Their fall portending;

MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

BY SIR JOHN GILBERT

(*English painter*, 1817–1897)

On the morning of the battle of Agincourt the English troops were in a pitiable condition. They were weakened by illness and exhausted by the five weeks' siege of Harfleur. Food was scanty, and Henry was endeavoring to fall back to Calais. This was at best a long and dangerous march. At the river Somme he succeeded in going a long way around and so crossing the stream, but when he came to the little village of Agincourt, the French were lined up against him only a quarter of a mile away. They had three or four times his numbers, and battle could not be avoided. The English could have had little hope of success; but the result was a repetition of the story of Crécy. The French had learned little of warfare since that day, and they still encased themselves in heavy armor. Terror-stricken as they were at the tempests of yard-long arrows of the English bowmen, they fought bravely. In a final charge they struggled to gallop their horses through the clinging, muddy clay, but were thrust back by the stern English pikes. The English lost a few hundred, the French perhaps ten thousand. Sad reports went over France, for their princes and nobles and the very flower of their chivalry were either slain or taken prisoners.

This picture shows the English forces just before the battle. At this solemn moment, when their destruction seemed imminent, the Host was raised in sight of all the army and the soldiers bowed their heads in prayer.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Harry then,
"Though they be one to ten,
Be not amazèd;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire-great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager va'ward led;
With the main, Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.

Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O lord, how hot they were
    On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
    To hear, was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
    To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
    Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
    Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
    Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went.
    Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
    As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
    Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
    With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
    Still as they ran up;

Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
    To England to carry;
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
    Such a King Harry?

QUEEN MARGARET AND THE ROBBER

[1463]

BY AGNES STRICKLAND

[BECAUSE of Henry VI's periods of insanity, much responsibility of protecting his right to the crown during the Wars of the Roses fell upon his queen, Margaret of Anjou. One of her adventures is here described.

The Editor.]

IN the spring of 1463, "England was again set afield" at the fatal battle of Hexham. "King Henry," says Hall, "was the best horseman of his company that day, for he fled so fast no one could overtake him; yet he was so closely pursued that three of his horsemen, or body-guard, with their horses, trapped in blue velvet, were taken, — one of them wearing the unfortunate monarch's cap of state, called a 'bicocket,' embroidered with two crowns of gold, and ornamented with pearls." Margaret succeeded in effecting her escape with the prince and a few of her people. They fled towards the Scotch border, taking with them as many of the crown jewels and other treasures as they could secure: among these, as the unfortunate heroine afterwards told her cousin, the Duchess of Bourbon, were some large vessels of silver and gold, which she hoped to have carried safely into Scotland; but while thus laden, she and her company were overtaken by a party of plunderers, who robbed them of everything, and even despoiled her and the little Prince of Wales of their ornaments and rich

array, — fatal trappings of state, which, being of a fashion, color, and material rigorously forbidden by the sumptuary laws to persons of lower degree, of course betrayed the rank of the royal fugitives, and subjected the unfortunate queen to very barbarous treatment. "They dragged her," she said, "with brutal violence and furious menaces before their leader, held a drawn sword in readiness to cut her throat, and threatened her with all sorts of tortures and indignities; whereupon she threw herself on her knees with clasped hands, weeping and crying aloud for mercy, and implored them by every consideration, human or divine, and for the honor of nobility, of royalty, and above all, for the sake of womanhood, to have pity on her, and not to mangle or disfigure her unfortunate body, so as to prevent it from being recognized after death. For although," continued she, "I have had the ill-luck to fall into your hands, I am the daughter and the wife of a king and was in past time recognized by yourselves as your queen. Wherefore, if now you stain your hands with my blood, your cruelty will be held in abhorrence by all men, throughout all ages." She accompanied these words with floods of tears, and then began to recommend herself with earnest prayers to the mercy of God.

While Margaret was engaged in these agonizing supplications, some of the ruffians began to quarrel about the division of the rich booty of which they had despoiled her. From angry words, they fell to furious fighting one with another; a dreadful slaughter ensued, which proved a providential diversion in favor of the royal prisoners, for the men who had been preparing to put the queen to a cruel death, ran to take part in the conflict in order

to secure their share of the plunder, and paid no further heed to her or her son. Margaret took advantage of their attention being thus withdrawn to address herself to a squire, who was the only person remaining near her, and conjured him, "by the passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to have pity on her, and do what he could to assist her to make her escape." This squire, whose heart God had touched with compassion for her distress, and who was luckily provided with a horse which was able and willing to carry, not double, but threefold, responded to her appeal in these encouraging words: "Madame, mount behind me, and you, my lord prince, before; and I will save you, or perish in the attempt." Margaret and her boy promptly complied with this direction, and made off unpursued, the ruffians being too much occupied in rending each other, like savage beasts over their prey, to observe the escape of their prisoners.

The scene occurred in the neighborhood of Hexham Forest, and thither the fugitives directed their flight, as offering the best facilities for concealment. Such was the decision of the squire, who was the conductor of the party; as for Margaret, she was in no condition to form a judgment as to what course to take, for, as she afterwards declared, not only her brain, but every nerve and vein in her whole body retained so terrible an impression of the frightful peril with which she had been menaced, that when they plunged into the dark depths of the forest, she fancied every tree she saw was a man with a naked sword in his hand, who kept crying to her, "À la mort!" In this piteous state of excitement, maternal solicitude for her boy being the master-feeling, she kept

repeating "that it was not for herself she feared, but for her son. Her death would be a matter of little moment, but his would be too great a calamity, — utter ruin to every one; for being the true heir of the crown, all might go right again if his life could but be preserved." Then she again abandoned herself to paroxysms of terror for that precious child, not believing it possible that they should ever get clear of the forest without falling a second time into the hands of the pitiless foes, from whom they had escaped by scarcely less than a miraculous intervention of Providence. Margaret had, indeed, only too much cause for alarm, although the danger which appeared still present to her was over, for perils no less frightful surrounded her on every side. Hexham Forest was then a sort of "dead man's ground," which few travelers ventured to cross, except in large parties well armed; for it was the resort of the ferocious banditti of the northern marches, who were the scourge and terror of both the Scotch and English border, and whose rapacity and cruelty had placed them out of the pale of humanity.

The night which succeeded a day so fatal to the cause of Lancaster closed over the fugitive queen and her boy while they were wandering in the tangled mazes of Hexham Forest. Neither of them had tasted food since an early hour in the morning, but the pangs of hunger and thirst were probably bravely borne by the princely child, who had been early inured to hardships, and disregarded by the hapless mother while clinging in her despair to that last frail plank of the foundered bark, which she had labored for the past twelve years to steer through seas too stormy for a female pilot's skill. To add to her distress, Margaret was uncertain whether the

king her husband was alive or dead, as they had fled in different directions. While she was lamenting over the calamitous events of that disastrous day, she suddenly perceived, by the light of the rising moon, an armed man of gigantic stature and stern aspect advancing towards her with threatening gestures. At first she imagined that he belonged to the band of pitiless ruffians from whom she had fled, but a second glance at his dress and equipments convinced her that he must be one of the forest outlaws, of whose remorseless cruelty to travelers she had heard many frightful instances. Her courage rose with the greatness of the danger, and perceiving that there was no possibility of escape except through God's mercy, maternal love impelled her to make an effort for the preservation of her son, and she called the robber to her. There is something in the tone and manner of those whose vocation is to command which, generally speaking, insures the involuntary respect of attention. The robber drew near, and listened to what Margaret had to say. The popular version of the story is, that she took the little prince by the hand, and presented him to the outlaw with these words: "Here, my friend, save the son of your king." But if Margaret's own account of this memorable passage of her life is to be credited, she was not quite so abrupt in making a communication attended with such imminent danger to her son, nor before she had in some degree felt her way by an eloquent impassioned appeal to the compassion of the unknown outlaw. She commenced the parley by telling him that if he were in quest of booty, she and her little son had already been rifled by others of all they possessed, showing him that they had been de-

spoiled even of their upper garments, and had nothing now to lose but their lives; yet, although she supposed he was accustomed to shed the blood of travelers, she was sure he would have pity on her, when she told him who she was. Then bending her eyes upon him, she pathetically added, "It is the unfortunate Queen of England, thy princess, who hath fallen into thine hands in her desolation and distress. And if," continued she, "O man! thou hast any knowledge of God, I beseech thee, for the sake of His passion who for our salvation took our nature on Him, to have compassion on my misery. But if you slay me, spare at least my little one, for he is the only son of thy king, and, if it please God, the true heir of this realm. Save him, then, I pray thee, and make thine arms his sanctuary. He is thy future king, and it will be a glorious deed to preserve him, — one that shall efface the memory of all thy crimes, and witness for thee when thou shalt stand hereafter before Almighty God. O man! win God's grace to-day by succoring an afflicted mother, and giving life to the dead." Then, perceiving that the robber was moved by her tears and earnest supplications, she put the young prince into his arms with these words: "I charge thee to preserve from the violence of others that innocent royal blood, which I do consign to thy care. Take him, and conceal him from those who seek his life. Give him a refuge in thine obscure hiding-place, and he will one day give thee free access to his royal chamber and make thee one of his barons, if by thy means he is happily preserved to enjoy the splendor of the crown, which doth of right pertain to him as his inheritance."

The outlaw, whose heart, to use the impressive words

of the royal heroine of this strange romance of history, "the Holy Ghost had softened," when he understood that the afflicted lady who addressed these moving words to him was indeed the queen of the land, threw himself at her feet and wept with her; declaring, withal, "that he would die a thousand deaths, and endure all the tortures that could be inflicted on him, rather than abandon, much less betray, the noble child." He also besought the queen to pardon all his offenses against the law, with no less humility than if she had borne the scepter of sovereign authority in London, and his life depended on her fiat. One of Margaret's French biographers affirms that this outlaw was a ruined Lancastrian gentleman; but this statement receives no confirmation from Margaret's own account of the matter, who spoke with anguish of the dire necessity which had constrained her to entrust her only child to the protection of a robber. No belted knight, however, could have acquitted himself more nobly of the trust the unfortunate queen had confided to his honor. Raising the weary prince in his arms, he led the way, followed by the queen and the squire, to his secret retreat, — a cave in a secluded spot on the south bank of the rapid little stream which washes the foot of Blackhill, where the royal fugitives were refreshed, and received all the comfort and attention his wife was able to bestow. The local traditions of Hexham and Tynedale preserve a lively remembrance of this incident. The robber's den, which afforded shelter in their utmost need to the Lancastrian queen and Prince of Wales, is still known by the name of "Queen Margaret's Cave," and seems to have been well adapted to the purpose. The entrance to it is very

low, behind the bank of the rivulet or bourn, and was formerly concealed from sight and surrounded by wild wood. Its dimensions are thirty-four by fourteen feet: the height will barely allow a full-grown person to stand upright. A massive pillar of rude masonry in the center of the cave seems to mark the boundary of a wall, which, it is said, once divided it into two distinct apartments. When warmed and cheered by fire and lamp, it would not appear quite so dismal a den as at present.

Such was the retreat in which the queen and prince remained *perdue* for two days of agonizing suspense. On the third morning their host encountered Sir Pierre de Brezé and an English gentleman, who, having escaped the robbers at Hexham, had been making anxious search for her and the prince. From these devoted friends Margaret learned the escape of her royal husband, and the terrible vengeance that had been executed on Somerset, and her faithful adherents the lords Hungerford and Roos. Margaret received these tidings with floods of tears. A few hours later, the English gentleman by whom Brezé was accompanied, having gone into the neighboring villages to gather tidings of public events, recognized the Duke of Exeter and Edmund Beaufort, the brother and successor of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset. He conducted them to the retreat of the proscribed queen and the youthful hope of Lancaster. Margaret's spirits revived at the sight of these princes, whom she had numbered with the slain of Hexham, and she determined to send them to their powerful kinsman the Duke of Burgundy, to solicit an asylum at the court of Dijon for herself and the Prince of Wales, while she once more proceeded to the court of Scotland, where she

imagined King Henry had found refuge. On quitting the dwelling of the generous outlaw, from whom she had received such providential succor in her dire distress, she accorded all she had to bestow, — her grateful thanks. The Dukes of Somerset and Exeter offered a portion of their scanty supply of money as a reward to his wife for the services she had rendered to the queen; but, with a nobility of soul worthy of a loftier station, she refused to receive any portion of that which might be so precious to them at a time of need. "Of all I have lost," exclaimed the queen, "I regret nothing so much as the power of recompensing such virtue." Accompanied by Brezé and the squire, and attended by the outlaw of Hexham in the capacity of a guide, Margaret and the young prince her son took the road to Carlisle, from whence she once more proceeded to her old quarters at Kirkcudbright.

WHEN THE KING RETURNED FROM HOLLAND

[1470]

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

[Henry VI was thrust from the throne chiefly by the power of the "king-maker," the Earl of Warwick, and Edward IV became king in his place. Edward, however, failed to be as obedient as Warwick had expected, and the mighty earl promptly changed sides. Edward fled to Holland, but soon returned with strong forces.

The Editor.]

And the winds still blew; and storm was on the tide, and Margaret came not; when, in the gusty month of March, the fishermen of the Humber beheld a single ship, without flag or pennon, and sorely stripped and riveled by adverse blasts, gallantly struggling towards the shore. The vessel was not of English build, and resembled, in its bulk and fashion, those employed by the Easterlings in their trade; — half merchantman, half warship.

The villagers of Ravenspur, — the creek of which the vessel now rapidly made to, — imagining that it was some trading craft in distress, grouped round the banks, and some put out their boats. But the vessel held on its way, and, as the water was swelled by the tide, and unusually deep, silently cast anchor close ashore, a quarter of a mile from the crowd.

The first who leaped on land was a knight of lofty stature, and in complete armor, richly inlaid with gold arabesques. To him succeeded another, also in mail, and, though well built and fair proportioned, of less imposing presence. And then, one by one, the womb of the dark ship gave forth a number of armed soldiers, infinitely larger than it could have been supposed to contain till the knight, who first landed, stood the center of a group of five hundred men. Then were lowered from the vessel, barbed and caparisoned, some fivescore horses; and, finally, the sailors and rowers, armed but with steel caps and short swords, came on shore, till not a man was left on board.

"Now praise," said the chief knight, "to God and St. George, that we have escaped the water! and not with invisible winds, but with bodily foes must our war be waged."

"Beau sire," cried one knight who had debarked immediately after the speaker, and who seemed, from his bearing and equipment, of higher rank than those that followed — "beau sire, this is a slight army to reconquer a king's realm! Pray Heaven, that our bold companions have also escaped the deep!"

"Why, verily, we are not enough, at the best, to spare one man," said the chief knight gayly, "but, lo! we are not without welcomers." And he pointed to the crowd of villagers who now slowly neared the warlike group, but halting at a little distance, continued to gaze at them in some anxiety and alarm.

"Ho there! good fellows!" cried the leader, striding towards the throng, —"what name give you to this village?"

"Ravenspur, please your worship," answered one of the peasants.

"Ravenspur — hear you that, lords and friends? Accept the omen! On this spot landed, from exile, Henry of Bolingbroke, known, afterwards, in our annals as King Henry IV! Bare is the soil of corn and of trees — it disdains meaner fruit; it *grows kings!* Hark!"— The sound of a bugle was heard at a little distance, and in a few moments, a troop of about a hundred men were seen rising above an undulation in the ground, and as the two bands recognized each other, a shout of joy was given and returned.

As this new reinforcement advanced, the peasantry and fishermen, attracted by curiosity and encouraged by the peaceable demeanor of the debarkers, drew nearer, and mingled with the first comers.

"What manner of men be ye, and what want ye?" asked one of the bystanders, who seemed of better nurturing than the rest, and who, indeed, was a small franklin.

No answer was returned by those he more immediately addressed, but the chief knight heard the question, and suddenly unbuckling his helmet, and giving it to one of those beside him, he turned to the crowd a countenance of singular beauty, at once animated and majestic, and said, in a loud voice, "We are Englishmen, like you, and we come here to claim our rights. Ye seem tall fellows and honest. Standard-bearer, unfurl our flag!" And, as the ensign suddenly displayed the device of a sun, in a field azure, the chief continued, "March under this banner, and for every day ye serve, ye shall have a month's hire."

"Marry!" quoth the franklin, with a suspicious, sinister look, "these be big words. And who are you, Sir Knight, who would levy men in King Henry's kingdom?"

"Your knees, fellows!" cried the second knight. "Behold your true liege and suzerain, Edward IV! Long live King Edward!"

The soldiers caught up the cry, and it was reëchoed lustily by the smaller detachment that now reached the spot; but no answer came from the crowd. They looked at each other in dismay, and retreated rapidly from their place amongst the troops. In fact, the whole of the neighboring district was devoted to Warwick, and many of the peasantry about had joined the former rising under Sir John Coniers. The franklin alone retreated not with the rest; he was a bluff, plain, bold fellow, with good English blood in his veins. And when the shout ceased, he said, shortly, "We, hereabouts, know no king but King Henry. We fear you would impose upon us. We cannot believe that a great lord like him you call Edward IV would land, with a handful of men, to encounter the armies of Lord Warwick. We forewarn you to get into your ship, and go back as fast as ye came, for the stomach of England is sick of brawls and blows; and what ye devise is treason!"

Forth from the new detachment stepped a youth of small stature, not in armor, and with many a weather stain on his gorgeous dress. He laid his hand upon the franklin's shoulder. "Honest and plain-dealing fellow," said he, "you are right: pardon the foolish outburst of these brave men, who cannot forget as yet that their chief has worn the crown. We come back not to disturb

this realm, nor to effect aught against King Henry, whom the saints have favored. No, by St. Paul, we come back to claim our lands unjustly forfeit. My noble brother here is not King of England, since the people will it not, but he *is* Duke of York, and he will be contented if assured of the style and lands our father left him. For me, called Richard of Gloucester, I ask nothing but leave to spend my manhood where I have spent my youth, under the eyes of my renowned godfather, Richard Nevile, Earl of Warwick. So report of us. Whither leads yon road?"

"To York," said the franklin, softened, despite his judgment, by the irresistible suavity of the voice that addressed him.

"Thither will we go, my Lord Duke and brother, with your leave," said Prince Richard, "peaceably and as petitioners. God save ye, friends and countrymen, pray for us that King Henry and the Parliament may do us justice. We are not overrich now, but better times may come. Largess!"—and filling both hands with coin from his gipsire, he tossed the bounty among the peasants.

"*Mille tonnère!* What means he with this humble talk of King Henry and the Parliament?" whispered Edward to the Lord Say, while the crowd scrambled for the largess, and Richard smilingly mingled amongst them, and conferred with the franklin.

"Let him alone, I pray you, my liege; I guess his wise design. And now for our ships. What orders for the master?"

"For the other vessels let them sail or anchor as they list. But for the bark that has borne Edward, King

of England, to the land of his ancestors, there is no return!"

The royal adventurer then beckoned the Flemish master of the ship, who, with every sailor aboard, had debarked, and the loose dresses of the mariners made a strong contrast to the mail of the warriors with whom they mingled.

"Friend!" said Edward, in French, "thou hast said that thou wilt share my fortunes, and that thy good fellows are no less free of courage and leal in trust."

"It is so, sire. Not a man who has gazed on thy face, and heard thy voice, but longs to serve one on whose brow Nature has written *king*."

"And trust me," said Edward, "no prince of my blood shall be dearer to me than you and yours, my friends in danger and in need. And since it be so, the ship that hath borne such hearts and such hopes, should, in sooth, know no meaner freight. Is all prepared?"

"Yes, sire, as you ordered. The train is laid for the brennen."

"Up, then, with the fiery signal, and let it tell, from cliff to cliff, from town to town, that Edward the Plantagenet, once returned to England, leaves it but for the grave!"

The master bowed, and smiled grimly. The sailors, who had been prepared for the burning, arranged before between the master and the prince, and whose careless hearts Edward had thoroughly won to his person and his cause, followed the former towards the ship, and stood silently grouped around the shore. The soldiers, less informed, gazed idly on, and Richard now regained Edward's side.

"Reflect," he said, as he drew him apart, "that when on this spot landed Henry of Bolingbroke, he *gave not out that he was marching to the throne of Richard II.* He professed but to claim his duchy — and men were influenced by justice: till they became agents of ambition. This be your policy; with two thousand men you are but Duke of York; with ten thousand men you are King of England! In passing hither, I met with many, and sounding the temper of the district, I find it not ripe to share your hazard. The world soon ripens when it hath to hail success!"

"O young boy's smooth face! — O old man's deep brain!" said Edward admiringly — "what a king hadst *thou* made!"

A sudden flush passed over the prince's pale cheek, and, ere it died away, a flaming torch was hurled aloft in the air — it fell whirling into the ship — a moment, and a loud crash — a moment, and a mighty blaze! Up sprung from the deck, along the sails, the sheeted fire —

"A giant beard of flame."

It reddened the coast — the skies from far and near! it glowed on the faces and the steel of the scanty army — it was seen, miles away by the warders of many a castle manned with the troops of Lancaster; — it brought the steed from the stall, the courier to the selle; — it sped, as of old the beacon fire that announced to Clytemnestra the return of the Argive king. From post to post rode the fiery news, till it reached Lord Warwick in his hall, King Henry in his palace, Elizabeth in her sanctuary. The iron step of the dauntless Edward was once more pressed upon the soil of England.

THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD IV

THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD IV

BY PAUL DELAROCHE

(*French painter*, 1797–1856)

Edward IV died in 1483, leaving a son as rightful heir to the throne. However, Richard, brother of Edward IV, who had been made Protector, contrived to get possession of the child and also of his younger brother, and to make himself king. In order to make his crown more secure, he determined to murder the two boys; and the business was put into the hands of Sir James Tyrrel. The governor of the Tower, where the princes were confined, was ordered by letter of the king to give the keys to Sir James. The unscrupulous man chose his agents, and at midnight, when the boys were asleep, the murderers stole into their room and smothered them with the bedclothes. Sir James came to make sure that they were dead, and ordered that their bodies should be buried at once in the courtyard. He is said to have received from the king a most extravagant reward for his villainy.

The boys are here represented in their gloomy apartment in the Tower. They are trying to read, but their faces show plainly the fear that is upon them. The face of the younger manifests merely dread of something, he knows not what; but on that of the older is reflected a knowledge of the fate that must be expected. The dusk of evening is already closing about them; a few hours and they will be no more.

IX
THE TUDOR KINGS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The most momentous result of the Wars of the Roses was the destruction of the old nobility and the great increase in the power of the Crown, which grew so wealthy on the plunder of confiscated estates that Parliament could safely be ignored. This condition of affairs enabled the Tudor monarchs to turn the English sovereignty into a despotism that endured for a century.

Henry VII (1485–1509), the first of the Tudors, strengthened his claim to the throne by marrying Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV; and thus united the two Houses of York and Lancaster. He passed many useful laws, promoted commerce and industry, and lessened the power of the nobles. He was succeeded by Henry VIII (1509–1547), and never did prince ascend the throne under more favorable circumstances. He was eighteen years of age, handsome, accomplished, and beloved by his people. He developed, however, into a merciless tyrant; but Parliament and people submitted to the powerful Tudor will with hardly a protest. The most important event of his reign was the separation of England from the Church of Rome, a separation occasioned by the refusal of the Pope, Clement VII, to annul his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, aunt of the Emperor Charles V of Spain. By the Act of Supremacy, passed by Parliament in 1534, the king was made the "Protector and only Supreme Head" of the Church of England. Soon after the monasteries were suppressed and their wide domains scattered among the king's favorites, creating a new aristocracy.

One notable characteristic of the eighth Henry was his variability. Of his three great ministers, Wolsey, More, and Thomas Cromwell, the first died in disgrace, the last two were executed. Henry was six times married: to Catherine of Aragon (divorced), Anne Boleyn (beheaded), Jane Seymour (died), Anne of Cleves (divorced), Catherine Howard (beheaded), and Catherine Parr, who outlived him.

THE IMPOSTOR WHO CLAIMED THE CROWN OF HENRY VII

[1488–1499]

BY CHARLES DICKENS

[There were several insurrections against the rule of Henry; and at different times two young men appeared who claimed the throne. The story of one of these, named Perkin Warbeck, is told in the following selection.

The Editor.]

All of a sudden there appeared at Cork, in a vessel arriving from Portugal, a young man of excellent abilities, of very handsome appearance and most winning manners, who declared himself to be Richard, Duke of York, the second son of King Edward IV. "Oh," said some, even of those ready Irish believers, "but surely that young prince was murdered by his uncle in the Tower!" — "It *is* supposed so," said the engaging young man; "and my brother *was* killed in that gloomy prison; but I escaped — it don't matter how, at present — and have been wandering about the world for seven long years." This explanation being quite satisfactory to numbers of the Irish people, they began again to shout and to hurrah, and to drink his health, and to make the noisy and thirsty demonstrations all over again. And the big chieftain in Dublin began to look out for another coronation, and another young king to be carried home on his back.

Now, King Henry being then on bad terms with

France, the French king, Charles VIII, saw that, by pretending to believe in the handsome young man, he could trouble his enemy sorely. So, he invited him over to the French court, and appointed him a bodyguard, and treated him in all respects as if he really were the Duke of York. Peace, however, being soon concluded between the two kings, the pretended duke was turned adrift, and wandered for protection to the Duchess of Burgundy. She, after feigning to inquire into the reality of his claims, declared him to be the very picture of her dear departed brother; gave him a bodyguard at her court, of thirty halberdiers; and called him by the sounding name of the White Rose of England.

The leading members of the White Rose party in England sent over an agent, named Sir Robert Clifford, to ascertain whether the White Rose's claims were good: the king also sent over his agents to inquire into the Rose's history. The White Roses declared the young man to be really the Duke of York; the king declared him to be Perkin Warbeck, the son of a merchant of the city of Tournay, who had acquired his knowledge of England, its language and manners, from the English merchants who traded in Flanders; it was also stated by the royal agents that he had been in the service of Lady Brompton, the wife of an exiled English nobleman, and that the Duchess of Burgundy had caused him to be trained and taught, expressly for this deception. The king then required the Archduke Philip — who was the sovereign of Burgundy — to banish this new pretender, or to deliver him up; but, as the archduke replied that he could not control the duchess in her own land, the king, in revenge, took the market of English cloth away from

Antwerp, and prevented all commercial intercourse between the two countries.

He also, by arts and bribes, prevailed on Sir Robert Clifford to betray his employers; and he, denouncing several famous English noblemen as being secretly the friends of Perkin Warbeck, the king had three of the foremost executed at once. Whether he pardoned the remainder because they were poor, I do not know; but it is only too probable that he refused to pardon one famous nobleman, against whom the same Clifford soon afterwards informed separately, because he was rich. This was no other than Sir William Stanley, who had saved the king's life at the battle of Bosworth Field. It is very doubtful whether his treason amounted to much more than his having said that, if he were sure the young man was the Duke of York, he would not take arms against him. Whatever he had done he admitted, like an honorable spirit; and he lost his head for it, and the covetous king gained all his wealth.

Perkin Warbeck kept quiet for three years; but, as the Flemings began to complain heavily of the loss of their trade by the stoppage of the Antwerp market on his account, and as it was not unlikely that they might even go so far as to take his life, or give him up, he found it necessary to do something. Accordingly, he made a desperate sally, and landed, with only a few hundred men, on the coast of Deal. But he was soon glad to get back to the place from whence he came; for the country people rose against his followers, killed a great many, and took a hundred and fifty prisoners: who were all driven to London, tied together with ropes, like a team of cattle. Every one of them was hanged on some part or

other of the seashore; in order, that if any more men should come over with Perkin Warbeck, they might see the bodies as a warning before they landed.

Then the wary king, by making a treaty of commerce with the Flemings, drove Perkin Warbeck out of that country; and, by completely gaining over the Irish to his side, deprived him of that asylum, too. He wandered away to Scotland, and told his story at that court. King James IV of Scotland, who was no friend to King Henry and had no reason to be (for King Henry had bribed his Scotch lords to betray him more than once; but had never succeeded in his plots), gave him a great reception, called him his cousin, and gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, a beautiful and charming creature related to the royal house of Stuart.

Alarmed by this successful reappearance of the pretender, the king still undermined, and bought, and bribed, and kept his doings and Perkin Warbeck's story in the dark, when he might, one would imagine, have rendered the matter clear to all England. But, for all this bribing of the Scotch lords at the Scotch king's court, he could not procure the pretender to be delivered up to him. James, though not very particular in many respects, would not betray him; and the ever-busy Duchess of Burgundy so provided him with arms, and good soldiers, and with money besides, that he had soon a little army of fifteen hundred men of various nations. With these, and aided by the Scottish king in person, he crossed the border into England, and made a proclamation to the people, in which he called the king "Henry Tudor"; offered large rewards to any who should take or distress him; and announced himself as King Richard

IV, come to receive the homage of his faithful subjects. His faithful subjects, however, cared nothing for him, and hated his faithful troops: who, being of different nations, quarreled also among themselves. Worse than this, if worse were possible, they began to plunder the country; upon which the White Rose said, that he would rather lose his rights than gain them through the miseries of the English people. The Scottish king made a jest of his scruples; but they and their whole force went back again without fighting a battle.

The worst consequence of this attempt was that a rising took place among the people of Cornwall, who considered themselves too heavily taxed to meet the charges of the expected war. Stimulated by Flammock, a lawyer, and Joseph, a blacksmith, and joined by Lord Audley and some other country gentlemen, they marched on all the way to Deptford Bridge, where they fought a battle with the king's army. They were defeated — though the Cornishmen fought with great bravery — and the lord was beheaded, and the lawyer and the blacksmith were hanged, drawn, and quartered. The rest were pardoned. The king, who believed every man to be as avaricious as himself, and thought that money could settle anything, allowed them to make bargains for their liberty with the soldiers who had taken them.

Perkin Warbeck, doomed to wander up and down, and never to find rest anywhere, — a sad fate: almost a sufficient punishment for an imposture, which he seems in time to have half believed himself, — lost his Scottish refuge through a truce being made between the two kings; and found himself, once more, without a country before him in which he could lay his head. But James

(always honorable and true to him, alike when he melted down his plate, and even the great gold chain he had been used to wear, to pay soldiers in his cause; and now, when that cause was lost and hopeless) did not conclude the treaty until he had safely departed out of the Scottish dominions. He, and his beautiful wife, who was faithful to him under all reverses, and left her state and home to follow his poor fortunes, were put aboard ship with everything necessary for their comfort and protection, and sailed for Ireland.

But the Irish people had had enough of counterfeit Earls of Warwick and Dukes of York, for one while; and would give the White Rose no aid. So the White Rose — encircled by thorns indeed — resolved to go with his beautiful wife to Cornwall as a forlorn resource, and see what might be made of the Cornishmen, who had risen so valiantly a little while before, and who had fought so bravely at Deptford Bridge.

To Whitsand Bay, in Cornwall, accordingly, came Perkin Warbeck and his wife; and the lovely lady he shut up for safety in the Castle of St. Michael's Mount, and then marched into Devonshire at the head of three thousand Cornishmen. These were increased to six thousand by the time of his arrival in Exeter; but, there the people made a stout resistance, and he went on to Taunton, where he came in sight of the king's army. The stout Cornishmen, although they were few in number, and badly armed, were so bold that they never thought of retreating; but bravely looked forward to a battle on the morrow. Unhappily for them, the man who was possessed of so many engaging qualities, and who attracted so many people to his side when he had

nothing else with which to tempt them, was not as brave as they. In the night, when the two armies lay opposite to each other, he mounted a swift horse and fled. When morning dawned, the poor confiding Cornishmen, discovering that they had no leader, surrendered to the king's power. Some of them were hanged, and the rest were pardoned and went miserably home.

Before the king pursued Perkin Warbeck to the sanctuary of Beaulieu, in the New Forest, where it was soon known that he had taken refuge, he sent a body of horsemen to St. Michael's Mount to seize his wife. She was soon taken and brought as a captive before the king. But she was so beautiful and so good and so devoted to the man in whom she believed that the king regarded her with compassion, treated her with great respect, and placed her at court, near the queen's person. And many years after Perkin Warbeck was no more, and when his strange story had become like a nursery tale, *she* was called the White Rose, by the people, in remembrance of her beauty.

The sanctuary at Beaulieu was soon surrounded by the king's men; and the king, pursuing his usual dark, artful ways, sent pretended friends to Perkin Warbeck to persuade him to come out and surrender himself. This he soon did; the king, having taken a good look at the man of whom he had heard so much, — from behind a screen, — directed him to be well mounted, and to ride behind him at a little distance, guarded, but not bound in any way. So they entered London with the king's favorite show — a procession; and some of the people hooted as the pretender rode slowly through the streets to the Tower; but the greater part were quiet, and very

curious to see him. From the Tower he was taken to the Palace at Westminster, and there lodged like a gentleman, though closely watched. He was examined every now and then as to his imposture; but the king was so secret in all he did that even then he gave it a consequence which it cannot be supposed to have in itself deserved.

At last Perkin Warbeck ran away, and took refuge in another sanctuary near Richmond, in Surrey. From this he was again persuaded to deliver himself up; and being conveyed to London, he stood in the stocks for a whole day, outside Westminster Hall, and there read a paper purporting to be his full confession, and relating his history as the king's agents had originally described it. He was then shut up in the Tower again, in the company of the Earl of Warwick, who had now been there for fourteen years: ever since his removal out of Yorkshire, except when the king had had him at court, and had shown him to the people, to prove the imposture of the baker's boy. It is but too probable, when we consider the crafty character of Henry VII, that these two were brought together for a cruel purpose. A plot was soon discovered between them and the keepers, to murder the governor, get possession of the keys, and proclaim Perkin Warbeck as King Richard IV. That there was some such plot is likely; that they were tempted into it is at least as likely; that the unfortunate Earl of Warwick — last male of the Plantagenet line — was too unused to the world, and too ignorant and simple to know much about it, whatever it was, is perfectly certain; and that it was the king's interest to get rid of him is no less so. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, and Perkin Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn.

THE FUNERAL OF ELIZABETH OF YORK, WIFE OF HENRY VII

[1503]

BY AGNES STRICKLAND

When the news of Elizabeth's decease spread through the city, the utmost sorrow was manifested among all ranks of her subjects. The bells of St. Paul's tolled dismally, and were answered by those of every church and religious house in the metropolis or its neighborhood. Meantime the queen was embalmed at the Tower; for this purpose were allowed "sixty ells of holland cloth, ell broad; likewise gums, balms, spices, sweet wine, and wax; with which, being sered, the king's plumber closed her in lead, with an epitaph likewise in lead, showing who and what she was. The whole was chested in boards covered with black velvet, with a cross of white damask." The day after the queen's demise, Sunday, February 12, her corpse was removed from the chamber where she died to the chapel within the Tower, under the steps of which then reposed, unknown to all, the bodies of the queen's two murdered brothers, Edward V and Richard, Duke of York. Far different was the order of their sister's royal obsequies to that dark and silent hour when the trembling old priest, who had belonged to this very chapel, raised the princely victims from their unconsecrated lair, and deposited them secretly within its hallowed verge. Could the ladies and officers of arms, who watched around the corpse of their royal

mistress in St. Mary's chapel within the Tower during the long nights which preceded her funeral, have known how near was the mysterious resting-place of her murdered brothers, many a glance of alarm would have fathomed the beautiful arches, and many a start of terror would have told when the wintry wind from the Thames waved the black draperies which hung around.

The Tower chapel was on this occasion what the French call a *chapelle ardente*. The windows were railed about with burning lights, and a lighted hearse stood in the choir of the chapel. In this hearse was deposited the royal corpse, which was carried by persons of the highest rank, with a canopy borne over it by four knights; followed by Lady Elizabeth Stafford and all the maids of honor, and the queen's household, two and two, "dressed in their plainest gowns," or, according to another journal, "in the saddest and simplest attire they had, with threadden handkerchiefs hanging down and tied under their chins." The Princess Catherine, led by her brother-in-law, the Earl of Surrey, then entered the chapel, and took her place at the head of the corpse: a true mourner was she, for she had lost her best friend and only protectress. When mass was done and offerings made, the princess retired. During the watch of the night, an officer-at-arms said, in a loud voice, a *paternoster* for the soul of the queen at every *kyrie eleison*, and an *oremus* before the collect.

On the twelfth day after the queen's death, mass was said in the chapel early in the morning. "Then the corpse was put in a carriage covered with black velvet, with a cross of white cloth of gold, very well fringed. And an image exactly representing the queen was

placed in a chair above in her rich robes of state, her very rich crown on her head, her hair about her shoulders, her scepter in her right hand, her fingers well garnished with rings and precious stones, and on every end of the chair sat a gentlewoman usher kneeling on the coffin, which was in this manner drawn by six horses, trapped with black velvet, from the Tower to Westminster. On the fore-horses rode two chariotmen; and on the four others, four henchmen in black gowns. On the horses were lozenges with the queen's escutcheons; by every horse walked a person in a mourning hood. At each corner of the chair was a banner of Our Lady of the Assumption, of the Salutation, and of the Nativity, to show the queen died in child-bed; next, eight palfreys saddled with black velvet, bearing eight ladies of honor, who rode singly after the corpse in their slops and mantles; every horse led by a man on foot, bareheaded but in a mourning gown, followed by many lords. The lord mayor and citizens, all in mourning, brought up the rear, and at every door in the city a person stood bearing a torch. In Fenchurch and Cheapside were stationed groups of thirty-seven virgins, — the number corresponding with the queen's age, all dressed in white, wearing chaplets of white and green, and bearing lighted tapers. From Mark-lane to Temple-bar alone were five thousand torches, besides lights burning before all the parish churches, while processions of religious persons singing anthems and bearing crosses met the royal corpse from every fraternity in the city." The Earl of Derby, the queen's old friend, led a procession of nobles, who met the funeral at Temple Bar. The Abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey, in

black copes and bearing censers, met and censed the corpse, and then preceded it to the churchyard of St. Margaret, Westminster. Here the body was removed from the car and carried into the abbey. It was placed on a grand hearse streaming with banners and banneroles, and covered with a "cloth of majesty," the valance fringed and wrought with the queen's motto, "Humble and Reverent," and garnished with her arms. All the ladies and lords in attendance retired to the queen's great chamber in Westminster Palace to supper. In the night, ladies, squires, and heralds watched the body in the abbey.

The next morning the remains of Elizabeth were committed to the grave; her sister Catherine attended as chief mourner. The queen's ladies offered thirty-seven palls, first kissing them, and then laying them on the body. Four of these palls were presented by her sisters, who were all present as mourners. A funeral sermon was preached by Fitzjames, Bishop of Rochester, from the text in Job, *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei, quia manus Domini tetigit me.*[1] "These words," he said, "he spake in the name of England, on account of the great loss the country had sustained of that virtuous queen, her noble son the Prince Arthur, and the Archbishop of Canterbury." The palls were then removed from the coffin, the queen's effigy placed on St. Edward's shrine, and the ladies quitted the abbey. The prelates, with the king's chaplains, approached the hearse, and the grave was hallowed by the Bishop of London: after the usual rites the body was placed in it.

[1] Have pity, have pity on me, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

[1520]

BY GUSTAVE MASSON

[HENRY VIII OF ENGLAND was a powerful king, and both the German Emperor, Charles V, and the French sovereign, Francis I, were anxious to secure his influence and aid. In May, 1420, Charles went to England to visit Henry, and Francis invited Henry to visit him during the following month. Calais was then in the hands of England, and the meeting of the two kings was held on a plain between the English castle and one belonging to the French. The dress and entertainment were so magnificent that this plain was afterwards called the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

The Editor.]

THE courtiers who attended the two sovereigns felt bound to almost rival them in sumptuousness, "insomuch," says the contemporary Martin du Bellay, "that many bore thither their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs." Henry VIII had employed eleven hundred workmen, the most skillful of Flanders and Holland, in building a quadrangular palace of wood, one hundred and twenty-eight feet long every way; on one side of the entrance gate was a fountain, covered with gilding and surmounted by a statue of Bacchus, round which there flowed through subterranean pipes all sorts of wines, and which bore in letters of gold the inscription, "Make good cheer who will"; and on the other side a column supported by four lions was surmounted by a statue of Cupid armed with bow and

arrows. Opposite the palace was erected a huge figure of a savage wearing the arms of his race, with this inscription, chosen by Henry VIII, "He whom I back wins." The frontage was covered outside with canvas painted to represent freestone; and the inside was hung with rich tapestries.

Francis I, emulous of equaling his royal neighbor in magnificence, had ordered to be erected close to Ardres an immense tent, upheld in the middle by a colossal pole firmly fixed in the ground, and with pegs and cordage all around it. Outside, the tent, in the shape of a dome, was covered with cloth of gold; and, inside, it represented a sphere with a ground of blue velvet and studded with stars, like the firmament. At each angle of the large tent there was a small one equally richly decorated. But before the two sovereigns exchanged visits, in the midst of all these magnificent preparations, there arose a violent hurricane which tore up the pegs and split the cordage of the French tent, scattered them over the ground, and forced Francis I to take up his quarters in an old castle near Ardres.

When the two kings' chief counselors, Cardinal Wolsey on one side and Admiral Bonnivet on the other, had regulated the formalities, on the 7th of June, 1520, Francis I and Henry VIII set out on their way at the same hour and at the same pace for their meeting in the valley of Ardres, where a tent had been prepared for them. As they drew near, some slight anxiety was manifested by the escort of the King of England, amongst whom a belief prevailed that that of the King of France was more numerous; but it was soon perceived to be nothing of the sort. The two kings, mounted upon

fine horses and superbly dressed, advanced towards each other; and Henry VIII's horse stumbled, which his servants did not like. The two kings saluted each other with easy grace, exchanged embraces without getting off their horses, dismounted and proceeded arm in arm to the tent where Wolsey and Bonnivet were awaiting them. "My dear brother and cousin," immediately said Francis with his easy grace, "I am come a long way and not without trouble to see you in person. I hope that you hold me for such as I am, ready to give you aid with the kingdoms and lordships that are in my power." Henry, with a somewhat cold reserve, replied, "It is not your kingdoms or your divers possessions that I regard, but the soundness and loyal observance of the promises set down in the treaties between you and me. My eyes never beheld a prince who could be dearer to my heart, and I have crossed the seas at the extreme boundary of my kingdom to come and see you." The two kings entered the tent and signed a treaty whereby the dauphin of France was to marry Princess Mary, only daughter at that time of Henry VIII, to whom Francis I undertook to pay annually a sum of 100,000 livres (2,800,000 francs, or £112,000 in the money of our day) until the marriage was celebrated, which would not be for some time yet, as the English princess was only four years old. The two kings took wine together, according to custom, and reciprocally presented the members of their courts. "The same Fraunces, the Frenche king," says Henry VIII's favorite chronicler, Edward Hall, who was there, "is a goodly prince, stately of countenance, merey of chere, broune colored, great iyes, high nosed, bigge lipped, fair brested and

shoulders, small legges, and long fete." Titian's portrait gives a loftier and more agreeable idea of Francis I.

When the two kings proceeded to sign, in their tent, the treaty they had just concluded, "the King of England," according to Fleuranges' "Mémoires," "himself took up the articles and began to read them. When he had read those relating to the King of France, who was to have the priority, and came to speak of himself, he got as far as, 'I, Henry, King' (he would have said *of France and England*), but he left out the title as far as *France* was concerned and said to King Francis, 'I will not put it in as you are here, for I should lie'; and he said only, 'I, Henry, King of England.'" But, as M. Mignet very properly says, "If he omitted the title in his reading, he left it in the treaty itself and, shortly afterwards, was ambitious to render it a reality, when he invaded France and wished to reign over it."

After the diplomatic stipulations were concluded, the royal meeting was prolonged for sixteen days, which were employed in tourneys, jousts, and all manner of festivals. The personal communication of the two kings was regulated with all the precautions of official mistrust and restraint, and when the King of England went to Ardres to see the Queen of France, the King of France had to go to Guines to see the Queen of England; for the two kings were hostages for one another. "The King of France, who was not a suspicious man," says Fleuranges, "was mighty vexed at there being so little confidence in one another. He got up one morning very early, which is not his habit, took two gentlemen and a page, the first three he could find, mounted his horse, and went to visit the King of England at the castle of

Guines. When he came on to the castle-bridge, all the English were mighty astonished. As he rode amongst them, the king gayly called upon them to surrender to him, and asked them the way to the chamber of the king his brother, the which was pointed out to him by the governor of Guines, who said to him, 'Sir, he is not awake.' But King Francis passed on all the same, went up to the said chamber, knocked at the door, awoke the King of England, and walked in.

"Never was man more dumbfounded than King Henry, who said to King Francis, 'Brother, you have done me a better turn than ever man did to another, and you show me the great trust I ought to have in you. I yield myself your prisoner from this moment, and I proffer you my parole.' He undid from his neck a collar worth fifteen thousand *angels*, and begged the King of France to take it and wear it that very day for his prisoner's sake. And, lo, the king, who wished to do him the same turn, had brought with him a bracelet which was worth more than thirty thousand *angels*, and begged him to wear it for his sake; which thing he did, and the King of France put what had been given him on his neck. Thereupon the King of England was minded to get up, and the King of France said that he should have no other chamber-attendant but himself, and he warmed his shirt, and handed it to him when he was up. The King of France made up his mind to go back, notwithstanding that the King of England would have kept him to dinner; but, inasmuch as there was to be jousting after dinner, he mounted his horse and went back to Ardres. He met a many good folk who were coming to meet him, amongst the rest *l'Aventureux*

(a name given to Fleuranges himself), who said to him, 'My dear master, you are mad to have done what you have done; I am very glad to see you back here, and devil take him who counseled you.' Whereupon the king said that never a soul had counseled him, and that he knew well that there was not a soul in his kingdom who would have so counseled him; and then he began to tell what he had done at the said Guines, and so returned, conversing, to Ardres, for it was not far.

"Then began the jousts, which lasted a week, and were wondrous fine, both a-foot and a-horseback. After all these pastimes the King of France and the King of England retired to a pavilion, where they drank together. And there the King of England took the King of France by the collar and said to him, 'Brother, I should like to wrestle with you,' and gave him a feint or two; and the King of France, who is a mighty good wrestler, gave him a turn and threw him on the ground. And the King of England would have had yet another trial; but all that was broken off, and it was time to go to supper. After this, they had yet three or four jousts and banquets, and then they took leave of one another with the greatest possible peace between the princes and princesses. That done, the King of England returned to Guines, and the King of France to France; and it was not without giving great gifts at parting, one to another."

CARDINAL WOLSEY GOING IN PROCESSION

CARDINAL WOLSEY GOING IN PROCESSION

BY SIR JOHN GILBERT

(*English painter*, 1817–1897)

Cardinal Wolsey devoted himself for many years to carrying out every wish of his master, Henry VIII. As a reward, Wolsey was made archbishop, and then lord chancellor, and finally cardinal. He lived in a beautiful palace, with the richest of carpets and silken tapestries. It is said that he had five hundred servants, and that some of them wore heavy chains of gold and garments of satin and velvet, as if they were noblemen. Cavendish thus describes the cardinal's going forth from his house: "He would issue out to them, appareled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal, with a tippet of sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out and filled up again with the part of a sponge wherein was vinegar or other confections against the pestilent airs the which he commonly smelt when passing among the press — or else when he was pestered by many suitors. Then his gentlemen ushers cried out and said, 'Oh, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my lord's grace,' and thus he passed down from his chamber through the hall."

In the illustration, two churchmen precede the cardinal, bearing crosses, while behind them walks a noble carrying the cardinal's hat. All about are poor people kneeling to present petitions for one thing or another. One of them a guard is trying to restrain; but she knows well the kindness of the great man to the poor, and she pays no heed to the hand on her shoulder. At the left is borne the pillar of silver which typifies the cardinal's position as a pillar of the Church.

THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

[1529]

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[WHEN Henry VIII became bent upon annulling his marriage with Catherine and taking Anne Boleyn for his queen, he demanded that his minister, Cardinal Wolsey, should win permission from the Pope. This was impossible, and the great minister fell into disgrace. He was deprived of wealth and office, and only his death prevented his being executed as a traitor.

The Editor.]

Wol. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
  Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
  Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:

THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

THE TRIAL OF SIR THOMAS MORE

[1535]

BY ANNE MANNING RATHBONE

[Sir Thomas More, who had succeeded Wolsey as chancellor, did not approve of Henry's separation from the Catholic Church, and refused to acknowledge him as the head of the Church in England. For this he was brought to trial on the charge of treason.

The following selection is taken from the supposed journal of More's daughter.

The Editor.]

July 1.

By Reason of *Will's* minding to be present at the Triall, which, for the Concourse of Spectators, demanded his earlie Attendance, he committed the Care of me, with *Bess*, to *Dancey*, who got us Places to see *Father* on his Way from the *Tower* to *Westminster Hall*. We coulde not come at him for the Crowd, but clambered on a Bench to gaze our very Hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in Mien not a Whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen Gown, and leaning on a Staff; which unwonted Support when *Bess* markt, she hid her Eyes on my Shoulder and wept sore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her Eyes were soe blinded, I think she coulde not see him. His Face was calm, but grave, as he came up, but just as he passed he caughte the Eye of some one in the Crowd, and smiled in his old, frank Way; then glanced up towards the

Windows with the bright Look he hath soe oft cast to me at my Casement, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying "*Father,*" but he heard me not; perchance 'twas soe best. . . . I woulde not have had his Face cloud at the sight of poor *Bessy's* Tears.

. . . *Will* tells me the Indictment was the longest ever hearde; on four Counts. First, his Opinion on the King's Marriage. Second, his writing sundrie Letters to the *Bishop of Rochester,* counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his Grace's Supremacy. Fourth, his positive Deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the King of his Dignity and Title.

When the reading of this was over, the *Lord Chancellor* sayth, "Ye see how grievouslie you have offended the King his Grace, but and yet he is soe mercifulle, as that if ye will lay aside your Obstinacie, and change your Opinion, we hope ye may yet obtayn Pardon."

Father makes Answer . . . and at Sounde of his deare Voyce alle Men hold their Breaths; . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great Cause to thank your Honours for this your Courtesie . . . but I pray ALMIGHTY GOD I may continue in the Mind I'm in, through his Grace, until Death."

They coulde not make goode their Accusation agaynst him. 'Twas onlie on the Last Count he could be made out a Traitor, and Proof of 't had they none; how coulde they have? He shoulde have beene acquitted out of hand, 'steade of which, his bitter Enemy my *Lord Chancellor* called on him for his Defence. *Will* sayth there was a generall Murmur or Sigh ran through the Court. *Father,* however, answered the Bidding by beginning to expresse his Hope that the Effect of long Imprisonment

mighte not have beene such upon his Mind and Body, as to impair his Power of rightlie meeting alle the Charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed Hold of his Staff, whereon he was accorded a Seat. 'Twas but a Moment's Weakness of the Body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the *King's* Marriage to his Grace himself, which he was soe far from thinking High Treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it Treachery to have withholden his Opinion from his Sovereign King when solicited by him for his Counsell. His Letters to the good *Bishop* he proved to have been harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his Opinion, when askt, concerning the Supremacy, he alleged there coulde be noe Transgression in holding his Peace thereon, God only being cognizant of our Thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the *Attorney Generall*, "your Silence was the Token of a malicious Mind."

"I had always understoode," answers *Father*, "that Silence stoode for Consent. *Qui tacet, consentire videtur;*" which made Sundrie smile. On the last Charge, he protested he had never spoken Word against the Law unto anie Man.

The Jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the *Solicitor Generall*, offers himself as Witness for the Crown, is sworn, and gives Evidence of his Dialogue with *Father* in the Tower, falselie adding, like a Liar as he is, that on his saying "No Parliament coulde make a Law that God shoulde not be God," *Father* had rejoyned, "No more coulde they make the King supreme Head of the Church."

I marvell the Ground opened not at his Feet. *Father*

brisklie made Answer, "If I were a Man, my Lords, who regarded not an Oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this Bar. And if the Oath which you, Mr *Rich*, have just taken, be true, then I pray I may never see God in the Face. In good Truth, Mr *Rich*, I am more sorry for your Perjurie than my Perill. You and I once dwelt long together in one Parish; your manner of Life and Conversation from your Youth up were familiar to me, and it paineth me to tell ye were ever held very light of your Tongue, a great Dicer and Gamester, and not of anie commendable Fame either there or in the *Temple*, the Inn to which ye have belonged. Is it credible, therefore, to your Lordships, that the Secrets of my Conscience touching the Oath, which I never woulde reveal, after the Statute once made, either to the King's Grace himself, nor to anie of you, my honourable Lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private Parley with Mr *Rich?*"

In short, the Villain made not goode his Poynt: ne'erthelesse, the Issue of this black Day was aforehand fixed; my Lord *Audley* was primed with a virulent and venomous Speech; the Jury retired, and presentlie returned with a Verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the King's Grace woulde have 'em doe in that Case.

Up starts my Lord *Audley;* commences pronouncing Judgment, when —

"My Lord," says *Father*, "in my Time, the Custom in these Cases was ever to ask the Prisoner before Sentence, whether he coulde give anie Reason why judgment shoulde not proceed agaynst him."

My Lord, in some Confusion, puts the Question.

And then came the frightful Sentence.

Yes, yes, my Soul, I know; there were Saints of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the World was not worthy.

. . . Then he spake unto 'em his Mind; and bade his Judges and Accusers farewell; hoping that like as St *Paul* was present and consenting unto St *Stephen's* Death, and yet both were now holy Saints in Heaven, so he and they might speedilie meet there, joint Heirs of e'erlasting Salvation.

Meantime, poor *Bess* and *Cecilie*, spent with Grief and long waiting, were forct to be carried Home by *Heron*, or ever *Father* returned to his Prison. Was't less Feeling, or more Strength of Body, enabled me to bide at the Tower Wharf with *Dancey?* God knoweth. They brought him back by Water; my poor Sisters must have passed him. . . . The first Thing I saw was the Axe, *turned with its Edge towards him* — my first Note of his Sentence. I forct my Way through the Crowd . . . some one laid a cold Hand on mine Arm; 'twas poor *Patteson*, soe changed I scarce knew him, with a Rosary of Gooseberries he kept running through his Fingers. He sayth, "Bide your Time, Mistress *Meg;* when he comes past I'll make a Passage for ye; . . . Oh, Brother, Brother! what ailed thee to refuse the Oath? *I've* taken it!" In another Moment, "Now, Mistress, now!" and flinging his Arms right and left, made a Breach through which I darted, fearlesse of Bills and Halberds, and did cast mine Arms about *Father's* Neck. He cries, "My *Meg!*" and hugs me to him as though our very Souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my Child; what mean ye, to weep and break mine Heart? Remember, though I die innocent,

'tis not without the Will of God, who coulde have turned mine Enemies' Hearts, if 'twere best; therefore possess your Soul in Patience. Kiss them alle for me, thus and thus . . ." soe gave me back into *Dancey's* Arms, the Guards about him alle weeping; but I coulde not thus lose Sight of him for ever; soe, after a Minute's Pause, did make a second Rush, brake away from *Dancey*, clave to *Father* agayn, and agayn they had Pitie on me, and made Pause while I hung upon his Neck. This Time there were large Drops standing on his dear Brow; and the big Tears were swelling into his Eyes. He whispered, "*Meg*, for *Christ's* Sake don't unman me; thou'lt not deny my last Request?" I sayd, "Oh! no;" and at once loosened mine Arms. "God's Blessing be with you," he sayth with a last Kiss. I coulde not help crying, "My *Father*, my *Father!*" "The Chariot of *Israel*, and the Horsemen thereof!" he vehementlie whispers, pointing upwards with soe passionate a Regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific Vision; and when I turn about agayn, he's gone, and I have noe more Sense nor Life till I find myself agayn in mine owne Chamber, my Sisters chafing my Hands.

July 5th.

Alle's over now . . . they've done theire worst, and yet I live. There were Women could stande aneath the Cross. The *Maccabees'* Mother — . . . yes, my Soul, yes; I know — Nought but unpardoned Sin. . . . The Chariot of *Israel*.

6th.

Dr *Clement* hath beene with us. Sayth he went up as blythe as a Bridegroom to be clothed upon with Immortality.

Rupert stoode it alle out. Perfect Love casteth out feare. Soe did his.

17th.

My most precious Treasure is this deare Billet, writ with a Coal: the last Thing he sett his Hand to, wherein he sayth, "I never liked your Manner towards me better than when you kissed me last."

19th.

They have let us bury his poor mangled Trunk; but, as sure as there's a Sun in Heaven, I'll have his Head! [1] before another Sun hath risen, too. If wise Men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a Fool.

I doe think Men, for the most Part be Cowards in theire Hearts . . . moral Cowards. Here and there, we find one like *Father*, and like *Socrates*, and like . . . this and that one, I mind not theire Names just now, but in the Main, methinketh they lack the moral Courage of Women. Maybe, I'm unjust to 'em just now, being crost.

July 20th.

. . . .

I lay down, but my Heart was waking. Soon after the first Cock crew, I hearde a Pebble cast agaynst my Lattice, knew the Signall, rose, dressed, stole softlie down and let myself out. I knew the Touch of the poor Fool's Fingers; his Teeth were chattering, 'twixt Cold and Fear, yet he laught aneath his Breath as he caught my Arm and dragged me after him, whispering, "Fool and fayr Lady will cheat 'em yet." At the Stairs lay a Wherry with a Couple of Boatmen, and one of 'em step-

[1] It was the custom to expose on London Bridge the heads of those who had been executed for treason.

ping up to me, cries, "Alas for ruth, Mistress *Meg*, what is't ye do? Art mad to go on this Errand?" I sayd, "I shall be mad if I goe not, and succeed too — put me in, and push off."

We went down the River quietlie enow — at length reach *London Bridge* Stairs. *Patteson*, starting up, says, "Bide ye all as ye are," and springs aland and runneth up to the Bridge. Anon, returns, and sayth, "Now, Mistress, alle's readie . . . readier than ye wist . . . come up quickly, for the Coast's clear." *Hobson* (for twas he) helps me forth, saying, "God speed ye, Mistress . . . An' I dared, I woulde goe with ye." . . . Thought I, there be others in that Case.

Nor lookt I up till aneath the Bridgegate, when casting upward a fearsome Look, I beheld the Dark Outline of the ghastly yet precious Relic; and, falling into a Tremour, did wring my Hands and exclaym, "Alas, alas, that Head hath lain full manie a Time in my Lap, woulde God, woulde God it lay there now!" When, o' suddain, I saw the Pole tremble and sway towards me; and stretching forth my Apron, I did in an Extasy of Gladness, Pity, and Horror, catch its Burthen as it fell. *Patteson*, shuddering, yet grinning, cries under his Breath, "Managed I not well, Mistress? Let's speed away with our Theft, for Fools and their Treasures are soon parted; but I think not they'll follow hard after us, neither, for there are Well-wishers to us on the Bridge. I'll put ye into the Boat and then say, God speed ye, Lady, with your Burthen."

THE APPEAL OF ANNE ASKEW

[1546]

BY "LOUISA MÜHLBACH" (KLARA M. MUNDT)

[EVEN after declaring himself supreme head of the Church in England, Henry VIII still claimed to be a Catholic, and retained the title of "Defender of the Faith," which the Pope had given him in his earlier years. The result of this peculiar condition of things was that if a man was a Protestant and agreed with Luther, he might be burned as a heretic; while if he was a Roman Catholic and acknowledged the Pope as the head of the Church, he might be beheaded as a traitor.

In the story from which the following scene is taken, Anne Askew, maid of honor to the queen, has burst into the royal presence to beg for mercy for several persons who are about to suffer death by fire.

The Editor.]

"MERCY!" repeated the king, "mercy, and for whom? Who are they that they are putting to death down there? Tell me, forsooth, my lord bishops, who are they that are led to the stake to-day? Who are the condemned?"

"They are heretics, who devote themselves to this new false doctrine which has come over to us from Germany, and who dare refuse to recognize the spiritual supremacy of our lord and king," said Bishop Gardiner.

"They are Roman Catholics, who regard the Pope of Rome as the chief shepherd of the Church of Christ, and will regard nobody but him as their lord," said Bishop Cranmer.

"Ah, behold this young maiden accuses us of injustice," cried the king; "and yet, you say that not heretics alone are executed down there, but also Romanists. It appears to me, then, that we have justly and impartially, as always, punished only criminals and given over the guilty to justice."

"Oh, had you seen what I have seen," said Anne Askew, shuddering, "then would you collect all your vital energies for a single cry, for a single word — mercy! and that word would you shout out loud enough to reach yon frightful place of torture and horror."

"What saw you, then?" asked the king, smiling.

Anne Askew had stood up, and her tall, slender form now lifted itself, like a lily, between the somber forms of the bishops. Her eye was fixed and glaring; her noble and delicate features bore the expression of horror and dread.

"I saw," said she, "a woman whom they were leading to execution. Not a criminal, but a noble lady, whose proud and lofty heart never harbored a thought of treason or disloyalty, but who, true to her faith and her convictions, would not forswear the God whom she served. As she passed through the crowd, it seemed as if a halo encompassed her head, and covered her white hair with silvery rays; all bowed before her, and the hardest natures wept over the unfortunate woman who had lived more than seventy years, and yet was not allowed to die in her bed, but was to be slaughtered to the glory of God and of the king. But she smiled, and graciously saluting the weeping and sobbing multitude, she advanced to the scaffold as if she were ascending a throne to receive the homage of her people. Two years of

imprisonment had blanched her cheek, but had not been able to destroy the fire of her eye, or the strength of her mind, and seventy years had not bowed her neck or broken her spirit. Proud and firm, she mounted the steps of the scaffold, and once more saluted the people and cried aloud, 'I will pray to God for you.' But as the headsman approached and demanded that she should allow her hands to be bound, and that she should kneel in order to lay her head upon the block, she refused, and angrily pushed him away. 'Only traitors and criminals lay their heads on the block!' exclaimed she, with a loud, thundering voice. 'There is no occasion for me to do so, and I will not submit to your bloody laws as long as there is a breath in me. Take, then, my life, if you can.'

"And now began a scene which filled the hearts of the lookers-on with fear and horror. The countess flew like a hunted beast round and round the scaffold. Her white hair streamed in the wind; her black grave-clothes rustled around her like a dark cloud, and behind her, with uplifted axe, came the headsman, in his fiery red dress; he, ever endeavoring to strike her with the falling axe, but she, ever trying, by moving her head to and fro, to evade the descending stroke. But at length her resistance became weaker; the blows of the axe reached her, and stained her white hair, hanging loose about her shoulders, with crimson streaks. With a heart-rending cry, she fell fainting. Near her, exhausted also, sank down the headsman, bathed in sweat. This horrible wild chase had lamed his arm and broken his strength. Panting and breathless, he was not able to drag this fainting, bleeding woman to the block, or to lift up the

axe to separate her noble head from the body. The crowd shrieked with distress and horror, imploring and begging for mercy, and even the lord chief justice could not refrain from tears, and he ordered the cruel work to be suspended until the countess and the headsman should have regained strength; for a living, not a dying person was to be executed: thus said the law. They made a pallet for the countess on the scaffold and endeavored to restore her; invigorating wine was supplied to the headsman, to renew his strength for the work of death; and the crowd turned to the stakes which were prepared on both sides of the scaffold, and at which four other martyrs were to be burnt. But I flew here like a hunted doe, and now, king, I lie at your feet. There is still time. Pardon, king, pardon for the Countess of Somerset, the last of the Plantagenets."

"Pardon, sire, pardon!" repeated Catherine Parr, weeping and trembling, as she clung to her husband's side.

"Pardon!" repeated Archbishop Cranmer; and a few of the courtiers reëchoed it in a timid and anxious whisper.

The king's large, brilliant eyes glanced around the whole assembly, with a quick, penetrating look. "And you, my Lord Bishop Gardiner," asked he, in a cold, sarcastic tone, "will you also ask for mercy, like all these weak-hearted souls here?"

"The Lord our God is a jealous God," said Gardiner, solemnly, "and it is written that God will punish the sinner unto the third and fourth generation."

"And what is written shall stand true!" exclaimed the king, in a voice of thunder. "No mercy for evildoers, no

pity for criminals. The axe must fall upon the head of the guilty, the flames shall consume the bodies of criminals."

"Sire, think of your high vocation!" exclaimed Anne Askew, in a tone of enthusiasm. "Reflect what a glorious name you have assumed to yourself in this land. You call yourself the head of the Church, and you want to rule and govern upon earth in God's stead. Exercise mercy, then, for you entitle yourself king by the grace of God."

"No, I do not call myself king by God's grace; I call myself king by God's wrath!" exclaimed Henry, as he raised his arm menacingly. "It is my duty to send sinners to God; may He have mercy on them there above, if He will! I am the punishing judge, and I judge mercilessly, according to the law, without compassion. Let those whom I have condemned appeal to God, and may He have mercy upon them. I cannot do it, nor will I. Kings are here to punish, and they are like to God, not in His love, but in His avenging wrath."

"Woe, then, woe to you and to all of us!" exclaimed Anne Askew. "Woe to you, King Henry, if what you now say is the truth! Then are they right, those men who are bound to yonder stakes, when they brand you with the name of tyrant; then is the Bishop of Rome right when he upbraids you as an apostate and degenerate son, and hurls his anathemas against you! Then you know not God, who is love and mercy; then you are no disciple of the Saviour, who has said, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you.' Woe to you, King Henry, if matters are really so bad with you; if —"

"Silence, unhappy woman, silence!" exclaimed

Catherine; and as she vehemently pushed away the furious girl she grasped the king's hand, and pressed it to her lips. "Sire," whispered she, with intense earnestness, "sire, you told me just now that you love me. Prove it by pardoning this maiden, and having consideration for her impassioned excitement. Prove it by allowing me to lead Anne Askew to her room and enjoin silence upon her."

But at this moment the king was wholly inaccessible to any other feelings than those of anger and delight in blood.

He indignantly repelled Catherine, and without moving his sharp, penetrating look from the young maiden, he said in a quick, hollow tone: "Let her alone; let her speak; let no one dare to interrupt her!"

Catherine, trembling with anxiety and inwardly hurt at the harsh manner of the king, retired with a sigh to the embrasure of one of the windows.

Anne Askew had not noticed what was going on about her. She remained in that state of exaltation which cares for no consequences and which trembles before no danger. She would at this moment have gone to the stake with cheerful alacrity, and she almost longed for this blessed martyrdom.

"Speak, Anne Askew, speak!" commanded the king. "Tell me, do you know what the countess, for whose pardon you are beseeching me, has done? Know you why those four men were sent to the stake?"

"I do know, King Henry, by the wrath of God," said the maiden, with burning passionateness. "I know why you have sent the noble countess to the slaughter-house, and why you will exercise no mercy toward her. She is

of noble, of royal blood, and Cardinal Pole is her son. You would punish the son through the mother, and because you cannot throttle the cardinal, you murder his mother."

"Oh, you are a very knowing child!" cried the king, with an inhuman, ironical laugh. "You know my most secret thoughts and my most hidden feelings. Without doubt you are a good Papist, since the death of the popish countess fills you with such heart-rending grief. Then you must confess, at the least, that it is right to burn the four heretics!"

"Heretics!" exclaimed Anne enthusiastically, "call you heretics those noble men who go gladly and boldly to death for their convictions and their faith? King Henry! King Henry! Woe to you if these men are condemned as heretics! They alone are the faithful, they are the true servants of God. They have freed themselves from human supremacy, and as you would not recognize the Pope, so they will not recognize you as head of the Church! God alone, they say, is Lord of the Church and Master of their consciences, and who can be presumptuous enough to call them criminals?"

"I!" exclaimed Henry the Eighth, in a powerful tone. "I dare do it. I say that they are heretics, and that I will destroy them, will tread them all beneath my feet, all of them, all who think as they do! I say that I will shed the blood of these criminals, and prepare for them torments at which human nature will shudder and quake. God will manifest Himself by me in fire and blood! He has put the sword into my hand, and I will wield it for His glory. Like St. George, I will tread the dragon of heresy beneath my feet!"

And haughtily raising his crimsoned face and rolling his great bloodshot eyes wildly around the circle, he continued: "Hear this all of you who are here assembled; no mercy for heretics, no pardon for Papists. It is I, I alone, whom the Lord our God has chosen and blessed as His hangman and executioner! I am the high-priest of His Church, and he who dares deny me, denies God; and he who is so presumptuous as to do reverence to any other head of the Church, is a priest of Baal and kneels to an idolatrous image. Kneel down all of you before me, and reverence in me God, whose earthly representative I am, and who reveals Himself through me in His fearful and exalted majesty. Kneel down, for I am sole head of the Church and high-priest of our God!"

And as if at one blow all knees bent; all those haughty cavaliers, those ladies sparkling with jewels and gold, even the two bishops and the queen fell upon the ground.

The king gazed for a moment on this sight, and, with radiant looks and a smile of triumph, his eyes ran over this assembly, consisting of the noblest of his kingdom, humbled before him.

Suddenly they were fastened on Anne Askew.

She alone had not bent her knee, but stood in the midst of the kneelers, proud and upright as the king himself.

A dark cloud passed over the king's countenance.

"You obey not my command?" asked he.

She shook her curly head and fixed on him a steady, piercing look. "No," said she, "like those over yonder whose last death-groan we even now hear, like them, I say: 'To God alone is honor due, and He alone is Lord of His Church!' If you wish me to bend my knee before

you as my king, I will do it, but I bow not to you as the head of the holy Church!"

A murmur of surprise flew through the assembly, and every eye was turned with fear and amazement on this bold young girl, who confronted the king with a countenance smiling and glowing with enthusiasm.

At a sign from Henry the kneelers arose and awaited in breathless silence the terrible scene that was coming.

A pause ensued. King Henry himself was struggling for breath, and needed a moment to collect himself.

Not as though wrath and passion had deprived him of speech. He was neither wrathful nor passionate, and it was only *joy* that obstructed his breathing — the joy of having again found a victim with which he might satisfy his desire for blood, on whose agony he might feast his eyes, whose dying sigh he might greedily inhale.

The king was never more cheerful than when he had signed a death-warrant. For then he was in full enjoyment of his greatness as lord over the lives and deaths of millions of other men, and this feeling made him proud and happy, and fully conscious of his exalted position.

Hence, as he now turned to Anne Askew, his countenance was calm and serene, and his voice friendly, almost tender.

"Anne Askew," said he, "do you know that the words you have now spoken make you guilty of high treason?"

"I know it, sire."

"And you know what punishment awaits traitors?"

"Death, I know it."

"Death by fire!" said the king with perfect calmness and composure.

A hollow murmur ran through the assembly. Only one voice dared give utterance to the word mercy.

It was Catherine, the king's consort, who spoke this one word. She stepped forward, and was about to rush to the king and once more implore his mercy and pity. But she felt herself gently held back. Archbishop Cranmer stood near her, regarding her with a serious and beseeching look.

"Compose yourself, compose yourself," murmured he. "You cannot save her; she is lost. Think of yourself, and of the pure and holy religion whose protectress you are. Preserve yourself for your Church and your companions in the faith!"

"And must she die?" asked Catherine, whose eyes filled with tears as she looked toward the poor young child, who was confronting the king with such a beautiful and innocent smile.

"Perhaps we may still save her, but this is not the moment for it. Any opposition now would only irritate the king the more, and he might cause the girl to be instantly thrown into the flames of the fires still burning yonder! So let us be silent."

"Yes, silence," murmured Catherine, with a shudder, as she withdrew again to the embrasure of the window.

"Death by fire awaits you, Anne Askew!" repeated the king. "No mercy for the traitress who vilifies and scoffs at her king!"

X

FROM EDWARD VI TO THE DEATH OF MARY

HISTORICAL NOTE

According to the will of Henry VIII, his son Edward was to succeed to the throne, and after him Edward's half-sisters, first Mary, then Elizabeth. Edward (1547–1553) died at the age of sixteen. Before his death he had been persuaded by the Protector, the Duke of Northumberland, that he had as good a right to bequeath the crown as his father had had, and that, in order to continue the Protestant power in the land, he ought to leave it to Lady Jane Grey, great-granddaughter of Henry VII, who was a Protestant and who had married the Protector's son. This Edward did. The result was that for twelve days Lady Jane Grey was queen. Then Mary got possession of her father's throne, and not only Northumberland, but also Lady Jane and her husband, were executed.

Mary, the daughter of Catherine of Aragon, was a Catholic, and when she came to the throne, the laws against the power of the Pope in England were repealed, and those for the burning of people whose religious belief differed from that of the sovereign were revived. The whole land was eager that Mary should marry, and especially that she should choose an Englishman for her husband; but she had set her heart upon her cousin, Philip of Spain. She was determined to marry him, and this she did.

To please Philip, Mary took part in a war between Spain and France. In this war she lost Calais, the one possession which England still held in France. "When I die," declared the queen, "'Calais' will be found written on my heart." Her reign ended in 1558, and Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, ascended the throne.

THE EXECUTION OF THE "TWELVE-DAYS' QUEEN"

[1554]

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

MONDAY, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. Angela kept watch over the lovely sleeper, and the effect produced by the contemplation of her features during this her last slumber was never afterwards effaced. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A celestial smile irradiated her countenance; her lips moved as if in prayer; and if good angels are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane. Thinking it cruelty to disturb her from such a blissful state, Angela let an hour pass beyond the appointed time. But observing a change come over her countenance, seeing her bosom heave, and tears gather beneath her eyelashes, she touched her, and Jane instantly arose.

"Is it four o'clock?" she inquired.

"It has just struck five, madam," replied Angela. "I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy, that I could not find in my heart to waken you."

"I *was* happy," replied Jane, "for I dreamed that all

was over — without pain to me — and that my soul was borne to regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered above the scaffold."

"It will be so, madam," replied Angela fervently. "You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will rejoin your husband in everlasting happiness."

"I trust so," replied Jane, in an altered tone, "but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough."

"Your pardon, dearest madam," cried the other fearfully.

"Nay, you have given me no offense," returned Jane kindly. "What I meant was that I had not time to find my husband."

"Oh you *will* find him, dearest madam," returned Angela, "doubt it not. Your prayers would wash out his offenses, even if his own could not."

"I trust so," replied Jane. "And I will now pray for him, and do you pray, too."

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven. She then arose, and assisted by Angela attired herself with great care.

"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body, now I am about to part with it," she observed, "than I would do if it was to serve me longer. So joyful is the occasion to me that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel to indicate my contentment of heart. I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds." And she put on a gown of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; tying

round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services, she sobbed audibly.

"Nay, cheer thee, child," observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow, nay, when arrayed on my wedding-day, I felt not half so joyful as now."

"Ah! madam!" exclaimed Angela, in a paroxysm of grief, "my condition is more pitiable than yours. You go to certain happiness. But I lose you."

"Only for a while, dear Angela," returned Jane. "Comfort yourself with that thought. Let my fate be a warning to you. Be not dazzled by ambition. Had I not once yielded, I had never thus perished. Discharge your duty strictly to your eternal and your temporal rulers, and rest assured we shall meet again — never to part."

"Your counsel shall be graven on my heart, madam," returned Angela. "And oh! may my end be as happy as yours!"

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Jane fervently. "And now," she added, as her toilette was ended, "I am ready to die."

"Will you not take some refreshment, madam?" asked Angela.

"No," replied Jane. "I have done with the body!"

The morning was damp and dark. A thaw came on a little before daybreak, and a drizzling shower of rain fell. This was succeeded by a thick mist, and the whole of the fortress was for a while enveloped in vapor. It brought to Jane's mind the day on which she was taken

to trial. But a moral gloom likewise overspread the fortress. Every one within it, save her few enemies (and they were few, indeed), lamented Jane's approaching fate. Her youth, her innocence, her piety, touched the sternest breast, and moved the pity even of her persecutors. All felt that morning as if some dire calamity was at hand, and instead of looking forward to the execution as an exciting spectacle (for so such revolting exhibitions were then considered), they wished it over. Many a prayer was breathed for the speedy release of the sufferer, many a sigh heaved, many a groan uttered: and if ever soul was wafted to heaven by the fervent wishes of those on earth, Jane's was so.

It was late before there were any signs of stir and bustle within the fortress. Even the soldiers gathered together reluctantly, and those who conversed spoke in whispers. Dudley, who it has been stated was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, had passed the greater part of the night in devotion. But towards morning, he became restless and uneasy, and unable to compose himself, resorted to the customary employment of captives in such cases, and with a nail which he had found, carved his wife's name in two places on the walls of his prison. These inscriptions still remain.

At nine o'clock, the bell of the chapel began to toll, and an escort of halberdiers and arquebusiers drew up before the Beauchamp Tower, while Sir Thomas Brydges and Feckenham entered the chamber of the prisoner, who received them with an unmoved countenance.

"Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, "I would ask you for the last time, if any change has taken place

in your religious sentiments, and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul?"

"Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me as you silenced the duke my father, by the axe!" replied Dudley sternly. "No, sir, I will have naught to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the Gospel, and trust to be saved by it."

"Then perish, body and soul," replied Feckenham harshly. "Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

"Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley anxiously.

"You have parted with her forever, heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham.

"That speech will haunt your deathbed, sir," retorted Dudley sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready.

The first object that met Dudley's gaze, as he issued from his prison, was the scaffold on the Green. He looked at it for a moment wistfully.

"It is for Lady Jane," observed the lieutenant.

"I know it," replied Dudley, in a voice of intense emotion. "I thank you for letting me die first."

"You must thank the queen, my lord," returned Brydges. "It was her order."

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley anxiously.

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative.

"Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley.

As he was about to set forward, a young man pushed

through the lines of halberdiers, and threw himself at his feet. It was Cholmondeley. Dudley instantly raised and embraced him. "At least I see one whom I love," he cried.

"My lord, this interruption must not be," observed the lieutenant. "If you do not retire," he added, to Cholmondeley, "I shall place you in arrest."

"Farewell, my dear lord," cried the weeping esquire, "farewell!"

"Farewell, forever!" said Dudley, as Cholmondeley was forced back by the guard.

The escort then moved forward, and the lieutenant accompanied the prisoner to the gateway of the Middle Tower, where he delivered him to the sheriffs and their officers, who were waiting there for him with a Franciscan friar, and then returned to fulfill his more painful duty. A vast crowd was collected on Tower Hill, and the strongest commiseration was expressed for Dudley, as he was led to the scaffold, on which Mauger had already taken his station.

On quitting the Beauchamp Tower, Feckenham proceeded to Jane's prison. He found her on her knees, but she immediately arose.

"Is it time?" she asked.

"It is, madam, — to repent," replied Feckenham sternly. "A few minutes are all that now remain to you of life — nay, at this moment, perhaps, your husband is called before his Eternal Judge. There is yet time. Do not perish like him in your sins."

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" cried Jane, falling on her knees.

And notwithstanding the importunities of the con-

fessor, she continued in fervent prayer till the appearance of Sir Thomas Brydges. She instantly understood why he came, and rising, prepared for departure. Almost blinded by tears, Angela rendered her the last services she required. This done, the lieutenant, who was likewise greatly affected, begged some slight remembrance of her.

"I have nothing to give you but this book of prayers, sir," she answered, "but you shall have that, when I have done with it, and may it profit you."

"You will receive it only to cast it into the flames, my son," remarked Feckenham.

"On the contrary, I shall treasure it like a priceless gem," replied Brydges.

"You will find a prayer written in it in my own hand," said Jane, "and again I say, may it profit you."

Brydges then passed through the door, and Jane followed him. A band of halberdiers were without. At the sight of her, a deep and general sympathy was manifested; not an eye was dry; and tears trickled down cheeks unaccustomed to such moisture. The melancholy train proceeded at a slow pace. Jane fixed her eyes upon the prayer-book, which she read aloud to drown the importunities of the confessor, who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the Green.

By this time the fog had cleared off and the rain had ceased; but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled, for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion crows and ravens, attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or

settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time.

The sole person upon the scaffold was Wolfytt. He was occupied in scattering straw near the block. Among the bystanders was Sorrocold leaning on his staff; and as Jane for a moment raised her eyes as she passed along, she perceived Roger Ascham. Her old preceptor had obeyed her, and she repaid him with a look of gratitude.

By the lieutenant's directions, she was conducted for a short time into the Beauchamp Tower, and here Feckenham continued his persecutions, until a deep groan arose among those without, and an officer abruptly entered the room.

"Madam," said Sir Thomas Brydges, after the newcomer had delivered his message, "we must set forth."

Jane made a motion of assent, and the party issued from the Beauchamp Tower, in front of which a band of halberdiers was drawn up. A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded by the lieutenant, who took his way toward the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenham and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer-book.

Arrived within a short distance of the fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers, carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing toward her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on, and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Mauger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill, only tarrying a moment to exchange his axe, ascended the steps of the scaffold, and ordered Wolfytt to get down. Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and, in a clear distinct voice, spoke as follows: —

"I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers."

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the bystanders imitated Jane's example, as, on the conclusion of her speech, she fell on her knees and recited the *Miserere*.

At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, "I ask you, madam, for the last time, will you repent?"

"I pray you, sir, to desist," replied Jane, meekly. "I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so."

She then arose, and giving the prayer-book to Angela, said, "When all is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These," she added, taking off her gloves and collar, "I give to you."

"And to me," cried Mauger, advancing and prostrating himself before her according to custom, "you give grace."

"And also my head," replied Jane. "I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend."

"What ails you, madam?" remarked the lieutenant, observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

"Not much," she replied, "but I thought I saw my husband pale and bleeding."

"Where?" demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

"There, near the block," replied Jane. "I see the figure still. But it must be mere fantasy."

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply; and Jane turned to Angela, who now began, with trembling hands, to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her velvet robe, when Mauger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew, and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his axe.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head, while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried, "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocold and Wolfytt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time, Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The axe then fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.

THE COMING OF PHILIP II

[1554]

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

[On the 19th of July, the fleets came to anchor in the port of Southampton. A number of barges were soon seen pushing off from the shore; one of which, protected by a rich awning and superbly lined with cloth of gold, was manned by sailors whose dress of white and green intimated the royal livery. It was the queen's barge, intended for Philip; while the other boats, all gayly ornamented, received his nobles and their retinues.

The Editor.]

The Spanish prince was welcomed, on landing, by a goodly company of English lords, assembled to pay him their allegiance. The Earl of Arundel presented him, in the queen's name, with the splendid insignia of the Order of the Garter. Philip's dress, as usual, was of plain black velvet, with a berret cap, ornamented, after the fashion of the time, with gold chains. By Mary's orders, a spirited Andalusian jennet had been provided for him, which the prince instantly mounted. He was a good rider, and pleased the people by his courteous bearing, and the graceful manner in which he managed his horse.

The royal procession then moved forward to the ancient church of the Holy Rood, where mass was said, and thanks were offered up for their prosperous voyage. Philip, after this, repaired to the quarters assigned to him during his stay in the town. They were sumptu-

ously fitted up, and the walls of the principal apartment hung with arras, commemorating the doings of that royal polemic, Henry VIII. Among other inscriptions in honor of him might be seen one proclaiming him "Head of the Church," and "Defender of the Faith"; — words which, as they were probably in Latin, could not have been lost on the Spaniards.

The news of Philip's landing was received in London with every demonstration of joy. Guns were fired, bells were rung, processions were made to the churches, bonfires were lighted in all the principal streets, tables were spread in the squares, laden with good cheer, and wine and ale flowed freely as water for all comers. In short, the city gave itself up to a general jubilee, as if it were celebrating some victorious monarch returned to his dominions, and not the man whose name had lately been the object of such general execration. Mary gave instant orders that the nobles of her court should hold themselves in readiness to accompany her to Winchester, where she was to receive the prince; and on the 21st of July she made her entry, in great state, into that capital, and established her residence at the episcopal palace.

During the few days that Philip stayed at Southampton, he rode constantly abroad, and showed himself frequently to the people. The information he had received, before his voyage, of the state of public feeling, had suggested to him some natural apprehensions for his safety. He seems to have resolved, from the first, therefore, to adopt such a condescending, and indeed affable, demeanor, as would disarm the jealousy of the English, and if possible conciliate their good will. In

this he appears to have been very successful, although some of the more haughty of the aristocracy did take exception at his neglecting to raise his cap to them. That he should have imposed the degree of restraint which he seems to have done on the indulgence of his natural disposition is good proof of the strength of his apprehensions.

The favor which Philip showed the English gave umbrage to his own nobles. They were still more disgusted by the rigid interpretation of one of the marriage articles, by which some hundreds of their attendants were prohibited, as foreigners, from landing, or, after landing, were compelled to reëmbark, and return to Spain. Whenever Philip went abroad he was accompanied by Englishmen. He was served by Englishmen at his meals. He breakfasted and dined in public — a thing but little to his taste. He drank healths, after the manner of the English, and encouraged his Spanish followers to imitate his example, as he quaffed the strong ale of the country.

On the 23d of the month, the Earl of Pembroke arrived, with a brilliant company of two hundred mounted gentlemen, to escort the prince to Winchester. He was attended, moreover, by a body of English archers, whose tunics of yellow cloth, striped with bars of red velvet, displayed the gaudy-colored livery of the House of Aragon. The day was unpropitious. The rain fell heavily, in such torrents as might have cooled the enthusiasm of a more ardent lover than Philip. But he was too gallant a cavalier to be daunted by the elements. The distance, not great in itself, was to be traveled on horseback — the usual mode of con-

veyance at a time when roads were scarcely practicable for carriages.

Philip and his retinue had not proceeded far when they were encountered by a cavalier, riding at full speed, and bringing with him a ring which Mary had sent her lover, with the request that he would not expose himself to the weather, but postpone his departure to the following day. The prince, not understanding the messenger, who spoke in English, and suspecting that it was intended by Mary to warn him of some danger in his path, instantly drew up by the roadside, and took counsel with Alva and Egmont as to what was to be done. One of the courtiers, who perceived his embarrassment, rode up and acquainted the prince with the real purport of the message. Relieved of his alarm, Philip no longer hesitated, but, with his red felt cloak wrapped closely about him, and a broad beaver slouched over his eyes, manfully pushed forward, in spite of the tempest.

As he advanced, his retinue received continual accessions from the neighboring gentry and yeomanry, until it amounted to some thousands before he reached Winchester. It was late in the afternoon when the cavalcade, soiled with travel and thoroughly drenched with rain, arrived before the gates of the city. The mayor and aldermen, dressed in their robes of scarlet, came to welcome the prince, and, presenting the keys of the city, conducted him to his quarters.

That evening Philip had his first interview with Mary. It was private, and he was taken to her residence by the chancellor, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. The royal pair passed an hour or more together; and, as Mary

spoke the Castilian fluently, the interview must have been spared much of the embarrassment that would otherwise have attended it.

On the following day the parties met in public. Philip was attended by the principal persons of his suite, of both sexes; and as the procession, making a goodly show, passed through the streets on foot, the minstrelsy played before them till they reached the royal residence. The reception-room was the great hall of the palace. Mary, stepping forward to receive her betrothed, saluted him with a loving kiss before all the company. She then conducted him to a sort of throne, where she took her seat by his side, under a stately canopy. They remained there for an hour or more, conversing together, while the courtiers had leisure to become acquainted with one another, and to find ample food, doubtless, for future criticism, in the peculiarities of national costume and manners. Notwithstanding the Spanish blood in Mary's veins, the higher circles of Spain and England had personally almost as little intercourse with one another at that period, as England and Japan have at present.[1]

The ensuing day, the festival of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, was the one appointed for the marriage. Philip exchanged his usual simple dress for the bridal vestments provided for him by his mistress. They were of spotless white, as the reporter is careful to inform us, satin and cloth of gold, thickly powdered with pearls and precious stones. Round his neck he wore the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, the famous Burgundian Order; while the brilliant ribbon below his knee served as the badge of the no less illustrious Order of the

[1] This was written in 1855.

Garter. He went on foot to the cathedral, attended by all his nobles, vying with one another in the ostentatious splendor of their retinues.

Half an hour elapsed before Philip was joined by the queen at the entrance of the cathedral. Mary was surrounded by the lords and ladies of her court. Her dress, of white satin and cloth of gold, like his own, was studded and fringed with diamonds of inestimable price, some of them, doubtless, the gift of Philip, which he had sent to her by the hands of the Prince of Eboli soon after his landing. Her bright red slippers, and her mantle of black velvet, formed a contrast to the rest of her apparel, and, for a bridal costume, would hardly suit the taste of the present day. The royal party then moved up the nave of the cathedral, and were received in the choir by the Bishop of Winchester, supported by the great prelates of the English Church. The greatest of all, Cranmer, the primate of all England, was absent — in disgrace and a prisoner.

Philip and Mary took their seats under a royal canopy, with an altar between them. The queen was surrounded by the ladies of her court; whose beauty, says an Italian writer, acquired additional luster by contrast with the shadowy complexions of the South. The aisles and spacious galleries were crowded with spectators of every degree, drawn together from the most distant quarters to witness the ceremony.

The silence was broken by Figueroa, one of the Imperial Council, who read aloud an instrument of the Emperor, Charles V. It stated that this marriage had been of his own seeking; and he was desirous that his beloved son should enter into it in a manner suitable to

his own expectations and the dignity of his illustrious consort. He therefore resigned to him his entire right and sovereignty over the kingdom of Naples and the duchy of Milan. The rank of the parties would thus be equal, and Mary, instead of giving her hand to a subject, would wed a sovereign like herself.

Some embarrassment occurred as to the person who should give the queen away — a part of the ceremony not provided for. After a brief conference, it was removed by the Marquis of Winchester and the Earls of Pembroke and Derby, who took it on themselves to give her away in the name of the whole realm; at which the multitude raised a shout that made the old walls of the cathedral ring again. The marriage service was then concluded by the Bishop of Winchester. Philip and Mary resumed their seats, and mass was performed, when the bridegroom, rising, gave his consort the "kiss of peace," according to the custom of the time. The whole ceremony occupied nearly four hours. At the close of it, Philip, taking Mary by the hand, led her from the church. The royal couple were followed by the long train of prelates and nobles, and were preceded by the Earls of Pembroke and Derby, each bearing aloft a naked sword, the symbol of sovereignty. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the various costumes of the two nations, — the richly tinted and picturesque dresses of the Spaniards, and the solid magnificence of the English and Flemings, mingling together in gay confusion. The glittering procession moved slowly on, to the blithe sounds of festal music, while the air was rent with the loyal acclamations of the populace, delighted, as usual, with the splendor of the pageant.

In the great hall of the episcopal palace, a sumptuous banquet was prepared for the whole company. At one end of the apartment was a dais, on which, under a superb canopy, a table was set for the king and queen; and a third seat was added for Bishop Gardiner, the only one of the great lords who was admitted to the distinction of dining with royalty.

Below the dais, the tables were set on either side through the whole length of the hall, for the English and Spanish nobles, all arranged — a perilous point of etiquette — with due regard to their relative rank. The royal table was covered with dishes of gold. A spacious buffet, rising to the height of eight stages, or shelves, and filled with a profusion of gold and silver vessels, somewhat ostentatiously displayed the magnificence of the prelate, or of his sovereign. Yet this ostentation was rather Spanish than English; and was one of the forms in which the Castilian grandee loved to display his opulence.

At the bottom of the hall was an orchestra, occupied by a band of excellent performers, who enlivened the repast by their music. But the most interesting part of the show was that of the Winchester boys, some of whom were permitted to enter the presence, and recite in Latin their epithalamiums in honor of the royal nuptials, for which they received a handsome guerdon from the queen.

After the banquet came the ball, at which, if we are to take an old English authority, "the Spaniards were greatly out of countenance when they saw the English so far excel them." This seems somewhat strange, considering that dancing is, and always has been, the

national pastime of Spain. Dancing is to the Spaniard what music is to the Italian — the very condition of his social existence. It did not continue late on the present occasion, and, at the temperate hour of nine, the bridal festivities closed for the evening.

ENGLAND'S RECONCILIATION WITH ROME

[1554]

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

[WHEN Mary came to the throne, her strongest desire was to bring her country back to the Church of Rome. St. Andrew's Day was the time appointed for the formal reconciliation.

The Editor.]

AND now St. Andrew's Day was come; a day, as was then hoped, which would be remembered with awe and gratitude through all ages of English history. Being the festival of the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece, high mass was sung in the morning in Westminster Abbey; Philip, Alva, and Ruy Gomez attended in their robes, with six hundred Spanish cavaliers. The Knights of the Garter were present in gorgeous costume, and nave and transept were thronged with the blended chivalry of England and Castile. It was two o'clock before the service was concluded. Philip returned to the palace to dinner, and the brief November afternoon was drawing in when the Parliament reassembled at the palace. At the upper end of the great hall a square platform had now been raised several steps above the floor, on which three chairs were placed as before; two under a canopy of cloth of gold, for the king and queen; a third on the right, removed a little distance from them, for the legate. Below the platform, benches were placed longitudinally towards either wall. The bishops sat on the side of the legate, the lay peers opposite them on the

left. The Commons sat on rows of cross benches in front, and beyond them were the miscellaneous crowd of spectators, sitting or standing as they could find room. The cardinal, who had passed the morning at Lambeth, was conducted across the water in a state barge by Lord Arundel and six other peers. The king received him at the gate, and, leaving his suite in the care of the Duke of Alva, who was instructed to find them places, he accompanied Philip into the room adjoining the hall, where Mary, whose situation was supposed to prevent her from unnecessary exertion, was waiting for them. The royal procession was formed. Arundel and the Lords passed in to their places. The king and queen, with Pole in his legate's robes, ascended the steps of the platform, and took their seats.

When the stir which had been caused by their entrance was over, Gardiner mounted a tribune; and in the now fast-waning light he bowed to the king and queen, and declared the resolution at which the Houses had arrived. Then turning to the Lords and Commons, he asked if they continued in the same mind. Four hundred voices answered, "We do." "Will you, then," he said, "that I proceed in your names to supplicate for our absolution, that we may be received again into the body of the Holy Catholic Church, under the Pope, the supreme head thereof?" Again the voices assented. The chancellor drew a scroll from under his robe, ascended the platform, and presented it unfolded on his knee to the queen. The queen looked through it, gave it to Philip, who looked through it also, and returned it.

[The chancellor then read aloud the writing of the scroll. This expressed, in behalf of all England, repentance for the

separation from the Roman Church and prayed for absolution.]

Having completed the reading, the chancellor again presented the petition. The king and queen went through the forms of intercession, and a secretary read aloud, first, the legate's original commission, and, next, the all-important extended form of it.

Pole's share of the ceremony was now to begin.

He first spoke a few words from his seat: "Much, indeed," he said, "the English nation had to thank the Almighty for recalling them to his fold. Once again God had given a token of his special favor to the realm; for as this nation, in the time of the Primitive Church, was the first to be called out of the darkness of heathenism, so now they were the first to whom God had given grace to repent of their schism; and if their repentance was sincere, how would the angels, who rejoice at the conversion of a single sinner, triumph at the recovery of a great and noble people."

He moved to rise; Mary and Philip, seeing that the crisis was approaching, fell on their knees, and the assembly dropped at their example; while, in dead silence, across the dimly-lighted hall, came the low, awful words of the absolution.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, which with his most precious blood hath redeemed and washed us from all our sins and iniquities, that he might purchase unto himself a glorious spouse, without spot or wrinkle, whom the Father hath appointed head over all his Church — he by his mercy absolves you, and we, by apostolic authority given unto us by the Most Holy Lord Pope Julius the Third, his vicegerent on earth, do absolve and

deliver you, and every of you, with this whole realm and the dominions thereof, from all heresy and schism, and from all and every judgment, censure, and pain for that cause incurred; and we do restore you again into the unity of our Mother the Holy Church, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Amidst the hushed breathing every tone was audible, and at the pauses were heard the smothered sobs of the queen. "Amen, amen," rose in answer from many voices. Some were really affected; some were caught for the moment with a contagion which it was hard to resist; some threw themselves weeping in each other's arms. King, Queen, and Parliament, rising from their knees, went immediately — the legate leading — into the chapel of the palace, where the choir, with the rolling organ, sang *Te Deum;* and Pole closed the scene with a benediction from the altar.

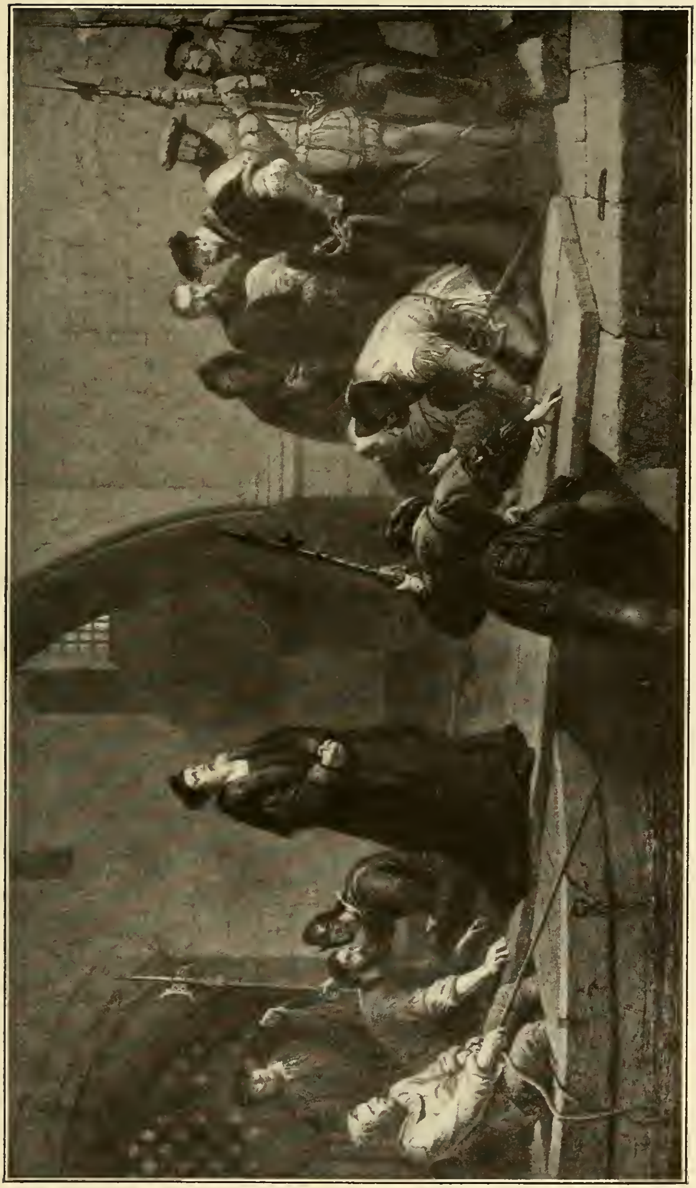
CRANMER AT THE TRAITORS' GATE

CRANMER AT THE TRAITORS' GATE

BY FREDERICK GOODALL

(*English artist,* 1822–1904)

WHEN Cardinal Wolsey failed to secure a divorce for Henry VIII from his first wife, Catharine of Aragon, mother of Queen Mary, one of his chaplains, Thomas Cranmer, was of great assistance to his scheme, and as a reward was made Archbishop of Canterbury. Moreover, when Henry VIII made his will, he appointed Cranmer one of the Regents who should rule until Edward VI came of age. Cranmer was a Protestant, and agreed to placing Lady Jane Grey upon the throne. For these reasons, Mary bore no good will toward him. He was soon sent to the Tower of London, and is shown in the illustration entering by way of what was known as the Traitors' Gate. No man could hold the positions which he had held without making enemies, and now in his downfall they were ready to seek their revenge. He was tried first as a traitor, then as a heretic. He was declared guilty on both charges, and was burned at the stake in front of Balliol College, Oxford, in the year 1556.



XI

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

HISTORICAL NOTE

The reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558–1603) was a period of great glory. The discoveries of her bold sea-captains, Drake, Frobisher, and others, widened the boundaries of the world, commerce flourished, the East India Company and other great trading corporations sprang into existence, and the wealth of England grew apace.

In 1568, Mary, Queen of Scots, fled to England, but was imprisoned by order of Elizabeth. During her long confinement several conspiracies were devised by the Catholics to set her on the throne in place of Elizabeth. In one of these she was implicated, and after some hesitation, Elizabeth signed a warrant for her execution. To avenge her death, and restore Catholicism, which had been superseded in England by Protestantism on the accession of Elizabeth, Philip II of Spain prepared to invade England. English troops had aided the Netherlanders in their revolt against Spanish rule, English freebooters had looted the Spanish treasure-ships returning from the New World, and to make the punishment for all these offenses swift and sure, a fleet was prepared for the invasion so powerful that it was christened the "Invincible Armada." But the confidence of Spain was short-lived; the Armada was defeated by the English fleet; the work of destruction begun by Drake, Howard, and Hawkins was completed by the storm-swept Atlantic; and only one third of the mighty Armada returned to tell Philip of the disaster that marks the beginning of the downfall of Spanish supremacy in Europe.

The Elizabethan period is called the Golden Age of English literature. The old mystery plays continued far into Elizabeth's reign; but the drama was fast coming to its own. High among the poets and dramatists are Spenser, Jonson, and Marlowe, while above them all towers the figure of Shakespeare, the crowning glory of the Elizabethan age.

THE GREAT QUEEN AS A LITTLE CHILD

[1533-1539]

BY AGNES STRICKLAND

Queen Elizabeth first saw the light at Greenwich Palace, the favorite abode of her royal parents, Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. Her birth is thus quaintly but prettily recorded by the contemporary historian, Hall: "On the 7th day of September, being Sunday, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the queen was delivered of a faire ladye, on which day the Duke of Norfolk came home to the christening."

The apartment in which she was born was hung with tapestry representing the history of holy virgins, and was from that circumstance called the Chamber of the Virgins. When the queen, her mother, who had eagerly anticipated a son, was told that she had given birth to a daughter, she endeavored, with ready tact, to attach adventitious importance to her infant, by saying to the ladies in attendance: "They may now, with reason, call this room the Chamber of Virgins, for a virgin is now born in it on the vigil of that auspicious day on which the Church commemorates the nativity of the Virgin Mary."

Heywood, though a zealous eulogist of the Protestant principles of Elizabeth, intimates that she was under the especial patronage of the Blessed Virgin from the hour of her birth, and for that cause devoted to a maiden life. "The Lady Elizabeth," says he, "was born on the

eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of the Virgin's annunciation. Even that she is now in heaven with all those blessed virgins that had oil in their lamps."

Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment felt by King Henry at the sex of the infant, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in honor of her birth, and the preparations for her christening were made with no less magnificence than if his hopes had been gratified by the birth of a male heir to the crown.

The solemnization of that sacred rite was appointed to take place on Wednesday, 10th of September, the fourth day after the birth of the infant princess. On that day the lord mayor, with the aldermen and council of the city of London, dined together at one o'clock, and then, in obedience to their summons, took boat in their chains and robes, and rowed to Greenwich, where many lords, knights, and gentlemen, were assembled to witness the royal ceremonial.

All the walls between Greenwich Palace and the convent of the Grey Friars were hung with arras and the way strewn with green rushes. The church was likewise hung with arras. Gentlemen with aprons and towels about their necks guarded the font, which stood in the middle of the church. It was of silver and raised to the height of three steps, and over it was a square canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold — about it, a space railed in, covered with red say. Between the choir and chancel, a closet with a fire had been prepared lest the infant should take cold in being disrobed for the font. When all these things were ready, the child was brought into the hall of the palace, and the procession set out

to the neighboring church of the Grey Friars; of which building no vestige now remains at Greenwich.

The procession began with the lowest rank, the citizens two and two led the way, then gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains, a gradation of precedence, rather decidedly marked, of the three first ranks, whose distinction is by no means definite in the present times; after them the aldermen, and the lord mayor by himself, then the privy council in robes, then the peers and prelates followed by the Earl of Essex, who bore the gilt covered basins; then the Marquis of Exeter, with the taper of virgin wax; next the Marquis of Dorset, bearing the salt, and the Lady Mary of Norfolk (the betrothed of the young Duke of Richmond) carrying the chrisom, which was very rich with pearls and gems; lastly came the royal infant, in the arms of her great-grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, under a stately canopy which was supported by the uncle of the babe, George Boleyn Lord Rochford, the Lords William and Thomas Howard, the maternal kindred of the mother, and Lord Hussey, a newly made lord of the Boleyn blood. The babe was wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, with a train of regal length, furred with ermine, which was duly supported by the Countess of Kent, assisted by the Earl of Wiltshire, the grandfather of the little princess, and the Earl of Derby. On the right of the infant, marched its great-uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's staff, — on the other, the Duke of Suffolk. The Bishop of London, who performed the ceremony, received the infant at the church door of the Grey Friars, assisted by a grand company of bishops and mitered abbots; and, with all the rites of the Church of Rome, this future

great Protestant queen received the name of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was her godfather, and the Duchess of Norfolk and Marchioness of Dorset her godmothers. After Elizabeth had received her name, Garter King-at-arms cried aloud: "God, of His Infinite goodness, send a prosperous life and long, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!"

Then a flourish of trumpets sounded, and the royal child was borne to the altar, the gospel was read over her, and she was confirmed by Cranmer, who, with the other sponsors, presented the christening gifts. He gave her a standing cup of gold, the Duchess of Norfolk a cup of gold fretted with pearls, being completely unconscious of the chemical antipathy between the acidity of wine and the misplaced pearls. The Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover; and the Marchioness of Exeter three standing bowls, graven and gilt, with covers. Then were brought in wafers, comfits, and hypocras, in such abundance that the company had as much as could be desired.

The homeward procession was lighted on its way to the palace with five hundred staff torches, which were carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, but the infant herself was surrounded by gentlemen bearing wax flambeaux. The procession returned in the same order that it went out, save that four noble gentlemen carried the sponsors' gifts before the child, with trumpets flourishing all the way preceding them, till they came to the door of the queen's chamber. The king commanded the Duke of Norfolk to thank the lord mayor and citizens heartily in his name for their attend-

ance, and after they had powerfully refreshed themselves in the royal cellar, they betook themselves to their barges.

The queen was desirous of nourishing her infant daughter from her own bosom, but Henry, with his characteristic selfishness, forbade it, lest the frequent presence of the little princess in the chamber of her royal mother should be attended with inconvenience to himself. He appointed for Elizabeth's nurse the wife of a gentleman named Hokart, whom he afterwards ennobled; and he invested the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk with the office of state governess to the newborn babe, giving her for a residence the fair mansion and all the rich furniture, which he had bestowed on Anne Boleyn when he created her Marchioness of Pembroke, with a salary of six thousand crowns.

The Lady Margaret Bryan, whose husband, Sir Thomas Bryan, was a kinsman of Queen Anne Boleyn, was preferred to the office of governess in ordinary to Elizabeth, as she had formerly been to the Princess Mary: she was called "the lady mistress."

Elizabeth passed the first two months of her life at Greenwich Palace, with the queen her mother, and during that period she was frequently taken for an airing to Eltham, for the benefit of her health. On the 2d of December, she was the subject of the following order in council: —

"The King's Highness hath appointed that the Lady Princess Elizabeth (almost three months old) shall be taken from *hence* towards Hatfield upon Wednesday next week; that on Wednesday night she is to lie and repose at the house of the Earl of Rutland at Enfield,

and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such household as the King's Highness has established for the same."

Hertford Castle was first named, but scratched through and changed to Hatfield.

A few weeks afterwards she became, in virtue of the act of Parliament which settled the succession, in default of heirs male to Henry VIII, on the female issue of that monarch by Anne Boleyn, the heiress-presumptive to the throne, and her disinherited sister, the Princess Mary, was compelled to yield precedency to her.

Soon after this change in the prospects of the unconscious babe, she was removed to the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, at Chelsea, on whom the charge of herself and her extensive nursery appointments were thrust. When she was thirteen months old, she was weaned, and the preliminaries for this important business were arranged between the officers of her household and the cabinet ministers of her august sire, with as much solemnity as if the fate of empires had been involved in the matter. The following passages are extracted from a letter from Sir William Powlet to Cromwell,[1] on this subject:—

"The king's grace, well considering the letter directed to you from my Lady Brian and other my lady princess' officers, his grace, with the assent of the queen's grace, hath fully determined the weaning of my lady princess to be done with all diligence."

He proceeds to state that the little princess is to have the whole of any one of the royal residences thought best

[1] The king's chief minister.

for her, and that consequently he has given orders for Langley to be put in order for her and her suite; which orders, he adds —

"This messenger hath, withal, a letter from the queen's grace to my Lady Brian, and that his grace and the queen's grace doth well and be merry, and all theirs, thanks be to God. — From Sarum, Oct. 9th."

Scarcely was this nursery affair of state accomplished, before Henry exerted his paternal care in seeking to provide the royal weanling with a suitable consort, by entering into a negotiation with Francis I of France for a union between this infant princess and the Duke of Angoulême, the third son of that monarch. Henry proposed that the young duke should be educated in England, and stipulated that he should hold the Duchy of Angoulême, independently of the French crown, in the event of his coming to the crown of England through his marriage with Elizabeth.

The project of educating the young French prince, who was selected for the husband of the presumptive heiress of England, according to the manners and customs of the realm of which she might hereafter become the sovereign, was a sagacious idea, but Henry clogged the matrimonial treaty with conditions which it was out of the power of the King of France to ratify, and it proved abortive. . . .

By the sentence which Cranmer had passed on the marriage of her parents and her own birth, Elizabeth was branded with the stigma of illegitimacy; and that she was for a time exposed to the sort of neglect and contempt which is too often the lot of children to whom that reproach applies, is evidenced by the following

letter from Lady Bryan to Cromwell, imploring for a supply of necessary raiment for the innocent babe who had been so cruelly involved in her mother's fall: —

"MY LORD, —

"After my most bounden duty I recommend me to your good lordship, beseeching you to be good lord to me, now in the greatest need that ever was; for it hath pleased God to take from me *hem* [them] that was my greatest comfort in this world to my great heaviness. Jesu have mercy on her soul! and now I am succourless, and as a *redles* [without redress] creature, but only from the great trust which I have in the king's grace and your good lordship, for now in you I put all my whole trust of comfort in this world, beseeching you to . . . me that I may do so. My lord, when your lordship was last here, it pleased you to say that I should not mistrust the king's grace nor your lordship. Which word was more comfort to me than I can write, as God knoweth. And now it boldeth [emboldens] me to show you my poor mind. My lord, when my Lady Mary's grace was born, it pleased the king's grace to appoint me lady-mistress and made me a baroness, and so I have been governess to the children his Grace have had since.

"Now it is so, my Lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore, and what degree she is at [of] now, I know not but by hearsay. Therefore I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of — that is her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good lord to my lady, and to all hers, and that she may have some raiment."

Here Strype has interpolated a query for mourning. There is nothing of the kind implied in the original. If

Strype had consulted any female on the articles enumerated, he would have found that few, indeed, of them were requisite for mourning. The list shows the utter destitution the young princess had been suffered to fall into in regard to clothes, either by the neglect of her mother, or because Anne Boleyn's power of aiding her child had been circumscribed long before her fall. Let any lady used to the nursery read over the list of the poor child's wants, represented by her faithful governess, and consider that a twelvemonth must have elapsed since she had a new supply: —

"She," continues Lady Bryan, "hath neither gown, nor kirtle [slip], nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen — nor forsmocks [day chemises], nor kerchiefs, nor rails [night-dresses], nor body-stichets [corsets], nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers [mobcaps], nor biggens [night-caps]. All these her grace must take. I have driven off as long as I can, that by my troth I can drive it off no longer. Beseeching you, my lord, that ye will see that her grace may have that which is needful for her, as my trust is that ye will do. Beseeching ye, mine own good lord, that I may know from you, by writing, how I shall order myself, and what is the king's grace's pleasure and yours; and that I shall do in everything? And whatsomever it shall please the king's grace or your lordship to command me at all times, I shall fulfil it to the best of my power.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton [a kinsman of Anne Boleyn] saith 'he be master of this house.' What fashion that may be I cannot tell, for I have not seen it afore. My lord, ye be so honourable yourself, and every man reporteth that your lordship loveth honour, that I trust

you will see the house honourably ordered, as it ever hath been aforetime. And if it please you that I may know what your order is, and if it be not performed, I shall certify your lordship of it. For I fear me it will be hardly enough performed. But if the head [evidently Shelton] knew what honour meaneth, it will be the better ordered — if not, it will be hard to bring to pass.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton would have my Lady Elizabeth to dine and sup every day at the board of estate. Alas, my lord, it is not meet for a child of her age to keep such rule yet. I promise you, my lord, I dare not take it upon me to keep her grace in health an' she keep that rule. For there she shall see divers meats, and fruits, and wine, which it would be hard for me to restrain her grace from. Ye know, my lord, there is no place of correction there; and she is yet too young to correct greatly. I know well an' she be there, I shall neither bring her up to the king's grace's honour, nor hers, nor to her health, nor to my poor honesty. Wherefore, I shew your lordship this my desire, beseeching you, my lord, that my lady may have a mess of meat at her own lodging, with a good dish or two that is meet [fit] for her grace to eat of; and the reversion of the mess shall satisfy all her women, a gentleman usher, and a groom, which be eleven persons on her side. Sure am I it will be as great profit to the king's grace this way [viz., to the economy of the arrangement] as the other way. For if all this should be *set abroad*, they must have three or four messes of meat, — whereas this one mess shall suffice them all with bread and drink, according as my Lady Mary's grace had afore, and to be ordered in all things as her grace was afore. God knoweth my lady [Elizabeth] hath great

pain with her great teeth, and they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God an' her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion than she is yet, so as I trust the king's grace shall have great comfort in her grace. For she is as toward a child and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew any in my life. Jesu preserve her grace!

"As for a day or two, at a high time [meaning a high festival], or whensoever it shall please the king's grace to have her *set abroad* [shown in public], I trust so to endeavour me, that she shall so do as shall be to the king's honour and hers; and then after to take her ease again."

That is, notwithstanding the sufferings of the young Elizabeth with her teeth, if the king wishes to exhibit her for a short time in public, Lady Bryan will answer for her discreet behavior, but after the drilling requisite for such ceremonial, it will be necessary for her to revert to the unconstrained playfulness of childhood. Lady Bryan concludes with this remark: —

"I think Mr. Shelton will not be content with this. He need not know it is my desire, but that it is the king's pleasure and yours that it should be so. Good my lord, have my lady's grace, and us that be her poor servants, in your remembrance; and your lordship shall have our hearty prayers by the grace of Jesu, who ever preserve your lordship with long life, and as much honour as your noble heart can desire. From Hunsdon, with the evil hand [bad writing] of her who is your daily bead-woman,

"MARGT. BRYAN.

"I beseech you, mine own good lord, be not miscon-

tent that I am so bold to write thus to your lordship. But I take God to my judge I do it of true heart, and for my discharge, beseeching you, accept my good mind. Endorsed to the right noble and my singular good lord, my Lord Privy Seal, be this delivered."

This letter affords some insight into the domestic politics of the nursery palace of Hunsdon at this time. It shows that the infant Elizabeth proved a point of controversy between the two principal officials there, Margaret Lady Bryan and Mr. Shelton; both placed in authority by the recently immolated Queen Anne Boleyn, and both related to her family. Her aunt had married the head of the Shelton or Skelton family in Norfolk, and this officer at Hunsdon was probably a son of that lady, and consequently a near kinsman of the infant Elizabeth. He insisted that she should dine and sup at a state table where her infant importunity for wine, fruit, and high-seasoned food could not conveniently be restrained by her sensible governess, Lady Bryan. Shelton probably wished to keep regal state as long as possible round the descendant of the Boleyns; and, in that time of sudden change in royal destinies, had perhaps an eye to ingratiate himself with the infant, by appearing in her company twice every day, and indulging her by the gratification of her palate with mischievous dainties. Lady Bryan was likewise connected with the Boleyn family — not so near as the Sheltons, but near enough to possess interest with Queen Anne Boleyn, to whom she owed her office as governess or lady mistress, to the infant Elizabeth. There can scarcely exist a doubt that her lamentation and invocation for the soul of some person lately

departed, by whose death she was left succorless, refer to the recent death of Anne Boleyn. It is evident that if Lady Bryan had not conformed to King Henry's version of the Catholic religion she would not have been in authority at Hunsdon, where she was abiding not only with her immediate charge, the Princess Elizabeth, but with the disinherited Princess Mary. Further, there may be observed a striking harmony between the expressions of this lady and those of the Princess Mary, who appealed to her father's paternal feelings in behalf of her sister the infant Elizabeth, a few weeks later, almost in the same words used by Lady Bryan in this letter. A coincidence which proves unity of purpose between the governess and the Princess Mary regarding the motherless child.

Much of the future greatness of Elizabeth may reasonably be attributed to the judicious training of her sensible and conscientious governess, combined with the salutary adversity, which deprived her of the pernicious pomp and luxury that had surrounded her cradle while she was treated as the heiress of England. The first public action of Elizabeth's life was her carrying the chrisom of her infant brother, Edward VI, at the christening solemnity of that prince. She was borne in the arms of the Earl of Hertford, brother of the queen her stepmother, when the assistants in the ceremonial approached the font; but when they left the chapel, the train of her little grace, just four years old, was supported by Lady Herbert, the sister of Catherine Parr, as, led by the hand of her elder sister, the Princess Mary, she walked with mimic dignity, in the returning procession, to the chamber of the dying queen.

At that period the royal ceremonials of Henry VIII's court were blended with circumstances of wonder and tragic excitement, and strange and passing sad, it must have been, to see the child of the murdered queen, Anne Boleyn, framing her innocent lips to lisp the name of mother to her for whose sake she had been rendered motherless, and branded with the stigma of illegitimacy. In all probability the little Elizabeth knelt to her, as well as to her cruel father, to claim a benediction in her turn, after the royal pair had proudly bestowed their blessing on the newly baptized prince, whose christening was so soon to be followed by the funeral of the queen his mother.

It was deemed an especial mark of the favor of her royal father, that Elizabeth was considered worthy of the honor of being admitted to keep company with the young prince her brother. She was four years older than he, and having been well trained and gently nurtured herself, was "better able," says Heywood, "to teach and direct him, even from the first of his speech and understanding." Cordial and entire was the affection betwixt this brother and sister, insomuch that he no sooner began to know her but he seemed to acknowledge her, and she, being of more maturity, as deeply loved him. On the second anniversary of Edward's birth, when the nobles of England presented gifts of silver and gold, and jewels, to the infant heir of the realm, the Lady Elizabeth's grace gave the simple offering of a shirt of cambric worked by her own hands. She was then six years old. Thus early was this illustrious lady instructed in the feminine accomplishment of needle-work, and directed to turn her labors in that way to a pleasing account.

THE GREAT QUEEN AS A LITTLE CHILD

From her cradle, Elizabeth was a child of the fairest promise, and possessed the art of attracting the regard of others. Wriothesley, who visited the two princesses, when they were together at Hertford Castle, December 17th, 1539, was greatly impressed with the precocious understanding of the young Elizabeth, of whom he gives the following pretty account: —

"I went then to my Lady Elizabeth's grace, and to the same made His Majesty's most hearty commendations, declaring that His Highness desired to hear of her health, and sent his blessing; she gave humble thanks, inquiring after His Majesty's welfare, and that with as great a gravity as she had been forty years old. If she be no worse educated than she now appeareth to me, she will prove of no less honour than beseemeth her father's daughter, whom the Lord long preserve."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS CLOAK

[1575]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

There is no period at which men look worse in the eyes of each other, or feel more uncomfortable, than when the first dawn of daylight finds them watchers. Even a beauty of the first order, after the vigils of a ball are interrupted by the dawn, would do wisely to withdraw herself from the gaze of her fondest and most partial admirers. Such was the pale, inauspicious, and ungrateful light which began to beam upon those who kept watch all night in the hall at Say's Court, and which mingled its cold, pale, blue diffusion with the red, yellow, and smoky beams of expiring lamps and torches. The young gallant had left the room for a few minutes, to learn the cause of a knocking at the outward gate, and on his return was so struck with the forlorn and ghastly aspects of his companions of the watch, that he exclaimed, "Pity of my heart, my masters, how like owls you look! Methinks, when the sun rises, I shall see you flutter off with your eyes dazzled, to stick yourselves into the next ivy-tod or ruined steeple."

"Hold thy peace, thou gibing fool," said Blount — "hold thy peace. Is this a time for jeering, when the manhood of England is perchance dying within a wall's breadth of thee?"

"There thou liest," replied the gallant.

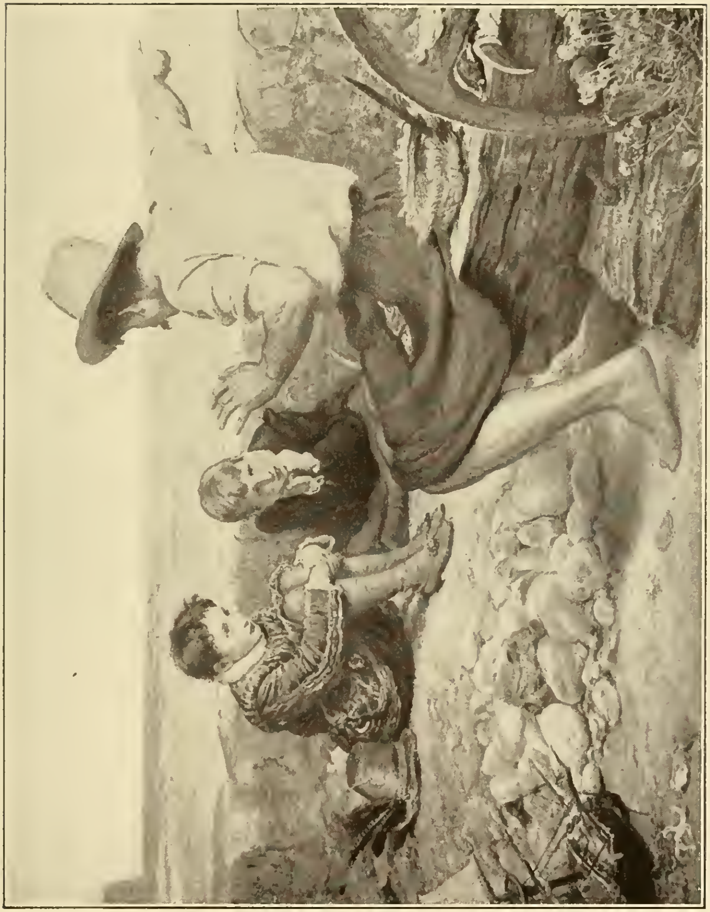
THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH

THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH

BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

(*English painter*, 1829–1896)

The illustration represents a scene that is common enough on any coast — two boys listening to a sailor's rehearsal of his adventures; but one of these boys is supposed to be Sir Walter Raleigh, and the adventures are supposed to have taken place on the wonderful Western ocean. When Raleigh had grown up, he was eager to go forth upon the sea. Unfortunately for his wishes, he became a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and this sovereign had no idea of permitting her favorites to leave the country. Wealth and power came to him, and he was able to send out expeditions of discovery; but it was not until after many years that he was allowed to visit the unknown continent across the seas. On this voyage he sailed up the Orinoco for four hundred miles. Raleigh fell out of the royal favor, his enemies were active, and although after a time he was restored to the favor of the queen, yet, when James I came to the throne, he was sent to the Tower on a charge of being privy to plots against the king. Here he wrote his famous "History of the World." In 1616, he was allowed to make a voyage to the Orinoco to search for a gold mine. The gold mine was not found; and on his return he was executed on the old charge of treason.



"How, lie!" exclaimed Blount, starting up — "lie! and to me?"

"Why, so thou didst, thou peevish fool," answered the youth; "thou didst lie on that bench even now, didst thou not? But art thou not a hasty coxcomb, to pick up a wry word so wrathfully? Nevertheless, loving and honoring my lord as truly as thou, or any one, I do say, that, should Heaven take him from us, all England's manhood dies not with him."

"Aye," replied Blount, "a good portion will survive with thee, doubtless."

"And a good portion with thyself, Blount, and with stout Markham here, and Tracy, and all of us. But I am he will best employ the talent Heaven has given to us all."

"As how, I prithee?" said Blount: "tell us your mystery of multiplying."

"Why, sirs," answered the youth, "ye are like goodly land, which bears no crop because it is not quickened by manure; but I have that rising spirit in me which will make my poor faculties labor to keep pace with it. My ambition will keep my brain at work, I warrant thee."

"I pray to God it does not drive thee mad," said Blount; "for my part, if we lose our noble lord, I bid adieu to the court and to the camp both. I have five hundred foul acres in Norfolk, and thither will I, and change the court pantoufle for the country hobnail."

"Oh, base transmutation!" exclaimed his antagonist; "thou hast already got the true rustic slouch: thy shoulders stoop, as if thine hands were at the stilts of the plow, and thou hast a kind of earthy smell about

thee, instead of being perfumed with essence, as a gallant and courtier should. On my soul, thou hast stolen out to roll thyself on a hay mow! Thy only excuse will be to swear by thy hilts that the farmer had a fair daughter."

"I pray thee, Walter," said another of the company, "cease thy raillery, which suits neither time nor place, and tell us who was at the gate just now."

"Dr. Masters, physician to her grace in ordinary, sent by her especial orders to inquire after the earl's health," answered Walter.

"Ha! what!" exclaimed Tracy, "that was no slight mark of favor; if the earl can but come through, he will match with Leicester yet. Is Masters with my lord at present?"

"Nay," replied Walter, "he is halfway back to Greenwich by this time, and in high dudgeon."

"Thou didst not refuse him admittance?" exclaimed Tracy.

"Thou wert not, surely, so mad?" ejaculated Blount.

"I refused him admittance as flatly, Blount, as you would refuse a penny to a blind beggar; as obstinately, Tracy, as thou didst ever deny access to a dun."

"Why, in the fiend's name, didst thou trust him to go to the gate?" said Blount to Tracy.

"It suited his years better than mine," answered Tracy; "but he has undone us all now thoroughly. My lord may live or die, he will never have a look of favour from Her Majesty again."

"Nor the means of making fortunes for his followers," said the young gallant, smiling contemptuously; "there lies the sore point that will brook no handling. My good

sirs, I sounded my lamentations over my lord somewhat less loudly than some of you; but when the point comes of doing him service, I will yield to none of you. Had this learned leech entered, thinkst thou not there had been such a coil betwixt him and Tressilian's mediciner that not the sleeper only, but the very dead, might have awakened? I know what larum belongs to the discord of doctors."

"And who is to take the blame of opposing the queen's orders?" said Tracy; "for, undeniably, Dr. Masters came with her grace's positive commands to cure the earl."

"I, who have done the wrong, will bear the blame," said Walter.

"Thus, then, off fly the dreams of court favour thou hast nourished," said Blount; "and despite all thy boasted art and ambition, Devonshire will see thee shine a true younger brother, fit to sit low at the board, carve turn-about with the chaplain, look that the hounds be fed, and see the squire's girths drawn when he goes a-hunting."

"Not so," said the young man, coloring, "not while Ireland and the Netherlands have wars, and not while the sea hath pathless waves. The rich West hath lands undreamed of, and Britain contains bold hearts to venture on the quest of them. Adieu for a space, my masters. I go to walk in the court and look to the sentinels."

"The lad hath quicksilver in his veins, that is certain," said Blount, looking at Markham.

"He hath that both in brain and blood," said Markham, "which may either make or mar him. But, in closing the door against Masters, he hath done a daring

and loving piece of service; for Tressilian's fellow hath ever averred that to wake the earl were death, and Masters would wake the Seven Sleepers themselves, if he thought they slept not by the regular ordinance of medicine."

Morning was well advanced, when Tressilian, fatigued and over-watched, came down to the hall with the joyful intelligence that the earl had awakened of himself, that he found his internal complaints much mitigated, and spoke with a cheerfulness, and looked round with a vivacity, which of themselves showed a material and favourable change had taken place. Tressilian at the same time commanded the attendance of one or two of his followers, to report what had passed during the night, and to relieve the watchers in the earl's chamber.

When the message of the queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, instantly to take boat and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Dr. Masters.

"A plague on it," said Blount, as he descended the stairs, "had he sent me with a cartel to Leicester, I think I should have done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious sovereign, before whom all words must be lacquered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionery matter as clean

baffles my poor old English brain. Come with me, Tracy; and come you too, Master Walter Wittypate, that art the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashy fireworks, can help out a plain fellow at need with some of thy shrewd devices."

"Never fear—never fear," exclaimed the youth, "it is I will help you through; let me but fetch my cloak."

"Why, thou hast it on thy shoulders," said Blount: "the lad is mazed."

"No, no, this is Tracy's old mantle," answered Walter; "I go not with thee to court unless as a gentleman should."

"Why," said Blount, "thy braveries are like to dazzle the eyes of none but some poor groom or porter."

"I know that," said the youth; "but I am resolved I will have my own cloak — aye, and brush my doublet to boot — ere I stir forth with you."

"Well — well," said Blount, "here is a coil about a doublet and a cloak; get thyself ready, a' God's name!"

They were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendour.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount — "the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide."

"And this is all thou think'st — all thou carest — all thou deem'st the use of the king of elements and the king of rivers, to guide three such poor caitiffs as thy-

self, and me, and Tracy upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble; and by my honour," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labour in vain; for see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if Her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did, indeed, lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the riverside, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount: "it must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion thus untimeously. By my counsel, we were best put back again, and tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one,

which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as Her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged, in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth composedly.

"Thou art mad — stark mad, by the mass!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes to thy own share of them, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hunsdon,

whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder, — a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person, — unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and, just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his

cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, sir coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old 'drab-de-bure,' which despises all colours."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy: we shall have you 'in cuerpo' soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At

length he gave vent to it in an exclamation — "Who the goodjere would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect — a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition, at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sate beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, an act which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of masjesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sate by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of Your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me?" said the queen, interrupting him. "Fy, young man! I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment Her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honour — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when Your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavoured to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please Your Grace, sent hither with his master of horse upon a message to Your Majesty."

In a moment the gracious expression which Elizabeth's face had hitherto maintained gave way to an expression of haughtiness and severity.

"My Lord of Sussex," she said, "has taught us how to regard his messages, by the value he places upon ours. We sent but this morning the physician in ordinary of our chamber, and that at no usual time, understanding his lordship's illness to be more dangerous than we had before apprehended. There is at no court in Europe a man more skilled in this holy and most useful science than Dr. Masters, and he came from us to our subject. Nevertheless, he found the gate of Say's Court defended

by men with culverins, as if it had been on the Borders of Scotland, not in the vicinity of our court; and when he demanded admittance in our name, it was stubbornly refused. For this slight of a kindness, which had but too much of condescension in it, we will receive, at present at least, no excuse; and some such we suppose to have been the purport of my Lord of Sussex's message."

This was uttered in a tone, and with a gesture, which made Lord Sussex's friends who were within hearing tremble. He to whom the speech was addressed, however, trembled not; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the queen's passion gave him an opportunity, he replied — "So please your most gracious Majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex."

"With what were you then charged, sir?" said the queen, with the impetuosity which, amid nobler qualities, strongly marked her character; "was it with a justification? or, God's death! with a defiance?'

"Madam," said the young man, "my Lord of Sussex knew the offence approached toward treason, and could think of nothing save of securing the offender, and placing him in Your Majesty's hands, and at your mercy. The noble earl was fast asleep when your most gracious message reached him, a potion having been administered to that purpose by his physician; and his lordship knew not of the ungracious repulse Your Majesty's royal and most comfortable message had received until after he awoke this morning."

"And which of his domestics, then, in the name of Heaven, presumed to reject my message, without even admitting my own physician to the presence of him

whom I sent him to attend?" said the queen, much surprised.

"The offender, madam, is before you," replied Walter, bowing very low: "the full and sole blame is mine; and my lord has most justly sent me to abye the consequences of a fault of which he is as innocent as a sleeping man's dreams can be of a waking man's actions."

"What! was it thou? — thou thyself, that repelled my messenger and my physician from Say's Court?" said the queen. "What could occasion such boldness in one who seems devoted — that is, whose exterior bearing shows devotion — to his sovereign?"

"Madam," said the youth, who, notwithstanding an assumed appearance of severity, thought that he saw something in the queen's face that resembled not implacability, "we say in our country that the physician is for the time the liege sovereign of his patient. Now, my noble master was then under dominion of a leech, by whose advice he hath greatly profited, who had issued his commands that his patient should not that night be disturbed, on the very peril of his life."

"Thy master hath trusted some false varlet of an empiric," said the queen.

"I know not, madam, but by the fact that he is now, this very morning, awakened much refreshed and strengthened, from the only sleep he hath had for many hours."

The nobles looked at each other, but more with the purpose to see what each thought of this news than to exchange any remarks on what had happened. The queen answered hastily, and without affecting to dis-

guise her satisfaction, "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert over-bold to deny the access of my Dr. Masters. Know'st thou not the Holy Writ saith, 'In the multitude of counsel there is safety'?"

"Aye, madam," said Walter, "but I have heard learned men say that the safety spoken of is for the physicians, not for the patient."

"By my faith, child, thou hast pushed me home," said the queen, laughing; "for my Hebrew learning does not come quite at a call. How say you, my Lord of Lincoln? Hath the lad given a just interpretation of the text?"

"The word 'safety,' most gracious madam," said the Bishop of Lincoln, "for so hath been translated, it may be somewhat hastily, the Hebrew word, being —"

"My lord," said the queen, interrupting him, "we said we had forgotten our Hebrew. — But for thee, young man, what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen — the youngest son of a large but honourable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh!" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the queen graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, look-

ing down, "but it was where my best is due, and that is in Your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters. The poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he was just returned from certain visits in London, and he held it matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps, better than almost any of the courtiers who surrounded her, how to mingle the devotion claimed by the queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty; and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power.

WHEN ELIZABETH CAME TO KENILWORTH

[1575]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

It was the twilight of a summer night (9th July, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty toward the queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far heard over the flood and field, the great bell of the castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their

breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"They come now, for certain," said Raleigh. "Tressilian, that sound is grand. We hear it from this distance, as mariners, after a long voyage, hear, upon their night-watch, the tide rush upon some distant and unknown shore."

"Mass!" answered Blount, "I hear it rather as I used to hear mine own kine lowing from the close of Wittens Westlowe."

"He will assuredly graze presently," said Raleigh to Tressilian: "his thought is all of fat oxen and fertile meadows; he grows little better than one of his own beeves, and only becomes grand when he is provoked to pushing and goring."

"We shall have him at that presently," said Tressilian, "if you spare not your wit."

"Tush, I care not," answered Raleigh; "but thou, too, Tressilian, hast turned a kind of owl, that flies only by night; hast exchanged thy songs for screechings, and good company for an ivy-tod."

"But what manner of animal art thou thyself, Raleigh," said Tressilian, "that thou holdest us all so lightly?"

"Who, I?" replied Raleigh. "An eagle am I, that never will think of dull earth while there is a heaven to soar in and a sun to gaze upon."

"Well bragged, by St. Barnaby!" said Blount; "but, good Master Eagle, beware the cage, and beware the fowler. Many birds have flown as high, that I have seen stuffed with straw, and hung up to scare kites. But hark, what a dead silence hath fallen on them at once!"

"The procession pauses," said Raleigh, "at the gate of the chase, where a sibyl, one of the *Fatidicæ*, meets the queen, to tell her fortune. I saw the verses; there is little savour in them, and her grace has been already crammed full with such poetical compliments. She whispered to me during the Recorder's speech yonder, at Ford Mill, as she entered the liberties of Warwick, how she was 'pertæsa barbaræ loquelæ.'"

"The queen whispered to *him!*" said Blount, in a kind of soliloquy. "Good God, to what will this world come!"

His further meditations were interrupted by a shout of applause from the multitude, so tremendously vociferous that the country echoed for miles round. The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the castle, and announced to all within that Queen Elizabeth had entered the royal chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small-arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterating welcomes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led toward the Gallery Tower; which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, "The queen! The queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the

cavalcade illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage you saw the daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside Her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on Her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her master of the horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his

mouth and specked his well-formed limbs, as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torch-light shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the graceful solicitude of a subject to show himself sensible of the high honour which the queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health.

Varney followed close behind his master, as the principal esquire in waiting, and had charge of his lordship's black velvet bonnet, garnished with a clasp of diamonds and surmounted by a white plume. He kept his eye constantly on his master; and, for reasons with which the reader is not unacquainted, was, among Leicester's numerous dependents, the one who was most anxious that his lord's strength and resolution should carry him successfully through a day so agitating. For, although Varney was one of the few — the very few — moral monsters who contrive to lull to sleep the remorse of

their own bosoms, and are drugged into moral insensibility by atheism, as men in extreme agony are lulled by opium, yet he knew that in the breast of his patron there was already awakened the fire that is never quenched, and that his lord felt, amid all the pomp and magnificence we have described, the gnawing of the worm that dieth not. Still, however, assured as Lord Leicester stood, by Varney's own intelligence, that his countess laboured under an indisposition which formed an unanswerable apology to the queen for her not appearing at Kenilworth, there was little danger, his wily retainer thought, that a man so ambitious would betray himself by giving way to any external weakness.

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the queen's person were, of course, of the bravest and the fairest — the highest born nobles and the wisest counsellors of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into the shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession whose front was of such august majesty.

Thus marshalled, the cavalcade approached the Gallery Tower, which formed, as we have often observed, the extreme barrier of the castle.

It was now the part of the huge porter to step forward; but the lubbard was so overwhelmed with confusion of spirit — the contents of one immense black-jack of double ale, which he had just drank to quicken his memory, having treacherously confused the brain it was intended to clear — that he only groaned piteously, and remained sitting on his stone seat; and the queen

would have passed on without greeting, had not the gigantic warder's secret ally, Flibbertigibbet, who lay *perdue* behind him, thrust a pin into the rear of his short femoral garment.

The porter uttered a sort of a yell, which came not amiss into his part, started up with his club, and dealt a sound douse or two on each side of him; and then, like a coach-horse pricked by the spur, started off at once into the full career of his address, and, by dint of active prompting on the part of Dickie Sludge, delivered, in sounds of gigantic intonation, a speech which may be thus abridged, the reader being to suppose that the first lines were addressed to the throng who approached the gateway; the conclusion, at the approach of the queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by some heavenly vision, the gigantic warder dropped his club, resigned his keys, and gave open way to the goddess of the night and all her magnificent train: —

"What stir, what turmoil, have we for the nones?
Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones!
Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw,
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

"Yet soft — nay, stay — what vision have we here?
What dainty darling's this — what peerless peer?
What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold,
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?
Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,
My club, my key, my knee, my homage take.
Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss; —
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a sight
as this!"

Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the Herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in

requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the castle walls, and by others again stationed in the chase; while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.

Amidst these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery Tower, and came upon the long bridge which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery Tower.

On this occasion, as at different times during the evening, Raleigh addressed himself to Tressilian, and was not a little surprised at his vague and unsatisfactory answers; which, joined to his leaving his apartment without any assigned reason, appearing in an undress when it was likely to be offensive to the queen, and some other symptoms of irregularity which he thought he discovered, led him to doubt whether his friend did not labour under some temporary derangement.

Meanwhile, the queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for, as soon

as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other famous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and, issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently toward the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-coloured silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long silky black hair she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed that this Lady of the Floating Island, having performed her voyage with much picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's Tower, with her two attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-penned speech, announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period, she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had been suc-

cessively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Montforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport which the castle and its environs, which lake or land could afford.

The queen received this address also with great courtesy, and made answer in raillery, "We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame, but since so famed a lady claims it for hers, we will be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interests."

With this gracious answer, the Lady of the Lake vanished, and Arion, who was amongst the maritime deities, appeared upon his dolphin. But Lambourne, who had taken upon him the part in the absence of Wayland, being chilled with remaining immersed in an element to which he was not friendly, having never got his speech by heart, and not having, like the porter, the advantage of a prompter, paid it off with impudence, tearing off his vizard, and swearing, "Cog's bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking Her Majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle."

This unpremeditated buffoonery answered the purpose probably better than the set speech would have done. The queen laughed heartily, and swore, in her turn, that he had made the best speech she had heard

that day. Lambourne, who instantly saw his jest had saved his bones, jumped ashore, gave his dolphin a kick, and declared he would never meddle with fish again, except at dinner.

At the same time that the queen was about to enter the castle, a memorable discharge of fireworks by water and land took place.

"Such," says Master Laneham, the clerk of the council-chamber door, "was the blaze of burning darts, the gleams of stars coruscant, the streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire, and flight-shot of thunderbolts, with continuance, terror, and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook; and for my part, hardy as I am, it made me very vengeably afraid."

THE ARMADA

[1588]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
Isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a
mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty
hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the
coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the
drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space;
For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the
bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously, ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town.
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down:
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down
each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,
As fast from every village round, the horse came spur-
ring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the war-
like errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang
from hill to hill:

Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest
of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

THE FIGHT WITH THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

[1588]

BY DAVID HUME

The queen had foreseen the invasion; and finding that she must now contend for her crown with the whole force of Spain, she made preparations for resistance; nor was she dismayed with that power, by which all Europe apprehended she must of necessity be overwhelmed. Her force, indeed, seemed very unequal to resist so potent an enemy. All the sailors in England amounted at that time to about fourteen thousand men. The size of the English shipping was in general so small that except a few of the queen's ships of war, there were not four vessels belonging to the merchants which exceeded four hundred tons. The royal navy consisted of only twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size; none of them exceeded the bulk of our largest frigates, and most of them deserved rather the name of pinnaces than ships. The only advantage of the English fleet consisted in the dexterity and courage of the seamen, who, being accustomed to sail in tempestuous seas, and expose themselves to all dangers, as much exceeded in this particular the Spanish mariners as their vessels were inferior in size and force to those of that nation. All the commercial towns of England were required to furnish ships for reinforcing this small navy; and they discovered, on the present occasion, great alacrity in defending their liberty and religion against those im-

minent perils with which they were menaced. The citizens of London, in order to show their zeal in the common cause, instead of fifteen vessels, which they were commanded to equip, voluntarily fitted out double the number. The gentry and nobility hired and armed and manned forty-three ships at their own charge; and all the loans of money which the queen demanded were frankly granted by the persons applied to. Lord Howard of Effingham, a man of courage and capacity, was admiral, and took on him the command of the navy: Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen in Europe, served under him. The principal fleet was stationed at Plymouth. A smaller squadron, consisting of forty vessels, English and Flemish, was commanded by Lord Seymour, second son of Protector Somerset; and lay off Dunkirk, in order to intercept the Duke of Parma.

The land forces of England, compared to those of Spain, possessed contrary qualities to its naval power: they were more numerous than the enemy, but much inferior in discipline, reputation, and experience. An army of twenty thousand men was disposed in different bodies along the south coast; and orders were given them, if they could not prevent the landing of the Spaniards, to retire backwards, to waste the country around, and to wait for reinforcements from the neighboring counties, before they approached the enemy. A body of twenty-two thousand foot and a thousand horse, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, was stationed at Tilbury, in order to defend the capital. The principal army consisted of thirty-four thousand foot and two thousand horse, and was commanded by

Lord Hunsdon. These forces were reserved for guarding the queen's person, and were appointed to march whithersoever the enemy should appear. The fate of England, if all the Spanish armies should be able to land, seemed to depend on the issue of a single battle; and men of reflection entertained the most dismal apprehensions, when they considered the force of fifty thousand veteran Spaniards, commanded by experienced officers, under the Duke of Parma, the most consummate general of the age; and compared this formidable armament with the military power which England, not enervated by peace, but long disused to war, could muster up against it.

The chief support of the kingdom seemed to consist in the vigor and prudence of the queen's conduct; who, undismayed by the present dangers, issued all her orders with tranquillity, animated her people to a steady resistance, and employed every resource which either her domestic situation or her foreign alliances could afford her. She sent Sir Robert Sidney into Scotland; and exhorted the king to remain attached to her, and to consider the danger which at present menaced his sovereignty no less than her own, from the ambition of the Spanish tyrant: the ambassador found James well disposed to cultivate a union with England; and that prince even kept himself prepared to march with the force of his whole kingdom to the assistance of Elizabeth. Her authority with the King of Denmark, and the tie of their common religion, engaged this monarch, upon her application, to seize a squadron of ships which Philip had bought or hired in the Danish harbors: the Hanse Towns, though not at that time on good terms

with Elizabeth, were induced, by the same motives, to retard so long the equipment of some vessels in their ports, that they became useless to the purpose of invading England. All the Protestants throughout Europe regarded this enterprise as the critical event which was to decide forever the fate of their religion; and though unable, by reason of their distance, to join their forces to that of Elizabeth, they kept their eyes fixed on her conduct and fortune, and beheld with anxiety, mixed with admiration, the intrepid countenance with which she encountered that dreadful tempest which was every moment advancing toward her.

The queen also was sensible that, next to the general popularity which she enjoyed, and the confidence which her subjects reposed in her prudent government, the firmest support of her throne consisted in the general zeal of the people for the Protestant religion, and the strong prejudices which they had imbibed against Popery. She took care, on the present occasion, to revive in the nation this attachment to their own sect, and their abhorrence of the opposite. The English were reminded of their former dangers from the tyranny of Spain: all the barbarities exercised by Mary against the Protestants were ascribed to the counsels of that bigoted and imperious nation: the bloody massacres in the Indies, the unrelenting executions in the Low Countries, the horrid cruelties and iniquities of the Inquisition, were set before men's eyes: a list and description were published, and pictures dispersed, of the several instruments of torture with which, it was pretended, the Spanish Armada was loaded: and every artifice, as well as reason, was employed, to animate the

people to a vigorous defense of their religion, their laws, and their liberties.

But while the queen in this critical emergency roused the animosity of the nation against Popery, she treated the partisans of that sect with moderation, and gave not way to an undistinguishing fury against them. Though she knew that Sixtus V, the present Pope, famous for his capacity and his tyranny, had fulminated a new bull of excommunication against her, had deposed her, had absolved her subjects from their oaths of allegiance, had published a crusade against England, and had granted plenary indulgences to every one engaged in the present invasion, she would not believe that all her Catholic subjects could be so blinded as to sacrifice to bigotry their duty to their sovereign, and the liberty and independence of their native country. She rejected all violent counsels, by which she was urged to seek pretenses for dispatching the leaders of that party; she would not even confine any considerable number of them; and the Catholics, sensible of this good usage, generally expressed great zeal for the public service. Some gentlemen of that sect, conscious that they could not justly expect any trust or authority, entered themselves as volunteers in the fleet or army; some equipped ships at their own charge, and gave the command of them to Protestants; others were active in animating their tenants and vassals and neighbors, to the defense of their country; and every rank of men, burying for the present all party distinctions, seemed to prepare themselves, with order as well as vigor, to resist the violence of these invaders.

The more to excite the martial spirit of the nation,

the queen appeared on horseback in the camp at Tilbury; and, riding through the lines, discovered a cheerful and animated countenance, exhorted the soldiers to remember their duty to their country and their religion, and professed her intention, though a woman, to lead them herself into the field against the enemy, and rather to perish in battle than survive the ruin and slavery of her people. By this spirited behavior she revived the tenderness and admiration of the soldiery; an attachment to her person became a kind of enthusiasm among them; and they asked one another, whether it were possible that Englishmen could abandon this glorious cause, could display less fortitude than appeared in the female sex, or could ever, by any dangers, be induced to relinquish the defense of their heroic princess.

The Spanish Armada was ready in the beginning of May; but the moment it was preparing to sail, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the admiral, was seized with a fever, of which he soon after died. The vice-admiral, the Duke of Paliano, by a strange concurrence of accidents, at the very same time suffered the same fate; and the king appointed for admiral the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a nobleman of great family, but unexperienced in action, and entirely unacquainted with sea affairs. Arcarede was appointed vice-admiral. This misfortune, besides the loss of so great an officer as Santa Croce, retarded the sailing of the Armada, and gave the English more time for their preparations to oppose them. At last the Spanish fleet, full of hopes and alacrity, set sail from Lisbon; but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships, sunk some

of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groine, where they waited till they could be refitted. When news of this event was carried to England, the queen concluded that the design of an invasion was disappointed for the summer; and being always ready to lay hold on every pretense for saving money, she made Walsingham write to the admiral, directing him to lay up some of the larger ships, and to discharge the seamen; but Lord Effingham who was not so sanguine in his hopes, used the freedom to disobey these orders; and he begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense. He took advantage of a north wind, and sailed toward the coast of Spain, with an intention of attacking the enemy in their harbors; but the wind changing to the south, he became apprehensive lest they might have set sail, and by passing him at sea, invade England, now exposed by the absence of the fleet. He returned, therefore, with the utmost expedition to Plymouth, and lay at anchor in that harbor.

Meanwhile all the damages of the Armada were repaired; and the Spaniards with fresh hopes set out again to sea, in prosecution of their enterprise. The fleet consisted of a hundred and thirty vessels, of which near a hundred were galleons, and were of greater size than any ever before used in Europe. It carried on board nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety-five soldiers, eighty-four hundred and fifty-six mariners, two thousand and eighty-eight galley slaves, and twenty-six hundred and thirty great pieces of brass ordnance. It was victualed for six months; and was attended by twenty lesser ships, called *caravels*, and ten *salves* with six oars apiece.

The plan formed by the King of Spain was that the Armada should sail to the coast opposite to Dunkirk and Newport; and having chased away all English or Flemish vessels which might obstruct the passage (for it was never supposed they could make opposition), should join themselves with the Duke of Parma, should thence make sail to the Thames, and having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the entire conquest of England. In prosecution of this scheme, Philip gave orders to the Duke of Medina, that in passing along the Channel, he should sail as near the coast of France as he could with safety; that he should by this policy avoid meeting with the English fleet; and, keeping in view the main enterprise, should neglect all smaller successes which might prove an obstacle, or even interpose a delay, to the acquisition of a kingdom. After the Armada was under sail, they took a fisherman, who informed them that the English admiral had been lately at sea, had heard of the tempest which scattered the Armada, and retired back into Plymouth, and no longer expecting an invasion this season, had laid up his ships, and discharged most of the seamen. From this false intelligence the Duke of Medina conceived the great facility of attacking and destroying the English ships in harbor; and he was tempted, by the prospect of so decisive an advantage, to break his orders, and make sail directly for Plymouth; a resolution which proved the safety of England. The Lizard was the first land made by the Armada, about sunset; and as the Spaniards took it for the Ram Head near Plymouth, they bore out to sea with an intention of returning next day, and attacking the English navy. They were

descried by Fleming, a Scottish pirate, who was roving in those seas, and who immediately set sail to inform the English admiral of their approach; another fortunate event, which contributed extremely to the safety of the fleet. Effingham had just time to get out of port when he saw the Spanish Armada coming full sail toward him, disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles from the extremity of one division to that of the other.

The writers of that age raised their style by a pompous description of this spectacle; the most magnificent that had ever appeared upon the ocean, infusing equal terror and admiration into the minds of all beholders. The lofty masts, the swelling sails, and the towering prows of the Spanish galleons, seem impossible to be justly painted but by assuming the colors of poetry; and an eloquent historian of Italy, in imitation of Camden, has asserted, that the Armada, though the ships bore every sail, yet advanced with a slow motion; as if the ocean groaned with supporting, and the winds were tired with impelling, so enormous a weight. The truth, however, is, that the largest of the Spanish vessels would scarcely pass for third-rates in the present navy of England;[1] yet were they so ill framed, or so ill governed, that they were quite unwieldy, and could not sail upon a wind, nor tack on occasion, nor be managed in stormy weather by the seamen. Neither the mechanics of ship-building, nor the experience of mariners, had attained so great perfection as could serve for the security of government of such bulky vessels; and the English, who had already had experience how unserviceable they com-

[1] This was written in 1776.

monly were, beheld without dismay their tremendous appearance.

Effingham gave orders not to come to close fight with the Spaniards; where the size of the ships, he suspected, and the numbers of the soldiers, would be a disadvantage to the English; but to cannonade them at a distance, and to wait the opportunity which winds, currents, or various accidents must afford him of intercepting some scattered vessels of the enemy. Nor was it long before the event answered expectation. A great ship of Biscay, on board of which was a considerable part of the Spanish money, took fire by accident; and while all hands were employed in extinguishing the flames, she fell behind the rest of the Armada; the great galleon of Andalusia was detained by the springing of her mast; and both these vessels were taken, after some resistance, by Sir Francis Drake. As the Armada advanced up the Channel, the English hung upon its rear, and still infested it with skirmishes. Each trial abated the confidence of the Spaniards, and added courage to the English; and the latter soon found that, even in close fight, the size of the Spanish ships was no advantage to them. Their bulk exposed them the more to the fire of the enemy; while their cannon, placed too high, shot over the heads of the English. The alarm having now reached the coast of England, the nobility and gentry hastened out with their vessels from every harbor, and reinforced the admiral. The Earls of Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Vavasor, Sir Thomas Gerrard, Sir Charles Blount, with many others, distinguished themselves by this generous and disinterested

service of their country. The English fleet, after the conjunction of those ships, amounted to a hundred and forty sail.

The Armada had now reached Calais, and cast anchor before that place, in expectation that the Duke of Parma, who had gotten intelligence of their approach, would put to sea and join his forces to them. The English admiral practiced here a successful stratagem upon the Spaniards. He took eight of his smaller ships, and filling them with all combustible materials, sent them, one after another, into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards fancied that they were fireships of the same contrivance with a famous vessel which had lately done so much execution in the Schelde near Antwerp; and they immediately cut their cables, and took to flight with the greatest disorder and precipitation. The English fell upon them next morning while in confusion; and besides doing great damage to other ships, they took or destroyed about twelve of the enemy.

By this time it was become apparent that the intention for which these preparations were made by the Spaniards was entirely frustrated. The vessels provided by the Duke of Parma were made for transporting soldiers, not for fighting; and that general, when urged to leave the harbor, positively refused to expose his flourishing army to such apparent hazard; while the English not only were able to keep the sea, but seemed even to triumph over their enemy. The Spanish admiral found, in many rencounters, that while he lost so considerable a part of his own navy, he had destroyed only one small vessel of the English; and he foresaw, that by continuing so unequal a combat, he must draw

inevitable destruction on all the remainder. He prepared, therefore, to return homewards; but as the wind was contrary to his passage through the Channel, he resolved to sail northwards, and making the tour of the island, reach the Spanish harbors by the ocean. The English fleet followed him during some time; and had not their ammunition fallen short, by the negligence of the officers in supplying them, they had obliged the whole Armada to surrender at discretion. The Duke of Medina had once taken that resolution, but was diverted from it by the advice of his confessor. This conclusion of the enterprise would have been more glorious to the English; but the event proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards. A violent tempest overtook the Armada after it passed the Orkneys; the ships had already lost their anchors, and were obliged to keep to sea; the mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldy vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their ships to drive either on the western isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not a half of the navy returned to Spain; and the seamen as well as soldiers who remained, were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valor of the English and of the tempestuous violence of that ocean which surrounds them.

Such was the miserable and dishonorable conclusion of an enterprise which had been preparing for three years, which had exhausted the revenue and force of Spain, and which had long filled all Europe with anxiety or expectation.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE LAST MOMENTS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY PAUL DELAROCHE

(*French artist*, 1797–1856)

QUEEN ELIZABETH signed the death warrant of her favorite, the Earl of Essex, with the greatest reluctance; and after his execution she sank into a profound melancholy. Her strength failed rapidly, and all knew that her death could not be far away. She refused to be carried to her bed, and for ten days the great queen lay on the floor groaning and sighing. She would not take the medicine which her physicians prescribed, she would not eat, and she rarely spoke. The Council were in session, and at length they sent the Keeper, Admiral, and Secretary to learn her will in regard to her successor. "I would have a king to succeed me," she said faintly; and this was, of course, interpreted to indicate the King of Scots. "Fix your thoughts upon God," said the Archbishop of Canterbury gently. "I do," she replied, "nor do they wander from Him in the least." She soon closed her eyes in a deep slumber, and from this she did not awake.

In the picture the queen is seen lying on the floor. The royal ermine is about her, and she is adorned with jewels, but her face is pinched and haggard with age and with suffering. The three men sent by the Council have just entered the apartment, and one of them, kneeling beside her, is asking whom she will have to succeed her.

THE REVENGE: A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[In 1591, an English squadron was on the way to intercept the Spanish vessels with their vast amount of treasure from the New World. A strong Spanish fleet came upon them, but Grenville, who was second in command, delayed till he could get his sick men safely on board. He then tried to sail through the Spanish fleet; but was overpowered, after many hours of desperate fighting.

The Editor.]

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward!
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, let us know,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.

Let us hang these dogs of Seville, the children of the Devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or Devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke, and he laugh'd, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip she bethought herself
and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-
content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more —

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was
gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all
in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that
we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent;

And the masts and rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more,
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her
in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Aye, aye," but the seamen made
reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien
crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own:
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

END OF VOLUME IX

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